

THE
FREE THOUGHT
MAGAZINE

H. L. GREEN

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Volume XVIII.—1900

JANUARY TO DECEMBER

"FOR MODES OF FAITH LET PIOUS ZEALOTS FIGHT;
HIS CAN'T BE WRONG WHOSE LIFE IS IN THE RIGHT."—*Pope*.

"THERE LIVES MORE FAITH IN HONEST DOUBT
• • • • THAN IN HALF THE CREEDS."—*Tennyson*.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1900

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JANUARY, 1900.

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HOSPITABLE TO ALL TRUTH AND DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSING OF ANCIENT ERROR BY
THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

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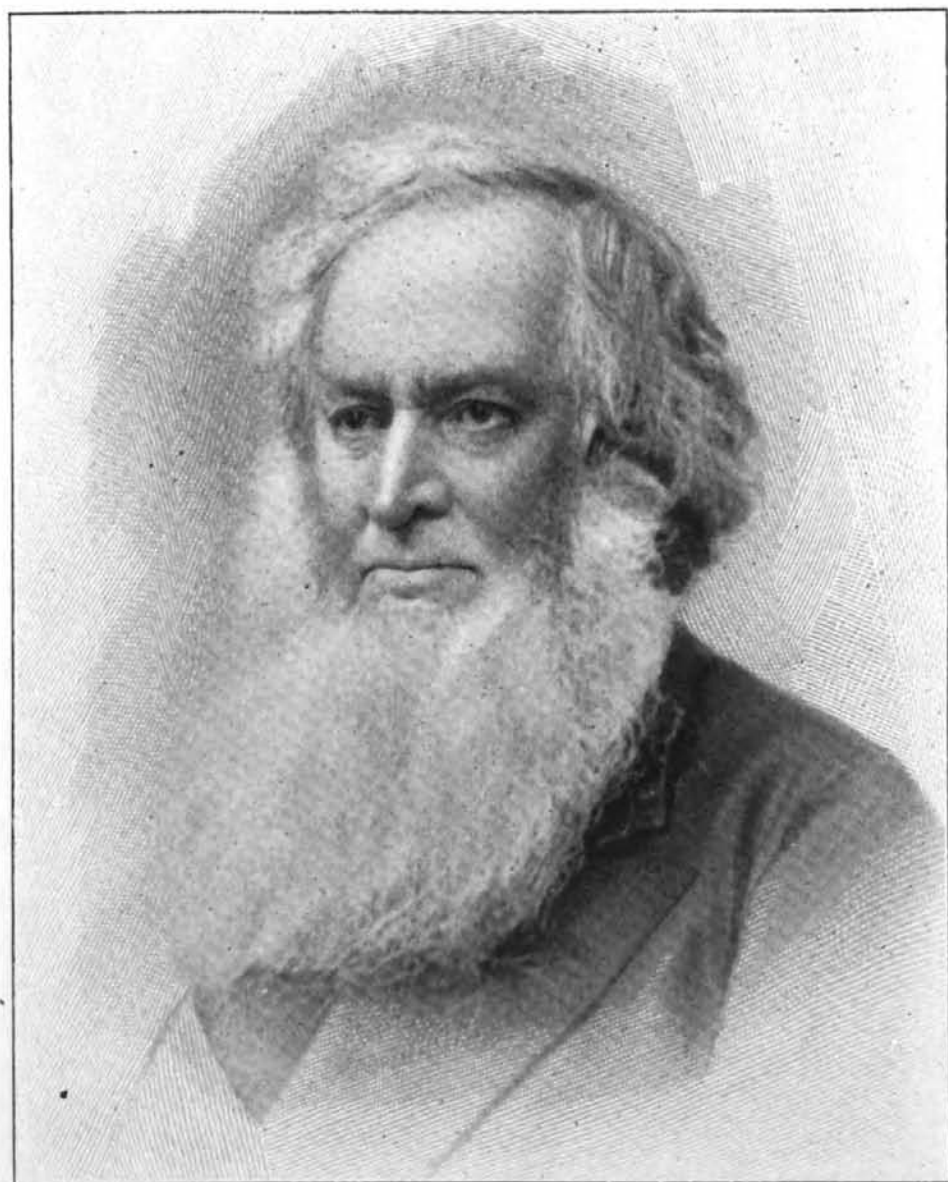
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Henri Smith

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1900.

GERRIT SMITH, REFORMER, PHILANTHROPIST, ORATOR
AND MILLIONAIRE.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.*

GERRIT SMITH's father, Peter Smith, was descended from Holland ancestors. He and John Jacob Astor, as partners, made large fortunes trading with the Indians, and acquired extensive landed estates.

The family residence was in the little village of Peterboro, on the hills of Madison County, nine hundred feet above the Mohawk Valley. Gerrit was born in Utica, March 6, 1797, spent his childhood and youth in Peterboro, was educated at Hamilton College, where he graduated with high honors.

As a youth, he was remarkably handsome in person. His manners were open, his bearing was cordial, action graceful and winning. His popularity was universal, and the social turn of his disposition carried him into all the collegiate and extra collegiate amusements of his companions. He was gay and sportive, but never vicious, or, in the vulgar sense, "wild."

He was an innocent, joyous youth, not averse to noisy, but harmless pranks, having no prejudice against a game of cards, but rather a passion for them.

It is related that on one occasion, when uproar was at its height, the tutor's ominous rap was heard at the door. There was another door at which the young rioters made hasty retreat. Smith remained and flung himself, face downward, on the floor behind a desk. The tutor espied the prostrate form, and demanded an account of it. "Who is it?" "Gerrit Smith, sir." "Well, Smith, what are you about?" "Meditating on the mutations of empire." The tutor, not pausing for admonition, retired, professing briefly his satisfaction at finding Smith so profitably employed.

The promise, "in health and wealth long to live," was given to Gerrit Smith at his birth. He came of strong, mixed races. His father's father

*I have made in this sketch a few extracts from the biography of Octavius B. Frothingham, whose deeply interesting work was published twenty years ago.

and mother were Low Dutch, his mother's father half Dutch, half Scotch, his mother's mother, though born in Ireland, of Scotch parentage. His frame was stately, countenance noble, the massive, well-proportioned head was superbly set on broad shoulders, the chest deep, the face expressive, eyes large and brilliant; the voice was sonorous and rich, remarkable for compass, and power, the brown hair, worn long in youth, fell in strong masses over the collar, which, open in front, displayed the round, smooth throat. The man possessed the great advantages of stature and weight. He was six feet in height.

The day after his graduation, August 27, 1818, his mother died. This brought him back to Peterboro, where he remained the rest of the year.

His mother, Elizabeth Livingston, was the daughter of Colonel James Livingston, who was stationed at West Point, at the time Arnold's treason with Andre, the British spy, was consummated. The young Lieutenant, seeing the Vulture, a British vessel, lying on the opposite shore, felt sure it was there for no good purpose, so he fired a shot, which hit her between wind and water, whereupon she spread her sails, and hurried down the river, leaving Andre to his fate.

On the 11th of January, 1819, he was married in Rochester, to Wealthy, only daughter of Dr. Azel Backus, first President of Hamilton College, who died soon after.

On the 3d of January, 1822, he was a second time married, to Ann Carroll, daughter of William Fitzhugh, who had been a slaveholder in Maryland, and they immediately retired to their home in Peterboro.

He had looked forward to making law his profession, but his father placed in Gerrit's hands his whole estate, real and personal, under conditions that required the careful administration of a large property.

He was to be a man of business. The act showed on the father's part a remarkable confidence in the young man's practical ability and personal integrity, and in the son's part a consciousness of power and a readiness to accept responsibility, not singular, it must be confessed, for many a youth jumps at opportunities he cannot meet, but in this instance more than justified. From that hour the young man's career was determined. The necessities of business, the care of much land and many people, the claims of kindred who were made dependent on him, duty to the father who trusted him so entirely, held him strictly to his locality.

He could not wander from it for any purpose, could not travel or amuse himself. The life of enjoyment was forbidden. Had he felt ever so keenly the young man's desire to see the world and taste its pleasures,

he was as powerless to do so as the poorest man in the village. Remote from the small centers of American society, far from New York, from Albany even, days and years went on with noiseless, unremitting energy, undistracted, unwasted.

The talent for affairs which his sagacious father noticed was trained until he became, by the best testimony, one of the ablest business men in the country.

The panic of 1837 brought him to a strait pass: an accumulation of debt distressed him, and there seemed no way out of bankruptcy, except by incurring new obligations.

A large sum of money obtained of John Jacob Astor barely enabled him to pay interest and taxes. He curtailed personal and family expenses in every possible way, and toiled diligently to lift the burden, a heavy one at that time, of six hundred thousand dollars.

His journal of August 10, 1837, contains this modest entry: "I this week receive a letter from my friend, and my father's friend, John Jacob Astor, in which he consents to loan me, for a long period, the large sum of money which I had applied for to him. This money will enable me to rid myself of pecuniary embarrassments, extend important assistance to others, and especially to extend indulgence to those who owe me. This is a great mercy of God to me. My pecuniary embarrassments have often, and for hours together, filled me with painful concern."

The sum requested was, in all, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The application, in general terms, was made by letter, which was answered by an invitation to dinner. As the two sat at meat, the host was full of reminiscences of former years when he went in search of skins with his guest's father, now little more than three months deceased.

There was no talk of business until the cloth was removed, and the two were by themselves. Then the visitor opened a tale of distress, short, but heavy. Business was at a standstill, banks had suspended specie payment, real estate had fallen to a nominal value, land was unproductive. The legal adviser and brother-in-law of Peter Smith, Judge Daniel Cady, his son's counsellor also, had advised an assignment for benefit of creditors.

"How much do you need?" asked the millionaire. The visitor named the sum. "The whole of it at once?" "I do." Astor looked grave for a moment, then said, "You shall have it." A mortgage was pledged on an Oswego purchase, made ten years before, the relieved guest went home, and Astor's check for \$250,000 came in a few days.

The mortgage was executed and duly recorded, and here comes the most remarkable part of the transaction. The county clerk neglected to transmit the papers to Mr. Astor. Weeks elapsed, and Mr. Smith's part of the bargain was unfilled.

A letter from New York sent Mr. Smith to Oswego, the clerk's stupidity was reprimanded, and the papers sent, with satisfactory explanations.

Mr. Astor had parted with a quarter of a million of dollars on the bare word of Gerrit Smith, and been content for weeks.

The year, with us, was never considered complete without a visit to Peterboro, the home of Gerrit Smith. Though he was a reformer, and very radical in many of his ideas, yet, being a man of broad sympathies, culture, wealth and position, he drew around him many friends of the most conservative opinions.

Every year representatives from the Oneida tribe of Indians visited him. His father had early purchased from them large tracts of land, and there was a tradition among them that as an equivalent for the good bargains of the father, they had a right to the son's hospitality, with annual gifts of clothing and provisions. The slaves, too, had heard of Gerrit Smith, the abolitionist, and of Peterboro as one of the safe points en route for Canada. His mansion was, in fact, one of the stations of the "underground railroad" for slaves escaping from bondage, and they felt that they had a right to a place under his protecting roof. On such occasions barn and kitchen floor were utilized as chambers for the black man from the Southern plantation, and the red man from his home in the forest.

The spacious home was always enlivened with choice society from every part of the country. There one would meet members of the old Dutch aristocracy, Van Rensselaers, Van Vechtens, Schuylers, Livingstons, Bleeckers, Brinkerhoffs, the Ten Eycks and Wendells, and many others.

As the lady of the house, Ann Carroll Fitzhugh, was the daughter of a wealthy slaveholder of Maryland, many agreeable Southerners were often among the guests. Here one was sure to meet scholars, philosophers, philanthropists, judges, bishops, clergymen and statesmen.

Judge Alfred Conkling, the father of Roscoe Conkling, was frequently seen at Peterboro, in his late years. Tall and stately, after all life's troubled scenes, financial losses, and domestic sorrows, he used to say there was no spot on earth that seemed so like his idea of Paradise.

The proud, reserved judge was unaccustomed to manifestations of

affection on his behalf, and when Gerrit would take him by both hands, and in his softest tones say, "Good morning," ask how he had slept, and what he would like to do that day, and Nancy would greet him with equal warmth, and pin a little bunch of roses in his buttonhole, I have seen the tears in his eyes. Their warm sympathies and sweet simplicity of manner melted the sternest natures and made the most reserved amiable. This was the universal testimony of those who were guests at Peterboro.

To go elsewhere, after a visit there, was like coming down from the divine heights into the valley of humiliation.

The only daughter, Elizabeth, added greatly to the attractions of the home circle, and drew many young people around her. Beside her personal charm, she was the heiress of a vast estate and had many admirers. The favored one was Charles Dudley Miller, nephew of Mrs. Dudley, founder of the Albany Observatory.

These were times when the anti-slavery question was up for hot discussion. Conventions were held in the neighboring towns, in which James Birney, Charles Stuart, George Thompson, Garrison, Phillips, May, Beriah Green, Abby Kelly, Lucretia Mott, Douglass and others took part.

John Brown, Sanborn, Morton and Frederick Douglass met here to talk over that fatal movement at Harper's Ferry.

Then came the Father Mathew and Washingtonian movements, and the position of the church on these questions intensified the conflict. This brought the Cheevers, Pierponts, Delevans, the Mortons, and their charming wives to Peterboro.

It was with such company and varied discussion on every possible phase of life that I spent weeks every year, and these rousing arguments at Peterboro made social life tame and profitless elsewhere. The youngest of us felt that the conclusions reached here were not to be questioned.

My noble cousin was actively engaged in the three great reforms of his day and generation, slavery, temperance and woman's emancipation, contributing generously to their support, and speaking on all their platforms. The youngsters often put the lessons of freedom they heard so much of into practice, and relieved their brains from the constant strain of argument on first principles, by the wildest hilarity in dancing, all kinds of games, and practical jokes carried beyond all bounds of propriety.

However, many things were always transpiring at Peterboro to turn one's thoughts, and rouse new interest in humanity at large. One day, as a bevy of us girls were singing and chattering in the parlor, Cousin Gerrit

entered, and in mysterious tones said that he had an important secret to tell us, which we must keep religiously to ourselves for twenty-four hours.

We pledged ourselves in the most solemn manner, and we followed him to the third story, wondering what the secret would be. Opening a door, he ushered us into a large room, where sat a beautiful quadroon girl, about eighteen years of age. Addressing her, he said, "Harriet, I want you to make good abolitionists of my young cousins, by telling them the history of your life, what you have seen and suffered in slavery." Turning to us he said: "Harriet has just escaped from her master, who is visiting in Syracuse, and is on her way to Canada. She will start this evening, and you may never have another opportunity of seeing a slave girl face to face, so ask her all you care to know of the system of slavery."

For two hours we listened to the sad story of her youth, separated from all her family, and sold for her beauty in a New Orleans market when but fourteen years of age. The details I need not repeat. The fate of such girls is too well known to need rehearsal.

We wept together as she talked, and when Cousin Gerrit summoned us away, we needed no further education to make us earnest abolitionists. Dressed as a Quakeress, Harriet started at twilight with a faithful clerk, in a carriage, for Oswego, and safely crossed the lake to Canada.

I recall how one time, when Frederick Douglass came to spend a few days at Peterboro, some Southern visitors wrote a note to Mr. Smith, asking if Mr. Douglass was to sit in the parlor, and at the dining table; if so, during his visit they would remain in their own apartments.

Mr. Smith replied that his visitors were always treated by his family as equals, and such would be the case with Mr. Douglass, who was considered one of the ablest men reared under "the Southern Institution."

So these ladies had their meals in their own apartments, where they stayed most of the time, and, as Mr. Douglas prolonged his visit, they no doubt wished in their hearts that they had never taken that silly position.

The rest of us walked about with him, arm in arm, played games, and sang songs together, he playing the accompaniment on his guitar.

I suppose if our prejudiced countrywomen had been introduced to Dumas in a French salon they would at once have donned their bonnets and ran away.

On the 24th of December, 1874, Mr. Smith left his home in Peterboro to pass the Christmas holidays in New York, at the house of his kinsman, John Cochrane, leaving a paper on his desk giving directions about his letters and papers. He was in excellent spirits, and Christmas eve was

happy; Christmas day passed cheerfully. At the dinner table he exhibited his usual liveliness, although it was remarked he had less than his wonted readiness in responding to "sentiments."

It was already his early bed-time when the company rose from table, but he dictated four letters; the first to his old housekeeper at Peterboro, charging her not to neglect his poor in the village, to see that the children of the orphan asylum had their holiday supplies, and that papers were sent to the free reading room which he maintained; the other three were kindly answers to applications for charity.

He then went to bed, with plans to visit Thurlow Weed, Charles O'Connor, and other old friends the next day.

He rose as usual, at half past 6 o'clock, and was dressing, when his wife was surprised by an incoherent remark that escaped him.

She hastened to him, spoke, but received no answer. Suddenly, walking to the bed with his accustomed dignity of bearing, he laid himself straight on his back, his right hand at his side, his left hand on his breast, and so he lay till he died, responding only by a movement of the left hand to his wife's repeated and agonized cry for recognition, that being the last sign of conscious life.

Every hand and foot was ready to help him who had been hands and feet to so many, but he lay unconscious all day Saturday, Sunday, until Monday noon. Then the eyes opened, the head turned mechanically, the breath rallied for a final effort; then ceased. The man was dead.

The first mourner was Thurlow Weed, an old college friend, who stood by him when he made his first appearance in State politics. The next day, December 29, the body was visited by troops of friends.

Men of all professions, and laymen of every degree, came to look at the dead face of the philanthropist.

A night train carried the body and a company of relatives to Peterboro, where a crowd was collected at railway station and house. The whole village was present at the mansion when the body arrived, the oldest and poorest being most conspicuous, because most bereaved.

The children of the orphan asylums, special wards of Gerrit Smith's, inmates of an institution which he founded, sang a favorite hymn of his

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;

With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The funeral services were brief and simple, the family consulting the well-known feelings of the dead, by excluding everything of a showy or gloomy character. Nothing was said, at house or grave, out of keeping with the benignant, beneficent life of the man.

The Rev. S. R. Calthrop, a Unitarian minister of Syracuse, and a liberal, wise and cultivated man, the successor of the venerable Samuel J. May, the beloved friend of the deceased, read hopeful passages from Scripture, and addressed cheerful words to the mourners.

The members of the village Sunday school sang hymns that had been sweet to the good man's ear, songs of kindness and compassion.

The lid of the casket was closed, and the procession followed the body, through the snow, to the cemetery on the summit of a neighboring hill, and there we left him at rest, with five generations side by side.

A plain block of granite, with his name cut on it, marks the spot where Gerrit Smith lies; near him lies the wife who survived him but three months. Here the grass is closely cut, the weeds eradicated, the dead leaves removed, as if in deference to the man who lived a sweet, open and cleanly life—

With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The house in which he lived, his library, his writing desk, his chair, stand just as he left them; the grand old trees that surround the mansion still shed their genial shade in the summer, and bow their heads to the wintry winds, as if in worship to his memory.

I have spent several summers there of late years, but that grand figure that so often welcomed his guests at the door is seen no more.

WHAT HARRIET MARTINEAU DID FOR AMERICAN FREEDOM.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

THE consistent believer in Free Thought not only desires for himself liberty to think, speak and act freely without infringing on the rights of others, but demands the like liberty for others, irrespective of nationality, color, caste, or sex. Some of the women who have been prominent in demanding for their sex equality before the law have been quick to perceive the need of this consistency and have devoted no small share of their public services in behalf of the rights and needs of classes or individuals of alien countries. Their sympathies and aims not being confined to a mere selfish area, have overflowed to the oppressed and suffering everywhere.

Thus we find Mary Wolstonecraft during the French Revolution publicly assailing eloquent Edmund Burke's specious but brilliant attack upon the revolutionists. We find beautiful Frances Wright leaving her native country to come to America, where she devoted a portion of her wealth freeing and trying to educate and elevate American slaves, and later in lecturing through this country at great personal risk on religious liberty, woman's rights, and the wrong of human slavery. We find our own Elizabeth Cady Stanton (whose 84th birthday was celebrated on the 12th of November, 1899) making her wedding trip to Europe as a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery convention in London—only to find herself and other women shut out by reason of sex from their right to speak and act as authorized by the societies which sent them. But this injustice fired Mrs. Stanton's indignation, and scriptural texts being quoted in defense of woman's exclusion, she awoke to the woeful lack of religious liberty. Since then she has as bravely battled for freedom in religion as for equal political rights.

Yet that religious freedom has not advanced so rapidly in public favor as the emancipation of women, is shown in the fact that the influential suffrage associations, which Mrs. Stanton has done so much to make possible, are yet so far from understanding her broad comprehension of the word Liberty that even in her honored old age resolutions have been passed in these bodies to prevent her ideas on freedom in religion being allowed utterance in their meetings. But the sweet-natured priestess of liberty smiles gently over the implied "snubbing" of the narrower, younger minds, knowing that another generation will reach her high mark, and

she will be remembered when those who deplore her broad views shall be as if they had never existed.

This is by way of preface. The purpose of this paper is to call the attention of Americans to the work of another heroine of Free Thought in behalf of freedom in this country, Harriet Martineau, an Englishwoman eminent in the history of literature.

There are comparatively few distinguished women who have been made the subject of the sculptors' art. Rarer still is it to find a woman of one country apotheosized by the women of another land, yet that unique honor was paid to Harriet Martineau, distinguished in her own country as a writer on political economy, an essayist, a novelist, and historian. Though differing from him in her religious views she was held to be the intellectual peer of her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, the famous Unitarian clergyman, still living, though past his 90th year.

Harriet Martineau, though hampered from childhood by deafness, and for many years at a time confined to her room by painful illness, was the author of over one hundred volumes. Lord Brougham is said to have remarked that the works of Miss Martineau were excelled by no other writer on political economy of her own time. A fine compliment paid to a woman by one of the master minds, when we remember that all the other political economists of that day were men!

It was a gifted American woman, Mrs. Marie Weston Chapman, who conceived the idea of preserving the record of what this noble-minded English woman had done for this country, by a statue of her to commemorate her work; and it was another American woman, the poet-sculptor, Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, who embodied Mrs. Chapman's idea in marble. The statue represents Miss Martineau in a dignified yet easy conversational sitting position, the noble lines of the strong, thoughtful face brought out clearly and tellingly. Though she was never beautiful in the esthetic sense of the word, yet her benignant features were beautified by feeling and intellect, and the late William J. Linton, the critic and artist, who was for some years a neighbor in the Lake district, says of her later years: "She had become with age a good-looking, comely, interesting old lady." James Payn, the novelist, who often visited her, said: "Harriet Martineau impressed deeply all the strong minds which came in contact with hers—Charlotte Bronte loved her in spite of their difference of belief, so did Miss Mitford."

It was a memorable occasion when in Boston one afternoon in December, 1883, this statue was unveiled in the presence of a keenly sym-

pathetic, representative crowd, which filled every inch of available space in the historic "Old South Church," and those who were then present had the half-sad pleasure of listening to the thrilling words in praise of freedom from the lips of liberty's "silver-tongued orator," the beloved Wendell Phillips—his last public speech. The occasion was one to be long remembered also by the impressive and glowing tributes to Harriet Martineau's love of liberty from Mary A. Livermore, and in the fine speech of the son and namesake of the "Liberator," William Lloyd Garrison.

How came this Englishwoman to deserve the honors bestowed upon her by so many of the noblest liberty-lovers of America? Possessing a strong, clear mind and a deeply sympathetic heart, she was interested in all that pertains to the welfare of humanity, and was thus early led into the study of political economy as related to the needs of the working and middle classes in England, and, further, tried successfully to make this study popular and understood by her presentation of its different phases of relation to everyday life, in form of stories, essays, etc. Later she became, by reason of her studies, an outspoken Freethinker, thus incurring the condemnation of the orthodox, and causing a lifelong coolness from her brother, the Unitarian leader.

It was in 1834 that Harriet Martineau visited America at the invitation of various American admirers. She was then already well known, though a comparatively young woman, a little over 30 years of age, through her "Illustrations of Political Economy," and other works. During her stay of nearly two years in this country she made many warm friends, and from this time dates her earnest work in behalf of the affiliation between the two countries. This country was then still young and very sensitive to the adverse and unfair criticisms of foreign travelers, such as Mrs. Trollope, Capt. Marryatt, Basil Hall, and others. Catherine Sedgwick, the American novelist, writing to her English friend, Miss Mary Mitford, says: "Miss Martineau has been received at New York with a cordiality befitting her claims; to tell the truth, our good people have been so roughly handled by some of our English friends that they are now a little shy of them, and an individual must have special merit to counteract the general prejudice."

Characteristic of the innate strength and nobility of this Englishwoman was the stand she made at considerable self-sacrifice in espousing the cause of anti-slavery at a critical period. She chanced to reach Boston a few days after the mobbing of William Lloyd Garrison, and while dis-

cussion of that event was making a storm center of the city. She had made a careful study of the slavery question in all its varying phases, and while her sympathies were decidedly with the Abolitionists, she had formed many warm friendships among the Southern people. She had been visiting among them, and had been shown much attention and greater hospitality. It was under these circumstances that when the next meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society was to be held, in much trepidation as to the possible outcome, she bravely accepted the invitation to be present, although she fully understood the possible danger of another mob and further scenes of violence. At the meeting a still more severe test of her courage awaited her, which can be best told in her own words, in her autobiography:

"In the midst of the proceedings of the meeting, a note was handed to me written in pencil on the back of the hymn which the party were singing. It was from Mr. Loring, and these were his words, 'Knowing your opinions, I just ask whether you would object to give a word of sympathy to those who are suffering here for what you have advocated elsewhere. It would afford great comfort.'"

"The moment of reading this note was one of the most painful in my life. I felt that I could never be happy again if I refused what was asked of me, but to comply was probably to shut against me every door in the United States but those of the Abolitionists. There was no safety for anyone, native or foreign, who did what I was now compelled to do. Having made up my mind, I was considering how that word of sympathy should be given, when Mrs. Loring came up with an easy and smiling countenance and said:

"'You have had my husband's note. He hopes you will do as he says, but you must please yourself, of course.'

"I said, 'No; it is a case in which there is no choice.'

"'Oh, pray do not do it unless you like it. You must do as you think right.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I must.'"

Thereupon Miss Martineau rose and in a few strong telling sentences put herself on record as in full accord with the Anti-Slavery party; a daring thing to do under the circumstances.

"As I concluded," she says, "Mrs. Chapman (Maria Weston Chapman) bowed down her glowing head on her folded arms, and there was a murmur of satisfaction through the room; while outside the growing

crowd was hooting and yelling, and throwing mud and dust against the windows."

This incident marks her deep interest in the welfare of this country, an interest which never diminished during the remainder of her long life. During the three years from 1859, when the anti-slavery discussion was at its height, she sent over from England ninety long articles pertaining to the question to different American periodicals. In the beginning of her long years of invalidism she sent out from her sick room many letters of appeal to personal friends for procuring aid for Oberlin College, the first equal rights institution of learning in this country, and in a list given of one hundred and nine "leaders," written by her in 1861 for the "London Daily News," over fifty were on or pertaining to American affairs, in addition to many articles contributed to other reviews and magazines on the like subjects. At one time she sent fifty dollars to Mr. Garrison as a contribution to the Anti-Slavery cause.

As early as 1856 we find her writing to Mrs. H. B. Stowe: "My little function is to keep English people tolerably right by means of a London daily paper, while the danger of misinformation and misreading from the Times continues. I can't conceive how such a paper as the Times can fail to be better informed than it is. At times it seems as if its New York correspondent was making game of it. That able and excellent editor of the 'Daily News' gives me complete liberty on American subjects, and Mrs. Chapman and other friends' constant supply of information enables me to use this liberty for making the cause better understood."

During our civil war she was absorbed, as stated by an English writer, by the American struggle and the possibilities involved in it: "Loving the United States and their people as she did, the interest and anxiety with which she watched their progress was extreme. Her whole soul rose up in noble exultation over the courage, the resolution and the high-mindedness of the bulk of the American nation." The publishers of the Atlantic Monthly during the war appealed to her to write them a series of articles on "Military Hygiene," and though she was at the time pressed with work in other directions, yet she felt she could not refuse a request which enabled her to do good service for the American soldiers, in whose behalf she felt such deep sympathy.

In a letter to William Lloyd Garrison, written during the war, she says: "Professor Cairnes and I were anxious each to know what the other thought of Mr. Lincoln, and of your course; and it was pleasant to find how entirely we agreed. We judge it best to avow on all reasonable oc-

casions our wish for Mr. Lincoln's re-election, and our respect for the patriotism and wisdom of Abolitionists who are forbearing with his human frailties for the sake of the national welfare. I say as much as circumstances permit in honor of Mr. Lincoln in the *Daily News*, and I shall try my best to work in that, the best possible direction."

Even in her lifetime the interest of this famous Englishwoman was gratefully acknowledged by many American admirers. Innumerable books by American writers came to her inscribed with testimonials of the honor in which she was held by the authors. Senator Henry Wilson sent her his "Slave Power in America," in which was written "Mrs. Harriet Martineau; with the gratitude of the author for her friendship for his country, and her devotion to Freedom." Also there was sent her a set of "The Rebellion Record," published by the *Pntnams*, on a blank leaf of which was inscribed: "Presented by citizens of New York to Harriet Martineau."

While visiting America, and among its people whom she met in her own and other lands, Miss Martineau formed many cherished and enduring friendships with such as Emerson, W. L. Garrison, the Loring, Catherine Sedgwick, Caroline Gilman (the Southern writer), Maria Weston Chapman, Lucretia Mott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others. Dr. Richard Webb, of Dublin, Ireland, writing to the *Dublin Herald* in regard to the visit of Lucretia Mott to England, says: "Harriet Martineau, in one of her thrilling essays on American slavery, notices her as a woman of intellect as sound and comprehensive as her heart is noble." And Mrs. Mott, writing to her son-in-law in England, says: "I hope thou wilt call on Harriet Martineau if thou hast opportunity; as far as the tenderness of our affectionate regard may serve as an introduction, avail thyself of it. Assure her of the satisfaction we have had in the perusal of her late works and the desire we feel that her pen will not cease to be employed in aid of personal and political freedom until every vestige of slavery shall be effaced from our land."

Ellis Gray Loring wrote Mr. Garrison as follows soon after she had declared herself on the side of Liberty:

"You see, I presume, the storm of abuse which Miss Martineau has called upon herself from the newspapers for her independent conduct at the ladies' meeting. In addition to this she is beset in private incessantly to give some explanation which may be published. * * * Respecting as I do Miss Martineau's profound judgment and wide information (second only to the truth and sweetness of her moral character), I am gratified at her adhering to immediate emancipation as well in an economical as in a moral point of view."

Miss Martineau's work in behalf of America was only a small portion of the work she did for the world at large. She of course made some enemies by reason of the vigorous manner in which she set forth her views, some of which were decidedly unpopular at the time she upheld them, but she was blessed with the firm friendship of the leading thinkers in both countries. She helped introduce the writings of Carlyle here in America, and was a frequent and welcome guest in the home of the Carlyles. Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," etc., said of her:

"The woman I like best is Harriet Martineau, who is cheerful, frank, cordial and right-minded in a very high degree."

In her letters Mrs. Browning often refers to Miss Martineau, always in the highest terms. To one of her friends she writes:

"She is the most manlike woman in the three kingdoms—in the best sense of man—a woman gifted with admirable fortitude, as well as exercised in high logic, a woman of sensibility and of imagination certainly, but apt to carry her reason unbent wherever she sets her foot; given to utilitarian philosophy and the habit of logical analysis."

Of her heterodox views of theology Mr. Garrison after her death remarked that, though they might provoke more or less invective from the sectarian press, "the best answer to it all will be

" 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' "

"Judging by this test she is surely entitled to a conspicuous place in the household of saints. * * Though I think she seemed to covet at last 'the sleep that knows no waking,' my faith is absolute that she 'still lives' with all her faculties unimpaired, and there as eager as here to know and serve the true and the right."

For over two years Miss Martineau's statue was on exhibition in the "Old South Meeting House," but on Monday, June 21, 1886, it was, with appropriate public services, presented to Wellesley, "the college beautiful," where the higher education for women which Harriet Martineau desired for her sex and so earnestly strove to gain for it, is now attainable by all properly qualified women.

At the presentation the gifted sculptor, Miss Anne Whitney, was present, and in a modestly-worded letter, read by Miss Alice Freeman, the president, presented the statue to the college in the name of its donor, Maria Weston Chapman. Dr. Duryea welcomed the gift, and Mary A. Livermore and other women orators spoke words of appreciation, eulogy and prophecy.

This disposition of Harriet Martineau's statue was an eminently fit-

ting one. Thus placed in an institution of learning where successive generations of girl students will have their attention called to that noble head, that strong, serene and thoughtful face, it cannot fail to be a constant source of inspiration to many whom it may stir to emulation of that earnest, useful life, with its uplifting lessons of unswerving fidelity to truth, of unflinching moral courage, of sincerity of speech, of high ideals, of independent thought and action, of a broadmindedness which includes every race, and the people of every country, in the common brotherhood of humanity, and which made the true glory and best interests of America as dear to the heart of this intellectual Englishwoman as were those of her own country.

A BENEVOLENT DESPOT.

BY FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND.

NO philanthropist ever began to work with better intentions than did the emperor, Joseph II., who became sole ruler and absolute monarch in 1780. Selfdom was abolished and commerce emancipated; the press was set free; and all citizens became equals before the law. The fine arts were encouraged, public libraries opened, and new schools established for the people. Religious tests for office went out of use; Jews no longer paid special tolls for world badges of degradation; and all forms of worship could be used freely. Vainly did the Pope travel to Vienna to remonstrate. The Emperor thought only on the needs of his subjects; but he did not care enough about their wishes. Sometimes he abolished what they had not yet discovered to be an abuse. Sometimes he founded a new institution which no one was ready to use; and what would soon have proved a benefit was hated on account of temporary inconvenience. His plans called out so much opposition that most of them were abandoned by him, or else by his successor. It is said that he asked to have only this epitaph: "Here lies a man who failed in everything." He did something for religious liberty in Austria; but not nearly as much as if he had let his people work with him.

HOW CHRISTMAS SHOULD INTEREST A FREETHINKER.

BY ANSON G. OSGOOD.

FOR millions of people the 25th day of December has either a sacred or an important significance. To some, it is the anniversary of the advent of a deity, who came to suffer for mankind and to redeem the world from sin. To others it merely brings to mind that a kind man once lived,



ANSON G. OSGOOD.

who went about doing good and met death rather than renounce the principles in which he believed. To children it is a day when everyone is unusually pleasant and indulgent; when toys, books and games come to replace the old year's faded and worn out stock. Few indeed are there who, like Scrooge, fail to come under the spell of this day, although each individual responds to it in his own fashion. Various, too, are the emotions which it creates in men. The Christian sees again the wondrous star; hears the rustle of wings. A vision

of the shepherds at watch, the angel descending, the little babe, the young mother and the wise men guided by the streaming rays to the lowly door, rises in the imagination, together with voices chanting the old familiar words, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The Unitarian joins with his orthodox brother in a hymn of praise. "So good a life deserves remembrance. Why not repeat the old songs of joy?" In the heart of the child, strange, uncontrollable anticipation prevails. Especially on Christmas eve, the little one can hardly wait for the morrow. How tardy is sleep to-night! How desires, fancies and expectations chase one another through his mind! For all these, and others, the day has many pleasures in store, and they celebrate it, with happy faces, kind words and generous giving.

*An address delivered before the Free Thinkers' Association of Manchester, N. H.

Amid all this merrymaking and good feeling, what has Christmas for the Freethinker? How should it interest him? No one but a child can enjoy Christmas like a child. Thoughts of Santa Claus and air-navigating reindeer fade away with the advent of experience and knowledge, and even the pleasure of giving and receiving must suffer more or less with the coming of business and care. And indeed, to the Freethinker, not less unreasonable and uninviting than the fancies and pleasures of the child, are the views of those grown-up children, who are pleased with the story of a miraculous birth and a divinity suffering on earth for the good of mankind instead of employing that omnipotence of which he was possessed, to put human affairs to rights. This fable with all the pleasures that can be derived from it must be classed with the old Pagan myths and the fairy tales of childhood. There is not time in this age of learning to refute such obvious myths. Inasmuch as Christmas is mixed up with this fable, it can have no real interest for the Freethinker. The question, then, remains, Can the Freethinker observe Christmas with the Unitarian and those others who celebrate the day as one which serves to keep in memory the man, Christ?

If it is true that there once lived a man called Jesus, who gave to the world truer and better principles than it had hitherto known, the Freethinker will be always ready to honor such a one on Christmas or any other day. Few intelligent men and women believe in the supernatural Christ, to-day, but many regard the Jesus of the Gospels as an actual, historical personage, a Jewish reformer who tried to mitigate the severe and barbarous teachings of dogmatic Judaism, and to replace them by a humane faith and a purer morality. The question is, then, are their conclusions well grounded?

Dean Farrar in his article on Jesus, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, gives three sources from which we learn of the life of Christ: 1. Heathen; 2. Jewish; 3. Christian. In regard to Heathen testimony he styles it as "much smaller than we could have desired or a priori expected." Thus admitting at the outset that it is a strange fact that the Pagan writers, of whom there were many and famous ones, failed to mention so important a historical character. But he strives to cover up this glaring evidence with the comment that "Christianity began from the most humble origin and was regarded by the whole non-Christian world * * * with unconcealed hatred largely mingled with a contempt," etc. It is good to see that the scholarly Dean passes over many of the old texts, which Christians were wont to lean upon, thus tacitly admitting that their author-

ity is no longer tenable. While calling up Suetonius, the younger Pliny, Lucian and Celsus to testify as to the lives of early Christians, and the essential points of their faith, as regards the existence of Jesus, he has but one Pagan authority, on whom he feels that it is safe to rely. Says he: "Whether there ever existed any authentic census tablets of Quirinus, or any official report of Pilate to the emperor Tiberius, or not, Tacitus tells us with perfect accuracy that the founder of Christianity had been put to death in the reign of Tiberius by the procurator, Pontius Pilate, and that his religion, which Tacitus calls a 'deadly superstition,' though crushed for a time, burst forth again." Having adduced this important bit of evidence, the Dean turns to the Jewish writers and leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of his investigation when he tells us: "It is extremely probable that Philo had scarcely heard of Christ or the Christians," for obviously this adverse fact could well have been left unnoticed. But of Josephus he has more to say, and remarks: "When, however, we turn to Josephus, we find in his writing, as now extant, no less than three allusions to events in gospel history. It cannot be decided with certainty whether two of these passages are genuine as they now stand, but modern opinion tends to the view that in each of the actual allusions to Jesus there is a genuine basis with later Christian interpolations. The passage in which he speaks of the preaching and execution of John the Baptist is not disputed. * * * In another passage he mentions with strong disapproval the judicial murder, by the young Annas, of James, the Just, 'the brother of Jesus called the Christ.' The passage was early tampered with by Christian interpolators, who wished to make it a more emphatic testimony in favor of Christ, but in its present form its genuineness is undisputed. Respecting the third passage, in which Josephus speaks directly of Jesus, the only question is, whether it be partly or entirely spurious. Placing in brackets the words which are undoubtedly interpolated, it runs as follows: "At this time appeared a certain Jesus, a wise man (if, indeed, he may be called a man, for he was a worker of miracles, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with joy), and he drew to himself many Jews (and many also of the Greeks. This was Christ), and when at the instigation of our chief men Pilate condemned him to the cross, those who had first loved him did not fall away. (For he appeared to them again on the third day, according as the holy prophets had declared this and countless other marvels of him). To this day the sect of Christians called after him still exists." But we find that this passage has been unnecessarily produced when the Dean adds: "There are, however, two reasons which are alone

sufficient to prove that the whole passage is spurious—one that it was unknown to Origen and the early fathers, the other that its place in the text is uncertain.” And having in this manner fairly abandoned Josephus, he tells us: “From other Jewish sources not a single fact can be gleaned.”

Thus from all the Jewish and Pagan writers only two have seemed to Dear Farrar safely to be depended upon as giving actual testimony of the existence of an historical Jesus. And surely when so learned a churchman as Farrar refuses to rely upon any non-Christian texts except those of Josephus and Tacitus, it is almost useless to examine any other proofs in this direction; but there are a few passages which have been so much relied upon in the past that a brief review of them will do no harm before we examine the two texts upon which Dean Farrar depends. It is well to know on what evidence the Christian church leaned for several centuries.

There was a Greek writer named Phlegon, who lived in Asia Minor in the second century, in whose writings the following passage was said to be contained, and it was always considered by Christians as a valuable proof of the crucifixion, and even to-day Dean Farrar rather reluctantly abandons it: “In the fourth year of the two hundred and second Olympiad there was an eclipse of the sun greater than any ever known before; and it was night at the sixth hour of the day, so that ever the stars appeared, and there was a great earthquake in Bythinia that overthrew several houses in Nice.” It is a well-known fact that the monks of the middle ages not only burnt up all books that did not suit their purpose, but inserted in the texts of others such proofs in favor of their religion as they lacked. Of this text Robert Taylor says: “This has long ago been given up as an egregious monkish forgery no longer tenable, nor, indeed, is it ever adduced by our more modern and rational divines.” And we are told by Gibbon that this passage has “wisely been abandoned.”

Next, there being a common custom, at the time of the Roman empire, of sending reports of matters of interest from the provinces to the capital city, an epistle was invented, declared to have been written by Pilate’s predecessor, Publius Lentullus. In this letter a minute description of Jesus is given, representing a face and figure such as has usually been painted by ancient and modern artists, to represent the Christ. Now, no man whose judgment is worth anything, believes that there ever existed any true portrait of Jesus, and all admit that whatever pictures have been executed are entirely imaginary. Thus the epistle bears on its face too great evidence of fraud, and to-day is not considered seriously.

Lastly a letter by Pilate to Tiberius, telling of the crucifixion, was

formerly relied upon, but has now been given up with the rest as a forgery, and we see Dear Farrar makes no mention of it as evidence.

We can now return to Josephus. We have already seen that the celebrated passage is no longer made use of. Gibbon, with subtile sarcasm, remarks of it: "The passage concerning Jesus Christ was inserted into the text of Josephus between the time of Origen and that of Eusebius, and may furnish us with an example of no vulgar forgery." With this authoritative statement, it seems to me that the Christian evidence of Josephus melts away with it the necessity of considering the text any further: for if this work has been tampered with and interpolated in any respect, who can say where the forgeries begin and where they end? Surely, common sense will reject also the other two passages on which Dear Farrar relies. So meager and scanty are these allusions to Christ that we may well and safely consider them as no better established than the one confessedly forged.

There then remains but one bit of external evidence to be considered, namely, the passage ascribed to Tacitus. The relevant portion of this passage lies between a description of the great fire in Rome, in the reign of Nero, the blame of which this monarch is said to have attached to the Christians, and a vivid account of the cruelties and tortures to which the emperor subjected this sect. It reads thus: "Those people who were held in abhorrence for their crimes, and were commonly known by the name of Christians, they had their denomination from Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius was put to death as a criminal by the procurator, Pontius Pilate."

Long as this passage has succeeded in consoling the faithful, the twenty arguments against its genuineness, adduced by Robert Taylor, seem well nigh conclusive. They may be briefly summed up as follows:

This passage, important as it would have been to them, is not quoted by any of the Christian fathers, not even by Tertulian, who had read and quoted Tacitus, but who, nevertheless, never mentions this passage in arguments where it would have been most salutary. Moreover, Tertulian styles Tacitus as "that most prating of all liars," which he would hardly have dared to do had he known of the existence of such a passage in the historian's works. It is not quoted by Clemens Alexandrius, that diligent compiler of Christian evidence, not by Eusebius, who would have been spared the trouble of forging the passage of Josephus, had he known of it. There is no trace of its existence before the fifteenth century. It rests entirely upon the fidelity of a single individual, who had the ability, the op-

portunity and the strongest inducements to introduce the forgery. The description of the cruelties and tortures exhibits a delight in blood foreign to the mild, gentle and cultured Tacitus. Unlike the works of Tacitus, it bears evidence of exaggeration, and may be overthrown by conflicting evidence. It is not conceivable that Nero, how many crimes he may have committed in secret, could have with impunity openly indulged in such shocking wholesale cruelties. It can not be conceived that the good, primitive Christians could have provoked so great wrath, or that Tacitus should have spoken of the professors of a better religion than the world had seen, as actual criminals. The whole account is falsified by the New Testament and by the apology of Tertulian. Not a disposition to reject Christianity but an eagerness to embrace it has characterized all ages. Finally, Tacitus in no other part of his writings made allusion to Christ or the Christians, and the use of this passage as Christian evidence is absolutely modern.

Thus dies the last bit of external testimony. Is it not strange that if such a person as Christ ever existed no contemporary writer out of so many has made mention of his name? It will not do to say, like Farrar, that Christianity was of humble origin. What more notorious origin can we imagine than the founder of a faith miraculously born in a Roman province, clothed with magical power and divinity, calling himself king of the Jews, and put to death by the Roman procurator for his treasonable aspirations? Such facts, if they really ever existed, must have spread throughout the Roman world and come to the attention of many historians and authors. The New Testament alone contains the history of this character. The question remains, what trust can be placed in the story there given us. Looking solely at the Gospel history, Jesus has every appearance of being a myth. For what reason do we refuse to regard Jason, Aeneas and Romulus as historical characters, but because their lives are interwoven with miracle and fable, because they were miraculously born or miraculously died, or performed impossible deeds? But we are asked to believe in Jesus as a historical personage when the only history we have of him is a tale just as improbable and fabulous as that of "Puss in Boots," "Jack the Giant Killer," or any other character of the nursery stories, none of whose birthdays we are expected to celebrate.

However, let us not be dogmatical in our assertions, for if we are absolutely certain about everything we can never learn any more, and must stand forever frozen in a mental attitude of narrow unprogressiveness. There may have been a person, who was the original of the Jesus of the

Gospels, although, as I think, I have shown there are good grounds for doubting such an existence. From the Gospel stories, all one who is not narrowed by prejudice or religion can learn of him, is this: He must have been a strange, wild-looking man, clad in skins, whose appearance on a New York business street would produce a panic. Perhaps he was mild in his way, as mild as his fanaticism would permit. He evidently pretended to a miraculous birth, believed he could perform miracles, and tried in his way to do good. He taught the dogma of eternal punishment, but tried to modify the severity of the old Jewish law. He must have been an humble reformer at first, who lived undisturbed, teaching many good things, but occasionally carrying out his theories to absurd conclusions. The notoriety that he afterwards gained, by pretending to be "King of the Jews" (whatever may have been meant by this expression), caused his arrest and execution, and his disappointment and despair when the god and divine father, in whom he trusted, failed to assist him on the cross, gave expression to the bitter wail, "My God! my God! why has thou forsaken me?"

There is nothing in this life, be it mythical or historical, which entitles it to reverence or esteem above many others which have preceded and followed it. On account of the doubt and uncertainty which surrounds it, the conflicting theories and confusion which arise out of it, it can never interest the Freethinker in such a way as to cause him to commemorate it year by year. There are too many true and noble lives, about which no doubt exists, that go unhonored. Because of his supernatural character and the grain of genuine goodness that is revealed in his life, the Jesus of the Gospels has attracted the credulous, and thus, it may be, a purely imaginary being has gained a marvelous following, and his praises are sung in all lands.

The masses of men are quick to recognize virtue, and if it can be coupled with what they consider divinity, they are ready to worship and forget inconsistencies and even grave faults. For their own lives being far from perfect, anything which rises a little above them, if, as I have said, they can conceive of it as belonging to divinity, appeals strongly to their unreasoning minds. Thus the Greek and Roman gods were considered good and worthy of worship, because the people thought they saw in them a certain beneficence. They overlooked their intrigues, their selfish motives and their cruelties. In the same way Jehovah is infinitely good, notwithstanding the fact that his acts are pictured as most revoltingly cruel and unjust, notwithstanding that he is recorded by what is believed to

be his own word, as engaging in inhuman warfare and breaking his own commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." And just so Jesus is regarded even by those who deny his divinity as a well-nigh perfect man. They forget that, according to the only account we have of him, he recommended conduct that would destroy society, and taught the cruel and barbarous dogma of eternal punishment after death. The rational thinker cannot celebrate Christmas as the birthday of even the man Jesus.

But Christmas is not exclusively a Christian festival by any means. It has been borrowed by Christianity. Christmas is an old Pagan holiday, on which ceremonies connected with sun-worship were held. Many nations have worshiped the sun, and, indeed, this is really the most rational worship that can be imagined. All races soon learned that to the sun we owe life, light, warmth, flowers and green fields, and, in fact, all blessings. So just as we, with regret, see the decline of summer and the approach of fall, when the sun sinks lower and lower in the south, those simple-minded Pagans beheld the same phenomena and thought that their deity was leaving them. But on the 21st of December he sinks to his lowest point, and after this day begins slowly to leave the horizon, to retrace his steps. The 25th of December, being the date of the first appreciable gain in the ascension of the sun, was regarded as a day for rejoicing, public worship and elaborate ceremonies. This was the custom in Rome. Prescott, in his history of Peru, has given us a beautiful illustration of the welcoming of the returning sun, for sun-worship was the religion of the Peruvians. He says: "Perhaps the most magnificent of all the national solemnities was the feast of Raymi, held at the period of the summer solstice, when the sun, having touched the southern extremity of his course, retraced his path, as if to gladden the hearts of his chosen people by his presence;" after describing the gathering of the populace and the rich attire of the Incas, he continues: "Eagerly they watched the coming of their deity, and no sooner did his first yellow rays strike the turrets and loftiest buildings of the capitol, than a shout of gratulation broke forth from the assembled multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph, and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, that swelled louder and louder as his bright orb, rising above the mountain range toward the east, shone in full splendor on his votaries."

Thus, although we cannot celebrate the birth of man or deity on this day, we can, as heartily as the old Peruvians, welcome the rising sun. We can think that the days are growing longer, that though winter still holds us in his grasp, the sun is constantly reminding us of a better day, and

with each gain he makes in imagination we can see green leaves and feel the breath of spring. And as by long-established custom people give presents to their relatives and friends, and wanderers gather home, on this day we can enter into the spirit of this kind of celebration with the best of them. We can surrender the day to the children, if nothing more, and gladden their hearts with little gifts. Nor need we be altogether without a Christ. Though there is no evidence of Christ, the deity, and scanty knowledge of Christ, the man, we can all love and praise the Christ that speaks from the human heart, the longing for the virtuous which has built up the faith in the personal Christ. And as for this yearning for the good and the true, which abides more or less in the heart of every man, let us cherish and encourage it, not alone on Christmas or any other special day, but every hour of every day of every year.

Manchester, N. H.

PROF. GREENHILL'S PROBLEM NO. 3. •

THE answer to Prof. Greenhill's problem No. 3, on page 640 of the November Magazine, is as follows:

Answer No. 1—One mile, 770 feet.

Answer No. 2—Fifteen miles, 3,909 feet.

Answer No. 3—Nine miles, 2,970 feet.

Correct answers were received from the following named persons, who have each been credited with a year's subscription to the Magazine: Paul MacCormac, Joseph Fritts and Chas. R. Kimberry.

Solutions which were partly correct were received from the following, each of whom have been credited with six months' subscription: T. Bean, Frank Hayden, Leona Coker and Fred Walker.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SABBATH BELLS.

BY PROF. A. L. RAWSON.



PROF. A. L. RAWSON.

HEARKEN to the Sabbath bells,
Their merry ringing sweetly tells
Of the heavens and the hells;
Of the deep damnation wells,
Of the Church-invented hells.

Ring, O heavy, bronzed bells.
Your sonorous music tells
Of the heaven where Abram dwells;
Whose loving bosom ever swells
While his children roast in hells!

Listen to the Christmas bells.
The lisping infant Savior tells
Of the loving Father's hells;
Lake of fire and brimstone wells.
Peace on earth forever dwells!

Ring out, cheery Easter bells.
Grace o'erflows from Mercy's wells
Baptized Lord Jesus kindly tells
Of the ever-smoking hells,
Where Satan with his fiends e'er dwells.

Call to preaching brazen bells.
He of loving kindness tells
And stirs up the burning hells.
Sound his justice, loud-mouthed bells,
Bottomless and fiery hells.

"Come to prayer," say clanging bells.
"The Father hears," their cadence tells.
Pain and cries and groans in hells,
Where the Holy Ghost e'er dwells
In the never ending hells.

Ring, O sweet communion bells!
How His heart with love e'er swells

For the damned in Christian hells,
Where the Serpent Satan dwells
In the earthquake-shaken hells.

Holy Virgin Mary's bells
Ring of that damnation well,
Half-way house 'twixt heaven and hell;
Where a sweet release she sells;
Golden Bridge o'er smoking hells.

Tinkle, O ye high mass bells,
When the holy anthem swells
And of God's great kindness tells.
Stifle sinners' moans in hells;
In the dark and gloomy hells.

NEW LIGHT ON I. KINGS, 18.

BY C. M. WILLIAMS.

WHEN Mark Twain gave us his old sea-captain's explanation of Elijah's miracle before the prophets of Baal (I. Kings, 18), by the supposition that the water poured over the sacrifice was in reality petroleum, he presumably believed himself to be writing humorous fiction. According to Mr. Arthur Johnston, of Santa Ana, California, however, he was probably dealing with fact. In explanation of this assertion, Mr. Johnston calls attention to the following passages from the apocryphal book of II. Maccabees, Chap. 1.; and he reminds us, in this connection, of the manufacture and use of the burning glass among the ancients:

19. For when our fathers were led into Persia, the priests that were then devout took the fire from the altar privily and hid it in a hollow place of a pit, without water, where they kept it pure, so that the place was unknown to all men.

20. Now, after many years, when it pleased God, Neemias being sent from the king of Persia, did send of the posterity of those priests that had hid it, to the fire, but when they told us they found no fire, but thick water.

21. Ther commanded he them to draw it up, and to bring it, and when the sacrifices were laid on, Neemias commanded the priests to sprinkle the wood and the things laid thereupon with the water.

22. When this was done and the time came that the sun shone, which afore was hid in the cloud, there was a great fire kindled, so that every man marveled.

31. Now, when the sacrifice was consumed, Neemias commanded the water that was left to be poured on the great stones.

32. When this was done, there was kindled a flame, but it was consumed by the light that shined from the altar.

34. Then the king, enclosing the place, made it holy, after he had tried the matter.

36. And Neemias called this thing Naphtha, which is as much as to say a cleansing, but many men call it Nephi.

Comparing these passages with the narrative of I. Kings, Mr. Johnston says:

"The similarity of these proceedings of Nehemiah with those of Elijah on Mount Carmel is certainly striking, and the two, considered together, justify the inference that the Jewish priests were in the habit of taking advantage of the inflammable nature of this 'thick water,' or 'naphtha,' to excite the adoration of their followers. And the fact that Artaxerxes (himself a fire-worshiper) regarded this 'pit' as a holy place is sufficient proof that it was a burning spring. The site of this pit has been identified with a spring at the juncture of the valleys of Kidron and Hinnon."

With regard to the derivation of the word "naphtha" Mr. Johnston has also something to say. The Century dictionary and our etymological authorities do not go further back than the Greek in tracing the origin of the word. Mr. Johnston, however, notes the following facts as suggesting a possible explanation of the word, though he does not claim any importance for the suggestion without further investigation.

In Genesis xxx., 7, 8, is the following:

And Bilhah, Rachel's maid, conceived again and bare Jacob a second son. And Rachel said: With great wrestlings have I wrestled with my sister, and I prevailed, and she called his name Naphtali.

"Which would indicate," says Mr. Johnstone, "that Naphtali meant 'wrestling.' But did it? This Naphtali was, of course, one of the twelve tribes, and in Judges v., 18, Deborah says of it and the tribe of Zebulun that they 'jeopardied their lives in the high places of the field,' which would indicate that these tribes occupied mountainous tracts. And in Joshua xx., 7, a Mount Naphtali is mentioned, presumably the dwelling-place of the first-named tribe.

"Now my point is this: that, as it is consistent with the practice of ancient peoples to personify in their chronicles a city or a country occupied by their ancestors, it is reasonable to assume that this tribe was named from the land it occupied; and that it is probable that a burning spring existed thereon, which gave rise to the name. If so, this would account for the same name being applied to Nehemiah's pit.

"Of the existence of such a burning spring on Mount Carmel, as far as I know, there is no evidence, but it is significant, in this connection, that the Arabic name for the mountain is 'El Maharak,' that is, 'the burning.'

"And, too, there is evidence that Carmel was a sacred mountain before the advent of the Israelites in Palestine, which would tend to prove that some remarkable natural phenomenal existed thereon."

301 North Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

PREPARATION FOR LIFE—THE QUALIFICATIONS THAT
LEAD TO SUCCESS.

BY PROF. DANIEL T. AMES.

[From the *Heald's College Journal*.]

A VERY interesting address was given by Prof. Daniel T. Ames, founder of *The Penman's Art Journal*, to the students of the Commercial Department of the College, Friday, Sept. 21, on "The Best Methods of Preparing for the Duties of Life." Prof. Ames has a well-



DANIEL T. AMES.

earned reputation as an efficient speaker, and although but few of those at present in attendance had heard him before, those who remember his previous appearance on the platform, when he discoursed on his favorite subject of "Forged Handwriting," had whispered that a treat was in store for them. The large room of the Preparatory Department was completely filled when the speaker appeared. The address, which was quite informal in its nature, was liberally sprinkled with applause.

After an introduction by Dr. C. S. Haley, Prof. Ames spoke in part as follows:

Young Ladies and Gentlemen: It always affords me great pleasure to talk to young people. I might get hold of grey-headed

fellows here like the Doctor (Dr. Haley: "Be very careful, very careful.") (Laughter.) I might lecture them and talk to them, but while willing to learn they are usually fixed in their ideas and notions. Now you are about to start out with the highest anticipations of success. You are here seeking an education. Why? And what do you expect from it? There is no result in this world or in this universe without cause. There is no man or woman following a line of great success and reaping honest fame without good reason for it, and if you know them personally and intimately, you know that reason. If there is a boy or girl here who is achieving success and outstripping those around them, the teacher knows the reason of it. They may have superior capacity to start with, but industry and faithfulness are more the factors of success than the particular endowment with which one enters upon a career. I have known many a lad who seemed to be the very personification of stupidity so faithful in whatever he took hold of

that he became a leader in his line of industry, while others more brilliant have lagged behind in the ordinary crowd. Education places us in possession of all the experience and knowledge of ages past, the entire accumulation of 2,000 years. If we could go back that time, what should we know? Anything about electricity? Nobody knew anything about it. Could you have learned anything about steam? Nobody knew anything about it. Learn anything about engineering? There was no such science. Learn anything about the construction of railroads and steamships? No one knew anything about them. Had you wanted to go to school you might have found a teacher to give you the instruction, but no school existed in the world. You wanted school-books. No printed books, no printing press; all manuscript, to purchase which would need a fortune. These and ten thousand other discoveries have since been made, and all of that knowledge is now within your reach.

WHAT SOLOMON DID NOT KNOW.

Solomon, who was supposed to be the wisest man in the world, said that there was nothing new under the sun. He never saw a schoolhouse, a postoffice, a railroad, a steamship, or any of the modern conveniences of civilization. Every boy and girl possesses comforts of life which Solomon with all his riches did not have. In Solomon's days there were no banks; bookkeeping was unknown; handwriting had not been invented, to say nothing of the typewriter or of shorthand, and the other modern appliances of business. These are yours, and with them you are equipped to go out into the world, to achieve success. This is civilization. Now you can come to school and familiarize yourselves with the principal phases of science. You can learn all about electricity and engineering. You can come here and learn the entire science of business, and so go out into the world with the strongest equipment for success. There are before me now young men who, in a few years, will occupy positions as presidents of banks, of railroads, as secretaries of great institutions and corporations. There are others in the presence of my voice who will be the porters in these establishments. Who of you are going to be at the head, and who at the bottom? Shakspeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of man which taken at its flood leads on to fortune." Neglected, shallows and miseries abound. Who is it that can avail himself of that tide when it rolls up? It is the young man or woman who is ready then, not at some other time. It is the fellow who stands by his boat with good oars, and with muscle and skill, he who can jump aboard and sail out on the tide, not the one who has to stop and build his boat, and get his oars ready and then acquire the skill to use them.

THE NIAGARA BRIDGE.

Some thirty or forty years ago a few capitalists conceived the idea of putting a bridge across the Niagara chasm. The idea was at first deemed imaginative and visionary. Yet, if it could only be done, railroads could cross it instead of going hundreds of miles around, or transferring

freight over the lakes by boats. A young man by the name of Roebling, who had been thoughtfully studious in the art of bridge-building, was sought out by some of them. They said, "Mr. Roebling, can a bridge be built across that chasm?" "If you have money enough to pay for it, it can be done." "Give us your plans. How can you get the cables over?" "I will take them over with a kite." Everybody laughed. He figured out the scheme and drew the plans, which were so practical and apparently so feasible, that they gave him the contract. When the time came to take the cables over he tied a small string to his kite, which he landed on the other side of the chasm, then a bigger string was drawn over, then wire after wire for the great cables that support the bridge were drawn over. Roebling triumphed, the wonderful bridge was built, and yet stands, supporting hundreds of rail trains that daily pass over it, and it stands there yet.

Solomon thought he knew everything. He said there was nothing new, that there was nothing worth his seeking, but what comparison can be made with the knowledge that has come into the world since his day. He was a savage compared to the Doctor. Why, the Doctor would want nothing better than to organize a school of Solomons and instruct them. Is the future any less promising to you than it was to the young man in the Empire of Solomon? Not a bit of it. There is just as good a field, and just as great a field.

ALL THE INVENTIONS NOT YET MADE.

Why, the same lightnings flashed in the heavens 3,000 years ago as flash there now. The elements of nature possessed the same power and force. There were the iron and other metals and many other products of nature, but nobody knew anything about them.

No one knew of the telegraph until Professor Morse, thinking deeply on that line, conceived the idea that what appeared to be a force in nature that annihilated time and space might be used as a magnificent thought messenger. Bell reflected further and thought what a grand thing it would be if we could make it transmit talk. He studied the machinery by which we speak, imitated it in the telephone, and made it carry intelligible sound. Edison comes along and adds a thousand inventions to it. Do you suppose the use of steam, as a servant to man, is yet exhausted? Do you suppose there are no other avenues of business to be opened, no more inventions to be made? Who is going to make them? I do not know why you should not just as well as anybody else. Somebody is going to produce a machine that will fly from San Francisco to New York with the same safety that the steam car runs over the land. Some one will some time find something that will revolutionize the railways of this country, and put a power in the locomotive that will run it with greater speed and less cost. Who is going to do it? Some one is going to make such improvements in railway trains that an accident will be almost impossible. Why, the invention of the air-brake and a multitude of other appliances has within the past few years doubled the comfort and convenience of

travel. Multitudes of people have distinguished themselves and made fortunes in this line of invention, yet some of you will say there is nothing new. Yet, with all this knowledge, in order to stand as an exemplar, you must have a character for honesty and integrity. It is said, the best policy is for a man to do as he would be done by. But says the average man, it won't work. Sometimes a young man will get a small position. He says to himself, I am not going to work myself to death for \$3 a week. He starts out with that feeling. He comes late in the morning and waits for some one to tell him what to do. He sits and watches the clock to see how near it is to quitting time, and when he goes on an errand he tries to see how much time he can waste. Another young man forgets what his pay is. His idea is to serve his employer faithfully. He is sure to be on time in the morning. If he sees anything to do he does it without being told. He goes in and watches the bookkeeper, asks him questions about his books, and then says, "Can I help you?" He is always trying to learn something about the place, and by and by the time for promotion comes. Who will be the one promoted, the first or the second boy? Can you guess?

If you engage in a business, do not for a moment think that a knowledge of one line is all that is necessary. You should know something of everything, and everything about something.

WHO ARE GOING TO SUCCEED IN LIFE ?

It is those who before they start get the best equipment, an all-around education in the grammar schools, commercial schools, academies, colleges, and certainly the best special education for the particular line of life that they desire to follow. At the same time, you must be reading, studying and conversing when you find anyone who can give you ideas about your occupation. Young men say that all the places are filled. So they may be, but do you know that men die, that men become incapacitated for business, and that every good place in the city, in this State, and in the United States to-day has to be vacated within a few years? If your father is there, he is a gray-haired man. The president and secretary of your firm are old men and are soon going to leave. The young men best qualified will catch on when they let go. The world is full of places if you have the ability, genius and skill to catch on; but the young man who is not qualified, and is not ready at the coming of the tide will have to remain at the bottom. Webster says, "There is always room at the top, if the man has the ability and skill to climb there." See that you have it.

Professor Ames is now a resident of California (at Mountain View, Santa Clara County), and has an office at Hald's College, where he can be addressed on all matters pertaining to his specialty.

A GODLY INHERITANCE.

BY I. F. FERRIS.

IN the progress of nations, cruelty and the desire to shed blood or to take life have steadily decreased, until there is to-day a strong sentiment among educated peoples adverse to the forcible curtailment of existence. The conviction that no one crime can be just compensation for another has gained ground, displacing in its progress the remnants of Pharisaical hypocrisy, which have long cast a shadow over the temples of Justice.

Man no longer crouches behind a shield of Biblical tradition, claiming the right to judge his fellow-men, and to visit upon them and their families penalties that are outrageous in their conception and execution.

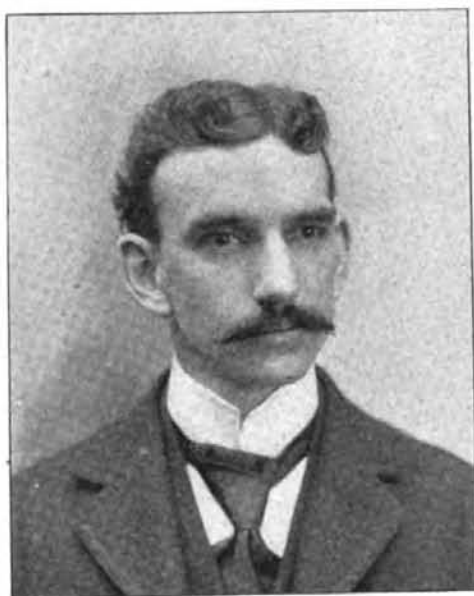
With the liberalization of religious thought has come a release from the usages of theological barbarism.

Yet, in spite of the advancement of civilization, there still remain vestiges of historic savagery which even the respect and attention given by the Christian nations to the precepts and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth did not blot out.

These remained unquestioned upon the statutes of the world until the broadening of the moral intellect, through the influence of Free Thought, cut their foundation from under them, and they were left without warrant or excuse.

When we reflect that the Christian religion has an inheritance of the murderously bloody Mosaic laws, and of a belief in a God which held temptation in one hand and the rod of punishment in the other, it is not surprising that capital punishment has endured as long as has Christianity itself. Nor is it remarkable that "twelve good men and true," sworn upon the Bible to execute the law (as it might appear to their weak understanding), would think it fitting to put into practice that punishment which the book upon which they based their oath offered as a proper penalty for much milder offenses than those presented for their consideration.

The "holy" and "inspired" character of the volume upon which they took the oath of honesty was the guarantee of their good faith, and the "holy" precedent for indiscriminate manslaughter was an excuse for their malformation of justice. The death penalty which still holds place among the punishments prescribed for lawbreakers is a comrade of theology,



I. F. FERRIS.

savageness and ignorance. It is the natural inheritance of a religio-legal system based upon deception, debauchery and theft, and perpetuated through vice, concealment and cupidity.

The God of the Bible prescribed death as the punishment for some twenty odd different offenses. Among these were: Adultery, Lev. 20: 10; cohabitation (if with a person of another nation), Lev. 20: 2; disobedience of parents, Deut. 21: 18; striking a parent, Exodus 21: 15; incest, Lev. 20: 11, 12; cursing a parent, Exodus 21: 18; drunkenness, Deut. 21: 20; gluttony, Deut. 21: 20, 21; witchcraft, Exodus 22: 18; injury by oxen not restrained by the owner (death for both ox and owner), Exodus 21: 29; lack of proof of virginity, Deut. 22: 21; to the victim of rape, Deut. 22: 24; worshiping any other God, Exodus 22: 20; teaching other religions, Deut. 13: 9; Sabbath breaking, Numbers 15: 35; proclaiming other gods, Deut. 23: 20.

It is interesting to note that the Almighty must have been more or less doubtful of his own omnipotence when he selected death as the consequence of the four offenses last mentioned. These were not the ill-considered and misconceived penalties formulated by frail and uneducated human intellects, but punishments directly provided and stipulated by the all-wise Jehovah. They were promulgated through his chosen mouth-piece, Moses, to the cherished children of Israel, and the rack and the thumb-screw, the iron maiden and the ducking stool were their lineal descendants.

The infliction of the death penalty for crimes other than that of murder steadily decreased as religious faith and fervor diminished, and with the dissemination of civilization and the popularizing of education has come a disgust for the taking of life by the state.

Murder never was legal and never can be. As the realization of the supremacy of humanity progresses among the inhabitants of this minor sphere, men hesitate to take life even with the excuse of a precedent transmitted from the "Almighty God."

The maliciousness of the dark Christian ages slowly recedes into the noisome abyss from which it was dragged by the venal obliquity of a spurious theology, and is no longer set up to menace and enslave unfortunate humanity. Man's inhumanity to man is not so difficult to understand as is God's inhumanity to man, if God was omnipotent and thus responsible for the inception and execution of abominable acts, and the more than abominable punishments provided for them after he had caused them to be committed. The scaffold, the guillotine and the electric chair are as much an inheritance from the bloodthirsty God of Moses as are flagellation and scarifying with knives.

It is a curious historical fact that religious fervor is always accompanied by brutal admonitions and cruel practices? The living sacrifices of the Peruvian Incas, the burning alive of the Hindoo widows, the self-mutilation of the Indian fakirs, the penance and starvation of the Romish monks, are all evidences of the bestial cruelty that pervades every theological system.

The advocates of the Christian religion put twenty million of their fellow-beings to death during the Crusades, and it is estimated that nine millions were murdered because of the Biblical injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The shrieks of the tortured victims at Salem and Roxbury still ring in our ears, and a similar grewsome inheritance will be the lot of future generations, if certain of our laws are not modified in the interests of humanity

Is it not time that we threw off the shackles that bind us to this inherited religious desire to murder our neighbors, and prescribed penalties for crime quite as adequate but less savage? Capital punishment has been abolished or qualified in the Argentine Republic, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Holland, Guatemala, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland and Venezuela.

It does not seem credible that this great Republic of ours, founded by such Freethinkers as Washington, Franklin, Paine, Ethan Allen and Jefferson, could cling to this relic of theological barbarity. The huge Western Hemisphere of free republics, the cradle of democracy and progress, should lead in humanitarian advancement and flaunt the banner of mankind in the same breeze that flutters its emblems of political liberty. In that oldest stronghold of Free Thought, Massachusetts, there has recently been introduced in the State Legislature bills having for their object the abolition of the death penalty, which has already been abolished in Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, Colorado and Wisconsin. Life imprisonment may be substituted for death by the verdict of the jury or by the court in Alabama, Arizona, California, Minnesota, New Mexico, North and South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi, Nebraska, Oklahoma and South Carolina.

The ethical progress on the part of the various jurisdictions just mentioned is a certain satisfaction to the humanitarian who contrasts the legal restrictions of to-day with those of a hundred, or even fifty years ago. The agitation of the subject should, however, increase in vigor and persistency until every State and Territory in the nation has prohibited this abuse of municipal power which still survives in spite of the decadence of the vicious theological supremacy that brought it into existence.

Should the point be raised that the death penalty is a preventive of homicides, it is only necessary to refer to the fact that there were 5,906 homicides in the United States in 1891, and that four years later they had increased to 10,500, notwithstanding that at the latter date (1895) more than one-half of the States and Territories proscribed death as the penalty without qualification.

An eminently practical and moral consideration is that juries refuse to convict on circumstantial evidence, where there is a possibility that new or modifying evidence may later on come to light. The most absurd verdicts of insanity are found in the face of direct evidence that no irresponsibility exists, and prisoners are acquitted whom the jury actually believe to be guilty, purely because they will not take the responsibility of inflict-

ing so sanguinary a punishment, especially on the authority of their own conclusions, based upon an incomplete chain of circumstances.

The result is that the worst criminals escape, not because of a reasonable doubt as to their guilt, but from an unwillingness to shed blood.

The abolition of this last remnant of the Mosaic law from our ordinances would be a tribute to humanity and a benefit to the nation. Let us do away with our inheritance of the maxim, "Let her be stoned to death," and substitute a wise and reasonable penalty of sequestration that will prevent further offenses by the same culprit, and likewise render the perpetration of murder by the state unnecessary and unknown.

New York City.

THE GADFLY: A DIALOGUE.

BY WILLIAM P. MARKER.

"HAVE you read 'The Gadfly?'"

"Yes. I have read it, but I wish I hadn't."

"Why do you wish that?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. It irritated me, for some reason. It seems to me the writer wishes to imply that Circumstance can make a devil out of a saint, and that Religion may be partly to blame for it. I thought Arthur was about perfect till he was first taken to prison; then after he returns from South America there's hardly a good trait left in him. That seems to me inconsistent, for such character as he seemed to have at first ought to have supported him through everything."

"Then you think the Gadfly turned out to be a devil of a fellow, a sort of reprobate, for whom (supposing him a real character) there's no hope in the next world?"

"Reprobate; that's the word exactly. If there's any hope for him in the next world I'm sorry for it. Don't you remember how he blasphemed against Christ?"

"Yes, I remember that. And do you remember that Gemma loved the Gadfly, that Martini, Montanelli, and his creator loved him? But you, a Christian, hate him, and you hope that Christ, who told us to love our enemies, will turn upon him and make him suffer, or permit his Father (according to your religion) to do so."

"No, you don't understand me. Of course, I love him, in a sense, yet I should like to see justice dealt to such a sinner."

"So you don't think he suffered enough on earth!"

"Of course, he suffered enough on earth, but he didn't understand it was God's just punishment. If he should receive punishment directly from God, knowing it to be such, he would be made to repent."

"You mean he would be made to hate God. You will hardly understand me when I say that I think the Gadfly was a person of rare character, admirable from the beginning till death."

"Man! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do. You mustn't judge a man's character by his personality

or his view of life and religion; these are often the products of Circumstance, and sometimes give no clue to what lies back of them. What I call character is made up of just a few very fundamental qualities—the aspects of the very elements of existence—which rarely change during a lifetime. I agree with you that it is a mark of inconsistency in a writer to attribute to one of his characters a complete change of character, but I think the *Gadfly* suffered a change of nearly everything but character. His attitude toward religion, of course, was accidental so far as character is concerned. A man may be the most fanatical of Christians one day and an atheist the next without undergoing any change of character. Personally, I feel that if the *Gadfly* had understood Christ—well, for example, to the extent that M. Renan understands him—he wouldn't have regarded him, even under such provocation, as his natural enemy. I should like the book better if the *Gadfly* had turned not atheist, but agnostic, un-Christian, a Free Thinker, bitter against conventional religion and ethics, but tolerant of Christ as a mystic. However, the book is no less artistic, and perhaps it is more artistic, for picturing the *Gadfly* less reasonable than one might wish a model hero to be. The psychology is truthful, and that's the chief test of art in the novel."

"You don't know how it hurts me to hear you speak of Christ as only a man, and a mystic. I suppose you've been reading that Frenchman, Renan, whose works, as you may know, are condemned by the Church. I don't see what's to be gained by reading the literature of infidels."

"Infidels! Please don't use that word again. It ought to be impossible among enlightened people."

"I don't see your point."

"Returning to the *Gadfly*: Do you think one's duty to God, as one sees it, ever conflicts with one's duty to man?"

"Not if one sees correctly one's duty to God."

"Then don't you agree with me in thinking that Montanelli didn't see his duty to God correctly when he consented to the *Gadfly*'s execution?"

"Well, not that exactly. Montanelli was right, I think, in believing his first duty to be to the Church. If he had denied God and renounced his religion for that sinful son of his, no doubt he would have lost his reason just the same, and he certainly would have repented of his choice."

"Then you think Montanelli's duty to God was to kill his own son."

"Yes, under the circumstances. I take back what I said about one's duty to God never conflicting with one's duty to man, for it seems that it does sometimes."

"Yes, that's the point exactly. A Christian's duty to God, from the standpoint of the Church—any Christian church, I mean—may be in direct opposition to his duty to man. The fact demonstrates the imperfection of Christian ethics, for ethics that are just can admit of no conflicts between duty and duty. You were naturally reluctant to admit that any such conflict can exist for a Christian, because it's against reason that such a condition can exist in a perfect code of ethics. Christianity is so full of conflicts that its most ardent admirers don't attempt to carry out half its

teachings. For example, one cannot renounce the world and know enough about worldly people to love them; even Christ had no love for the Pharisees. Again, a man cannot provide for his family by taking no thought of the morrow. I once knew the wife of a Christian missionary to starve. That was a cruel man, but a good Christian."

"Do you think Montanelli was a cruel man and a good Christian?"

"Exactly. Montanelli knew he was cruel, and felt the remorse so keenly that he couldn't live under it."

"Well, we will not argue the matter any longer. You can't shake me in my belief; I have God's word to back me."

"Have you? I trust not. I believe God is too great to be epitomized in a man, a mystic, a false prophet, a victim of the mob, a man of sorrows, who in the last hour cried out to his Father, to himself, or however you wish to think of it, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' He is too great, too infinitely great, to form a liaison with a virgin, to beget, to kill His only-begotten for a purpose and then to fail in that purpose; to leave most of the world in doubt whether He ever did such a thing at all, and to allow the proportion of doubting ones to increase from age to age; to see the authority of His son, of Himself, gradually lose weight in the world till it is in danger of coming to naught! No! My God is omnipotent, not impotent. He is so much too great for man's mind to compass that man is only just beginning to grow into an understanding of Him. The world learned much truth about God from Christ the philosopher, but from Christ the fanatic it adopted also much fallacy. When man comes to cherish spirituality as against religion, to respect agnosticism as against dogmatism, to be reverent rather than obsequious, to know God as the unknowable rather than as a consulting attorney on moral law; then, I say, man will have interpreted himself."

"You are mad; I can't talk with you any longer. God have mercy upon you."

Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

MISS LURANA W. SHELDON, whose articles appear frequently in the columns of the Free Thought Magazine, is of New England origin, her mother being a descendant of early Cape Cod settlers and her father the great grandchild of Jonathan Edwards, the "most eminent divine" of the eighteenth century.



LURANA W. SHELDON.

Whether Miss Sheldon's religious infidelity is a reaction of Jonathan's piety, she does not know, but if this is the case, to quote her own words, "the bigotry of the pious gentleman with the ten children was not in vain, it resulted in freeing at least one brain from the thralldom of inherent superstition."

Miss Sheldon was born at Hadlyme, the junction of the innumerable Lymes and Haddams on the Connecticut river, and after receiving the best education that a public and private school could give her, started out in the world at the age of seventeen to earn her own living.

Of her hardships Miss Sheldon refuses to talk, on the grounds that a "tale of woe" is never interesting to any one but the teller. To quote her own words again, she was "endowed with an inheritance of poverty, poor health and ambition, which prove, under any environments, a damnable mixture." With this handicap she was forced to begin the struggle of life and, to add to her difficulties, she declares further she "was born with a spirit which could not tolerate rebuke and a mettle which would yield to no discipline whatever."

"I felt that I had been wronged from the hour of my conception," she says, "and a feeling of resentment was the first sentiment of my nature."

With this sentiment predominating, Miss Sheldon could not and would not tread the only paths which were open to women in her position; she was determined to travel on the plane of her own inclinations or not

travel at all, and her course has been marked at every step with the bruises of collision with obstacles which a more acquiescent nature would not have encountered.

She was absolutely without funds at the beginning of her career, but sick or well, she has met every expense that she ever incurred without once asking for an "extension of time" or credit.

She claims to have earned her living in fifteen different and totally dissimilar lines of business, having "turned her hand" from bookkeeping to "business managing," from newspaper work to the chemical laboratory and from "buying dry goods" to writing stories.

In the fall of 1882 Miss Sheldon matriculated with the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, and after spending six years in the study and practice of medicine was obliged to abandon it because of threatened nervous prostration.

She began writing verses at the age of ten years, but it was not until she was twenty-five that she placed a monetary value upon her efforts.

From that time she began filling in odd hours with her pen, and at the present time her published stories amount to over two hundred and her humorous verses are known to every editor of a Sunday newspaper and pictorial weekly in the country.

Miss Sheldon's poem entitled "The Medical Student's Dream," together with some prose work, was requested for the exhibit of New York State literature by the Board of Managers at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Miss Sheldon was brought up an orthodox Congregationalist, but her doubts ripened early and reaped their harvest.

The God of the Bible soon became in her eyes not only a "moral monstrosity," but an "inconceivable hypothesis," and she saw no shadow of reason in the "vicarious atonement." A God who creates beings with an "inclination" toward evil furnishes the temptation for the committing of said evil, and then punishes his own creatures for acting out the impulses of their natures, was a being whom she could not and would not worship. In early life she read Clodd, Drummond and John Stuart Mill and studied her Bible with a concordance, besides spending many hours praying for enlightenment on these important (?) subjects, but the only knowledge which she could glean that in any way satisfied her common sense and reason came later in the study of Buchner, Huxley, Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and in company with such intellects as these she soon realized that she was beyond the need of Faith in the undemonstrable vagaries of superstition.

Miss Sheldon has published the greater part of her work under assumed names, or no name at all, partly through her own desire and partly through the injustice of editors.

At present her range of literary work extends from short Free Thought articles for the various liberal magazines, Humor for the Sunday newspapers, ghost stories and pathos for various monthlies to thrilling tales of adventure for boys in all classes. Miss Sheldon's affection for animals amounts almost to mania, and she declares in more than forcible language that "if she were possessed of great wealth she would spend a large portion of it in trying to punish two classes of people—first, the class who neglect or illtreat animals, and, second, the men and women who bring children into the world without a clean bill of health, morals or temperament, to say nothing of sufficient wealth to insure them against hardship."

Miss Sheldon lives alone in a cozy flat and shuns society for the reason that "the only people whom she ever agrees with are found in books, and she is tired of coming in contact with their ignorant maligners."

She has no desire to pose as a reformer, but it is a constant source of irritation to her that people who are in position to do so do not avail themselves of the opportunity to improve existing conditions a little.

Miss Sheldon's travels embrace her own country, Canada, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. She has never been "abroad," but feels that this pleasure awaits her in the future. She says that no woman was ever contented with less of the world's goods than she has been, and feels that the bitterness of life lies in unrewarded merit.

Her struggles to "keep her head above water" in a large city like New York, without a dollar in her pocket and a very large ache in her head, would make a volume of useful information for other strugglers, and it is the injustice of human nature, the so-called handiwork of God, that prompts her to an occasional effort in the Free Thought direction, "not but that people are welcome to any faith they choose but because a God that one could respect must be a welcome innovation." Such a God she has found in Science. Faith, Hope and Love represent nothing to her but the highest possible achievement of the physical organism, yet they lose nothing of their value springing from a source that is both reasonable and demonstrable. The little help and favors which she has received through life have not come from churches, home missions or Christians.

When she asked for suitable employment for a woman of her intelligence at the Woman's Christian Association she was requested to tell her

family history, declare her faith in God and give up a percentage of her earnings for a servant's position. She declined with thanks and went her own way. It was another argument in favor of the utter worthlessness of Christian teachings.

During her first year in college Miss Sheldon boarded at the Bible and Fruit Mission of her city, and in her visits with that organization to Blackwells Island, Harts Island, Wards Island, etc., where the cities' paupers, lunatics, imbeciles, incurables and convicts are quartered, she saw enough to convince her that no such being as a God could exist and that the question of existence had only a physical basis.

For years she went here and there among the city's outcasts with the members of some so-called "mission" or other, but the spectacle of some hypocrite, exhorting an honest sinner to "be good," was too much of a strain for a candid nature. Says Miss Sheldon:

I have found the happiness of life in the companionship of books, animals and an occasional true friend and the satisfaction in dividing a dollar with one more destitute than myself. The rest is only a panorama of injustice and folly, a farce in which serious things, like child-bearing, are treated indifferently, and absurd matters like the salvation of a soul, which we do not know exists, are carried to the extreme of bloodshed and torture.

This is the experience of a woman whose life has been one long struggle to secure and retain the niche for which she was fitted by a power which knows nothing of equalization or justice.

A CONGREGATIONAL HERETIC.

ANOTHER heretic, another independent thinker, is about to be thrust out into this unorthodox world by a pious Board of Directors of a Congregational seminary. This time the victim is no less a personage than George H. Gilbert, professor of New Testament Literature in the Chicago Theological Seminary. It seems that Professor Gilbert, after a long and careful study of the New Testament, came to the conclusion that Christ had no pre-existence; that Christ and God are not one; that Christ did not possess superhuman knowledge; that there was no atonement, and that the words of the apostles as quoted in the New Testament are not always to be relied upon. These conclusions the studious professor embodied in his book, "The Revelation of Jesus." This book fell into the hands of the directors of the seminary, and by them was read. To their horror and surprise they found that it contained more truth than it should contain, and that the professor was teaching more than he was

hired to teach. They, therefore, last month called Professor Gilbert to account. They did not stand him in the middle of a pile of faggots and burn him, nor did they tie him up by the thumbs and fasten heavy weights to his ankles as was done in the good old days when Christianity was in its prime. The law will not allow such procedure now; so the directors did the next best thing. They called a meeting and resolved to give the professor "reasonable time further to develop his views and bring them into fuller and substantial accord with the teachings of the seminary." In other words, Professor Gilbert, who, no doubt, has given far more study to the New Testament than all the directors put together, is to be given time to repent and make his views accord with the views of the narrow-minded men in whose seminary he is unfortunately a professor.

But this resolution of the directors is merely to coax, coerce and intimidate the professor into "developing" his views backwards. If he does not repent in a reasonable time the directors have a couple of bludgeons up their sleeves with which they hope to bring him to his knees. These bludgeons are articles one and five of the Congregational creed, which read:

"Article 1—I believe in the supreme divinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and that these three, being the same in essence and equal in every attribute, are the one infinite and true God.

"Article 5—I believe that Jesus Christ, by his sufferings and death, has made an atonement for the sins of the world so that God can now be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

No doubt the pious gentlemen who act as Board of Directors for the Chicago Theological Seminary have perfect confidence in their creed. No doubt they honestly believe that the foolish words which go to make up articles one and five of that creed are absolutely true. Nevertheless, they are not honest in attempting to make a hypocrite of Professor Gilbert.

Professor Gilbert has arrived at his conclusions after years of patient study. If he now becomes frightened at the attitude of the directors, renounces his conclusions and again reaffirms the miserable jumble of words called the Congregational creed, his reputation as an honest professor will suffer. By repenting he will satisfy neither the orthodox nor liberal Christians. The first will then always regard him as treacherous, while the second will look upon him as weak and hypocritical. If Professor Gilbert is sincere, if he prizes his intellectual liberty above his professorship, he will not permit himself to be robbed of his newly-acquired ideas by pious highwaymen who masquerade as directors of a seminary. If he is honest in his views he will not retreat. He will stand firm, and bid defiance to all orthodox Christians, whether directors or not, who seek to drag him down to their intellectual plane.

R. N. R.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN, AND ESPECIALLY OF BROTHER MOORE, OF THE BLUE GRASS BLADE.

NATURE is not capable of producing two or more great men who are alike. Each one possesses some peculiarity that distinguishes him from all other men. Father Adam's most noted peculiarity was that he



CHARLES C. MOORE.*

took a "fall" one day in his garden, the effect of which was to demoralize his descendants, and that has been the principal stock in trade of the priests and preachers ever since. Moses had the peculiarity of being the meekest man that ever was born, and reporting that fact to the world himself. Noah had the peculiarity of being able to get together the greatest menagerie that was ever before or since collected. Samson's peculiarity consisted in having so much strength in his hair that he could, with an instrument known as the jaw-bone of an ass, kill, in less

than an hour, a thousand Philistines. Then there was Balaam, who was noted for his ability to carry on an intelligent conversation with an ass that he was riding. And then we are informed that Joshua had the special gift that no other general has ever possessed, of being able to stop the sun in its course, to enable him to slay his enemies in battle. And then there was David, who was probably the meanest and most contemptible scoundrel that lived in his generation, who was able to keep on the best of terms with the Lord and be known as "a man after God's own heart." (Psalms 12: 3-11.) Another of the Bible characters who was favored with a special privilege was Elijah, who was permitted to ride to heaven in a chariot of fire and horses of fire, in a whirlwind—the first horseless carriage that we have any record of. And then we might refer to Job, who was a kind of a Christian Scientist in his day, who, when he was all covered over with boils, declared that there was nothing the matter with him, and that he never felt more thankful to God than he did for this

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"infliction." But the Bible character who had the most wonderful peculiarity was King Solomon, who was so constituted that he could live in the most tranquil domestic felicity with seven hundred wives and three hundred female servants, who, in those days, were known as concubines. To use a slang phrase, Solomon must have been "a peach" of the sweetest variety. So much of the peculiarities of the great men whose wonderful deeds are recorded in "sacred" history.

We will now give the peculiarities of a few notables brought to our knowledge by "profane" history.

(And, by the way, the difference between "sacred" history and "profane" history is, that "sacred" history is entirely unreliable and "profane" history cannot always be relied upon.)

"Alexander the Great," born 356 years before Christ, had this peculiarity, that after he had conquered all the then known nations of the earth, he sat down and shed tears "because there was no more worlds to conquer." Napoleon Bonaparte had this peculiarity, that he was capable of performing the meanest act ever perpetrated by a great (?) man, procuring a divorce from his wife, Josephine, a noble woman who loved him dearly, just to gratify his selfish ambition. It is a consolation to know that he had his "Waterloo" defeat, and was compelled to be a lone prisoner after Oct. 16, 1815, on the island of St. Helena, for the remainder of his life. He is one of the few men that really deserve a small orthodox hell. Then there was Charles Darwin, the greatest benefactor of mankind that has ever lived. (And we beg the pardon of the reader for mentioning his name in connection with that of Napoleon.) Darwin's peculiarity was that he gave the world more valuable knowledge as to the origin of mankind than was to be obtained from all the Bibles that were ever written and printed, or from all the "Saviors" that were ever born of a virgin, or from all the priests and preachers that ever occupied a pulpit and were ordained to preach the gospel. And then there was George Washington, the father of this country, who had the most unusual peculiarity, that was first brought to light in his boyhood days in the cherry tree episode. He could not tell a lie. And that peculiarity was characteristic of him throughout life. He doubtless often tried, but he found it impossible, and at last gave it up. How different he was in that respect from all the political characters that have succeeded him. Their peculiarities are, in most instances, that they cannot tell the truth. But space will not permit us to note the peculiarities of other great men who have lived to bless or curse humanity. We must come at once to the pith of our subject, the man

greater than any one heretofore mentioned, who is now living at the close of the nineteenth century and editing the greatest and widest circulated journal in America,

Brother Moore's most striking peculiarity, that distinguishes him from all other editors, is his extreme modesty. As Moses was declared to be the meekest man that ever lived, Brother Moore will be known to future generations as the most modest man that was ever born of a woman. And in the future, when the children repeat their Sunday school catechism, it will run as follows:

Who was the first man?

Answer: Adam.

Who was the wisest man?

Answer: Solomon.

Who was the meekest man?

Answer: Moses.

Who was the oldest man?

Answer: Methuselah.

Who was the strongest man?

Answer: Samson.

Who was the most modest man?

Answer: Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade.

Some of my readers will say that cannot be true, for Moore keeps his likeness standing in his paper, in every issue, in the "northwest corner, as he says. But that can be satisfactorily explained. It causes him great distress of mind to make such an exhibition of himself every week, but circumstances seem to compel him to do so. The fact is, that he has some three or four hundred lady subscribers, who insist that his beautiful likeness appear in the "Blade" each week, and they threaten to discontinue the paper if their request is not complied with.

Brother Moore is so very modest that he cannot be prevailed upon to publish in the Blade a letter that is in the least degree complimentary to himself, but if any jealous scamp, who desired to lacerate the feelings of the editor of the Blade, should write to him: "You are the most consummate fool and humbug that ever attempted to edit a Free Thought, or reform, paper," Brother Moore would, to show his humility, make a double-leaded item of that letter and print it in the most conspicuous place in the Blade, that every reader of the paper would be sure to see it.

And what we hereafter state shows most conclusively that our assertion is true, that Brother Moore is the model modest editor of this country.

Brother Moore has suffered more than any man since Bruno, for being true to his convictions. He has been in prison at two different times for daring to proclaim the truth in the face of the world. The first imprisonment was for an attack that he made on the rum power of this nation, and the second for attacking the Christian church of this country. For this humanitarian work he suffered martyrdom in two States, and two prisons, but he was never known to boast of his achievements. He never heralded it abroad. He could not be persuaded to say anything about it in the *Blade*. He never tried to make capital of it for his paper, or for himself; in fact, the world would not have known of his martyrdom if it had not been for the other Liberal journals of the country, viz., "The Boston Investigator," "The Truth Seeker," "Secular Thought," "The Torch of Reason," "The Independent Pulpit," the "Free Thought Magazine," and the great secular papers of this country.

But, notwithstanding Brother Moore's extreme modesty, since his incarceration in prison the last time, his mind, at intervals, appears to be affected to that extent that he is moved to publish in the *Blade* things that he would blush to publish when his intellect was in its normal condition. And this, we learn from the best authority, is giving him great distress of mind. We will here give the reader a few samples that we copy from the *Blade* of Nov. 5, 1899:

The circulation of the *Blade* is now the largest of any Infidel periodical published in the world, with the prospect as I write this, that one man, in Brooklyn, N. Y., will send out 1,000 more for one month for \$20. I paying the postage and he simply furnishing the addresses.

* * * * *

There are more people who read the *Blade* in proportion to the number who pay for it, than any paper that was ever printed. I suppose that nearly every issue of the *Blade* is read by not less than 10,000 people.

* * * * *

A greater proportion of what is in the *Blade* is read, and read more carefully, than of any paper in the world. It goes a greater distance from its place of publication and its influence is more diffused than any paper that was ever printed.

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The *Blade*, for the money expended on its publication, has had far more influence than any paper that was ever published; but few papers have ever exerted as much influence, and none has had near so much influence for the time it has been published. The *Blade* picked the greatest stronghold in the world for the combination of religion and whisky, to attack these two evils, and yet I have been honored by the people of my

own city, Lexington, Ky., called "The Athens of the West," as no editor of any paper in the whole world ever was honored.

* * * * *

There is, says Brother Moore, not a preacher in the country that will dare to meet me in discussion in any way.

We have thought of writing to Rev. W. A. Jarrell, and see if we cannot induce him to debate with Brother Moore, for we have seen, going the rounds of the papers, the following notice of that gentleman:

The Rev. W. A. Jarrell writes to the Texas Standard that he is open to engagements to preach special sermons "against Romanism, Infidelity, Campbellism, Mormonism, Seventh Day Christians, Soul-Sleeping Adventism, Russell Millennialism, Darwinism, Spiritism, so-called Christian Science, or any other of Satan's inventions, or, where necessary, for debates.

Surely if there is any orthodox minister who is able to cope in argument with Brother Moore, it is this Texas divine, who has given a challenge to all the heretics of the world that he is prepared to debate with any one of them. Brother Moore, are you willing to meet this orthodox champion?

Although, as Brother Moore says, "The circulation of the Blade is now the largest of any Infidel periodical published in the world," we suppose he has room for a few more names in his subscription book; we therefore advise the reader, if he is not already a subscriber, to at once send in his name and postoffice address, with one dollar, for the Blade, addressed to Charles C. Moore, Editor, Lexington, Ky.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON — HER EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON on November 12, 1899, celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday with a family dinner, enlivened by many congratulations and presents, coming in the midst of the feast.

All day books, exquisite flowers, candy in beautiful boxes, tied with different colors of satin ribbon, bottles of wine, of the pure juice of the grape, preserved fruits and jellies, bric-a-brac, pens, paper, postal cards, etc., were coming, until the center table and every point of vantage in the parlor were filled. Mrs. Stanton wore a rich black satin, without a train and with a pocket (a protest against the prevailing fashion), elegant old lace about her throat, a silk shawl (an exquisite shade of blue) carelessly tied in front, with a beautiful bunch of violets in her hair.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Telegrams, letters, toasts, many of them in rhyme, were received and we give below a few of the shortest.

First on the list, which she most highly prizes, was from a large number of her coadjutors in convention assembled at Rochester, N. Y.

My Dear Mrs. Stanton—It is my pleasant duty to inform you that before the close of the Convention of the New York State Federation, this afternoon, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

"Whereas, on the 12th day of November, Elizabeth Cady Stanton will complete her eighty-fourth year, be it

Resolved, That the State Federation extend to her sincere congratulations, and that as a reformer and a noble woman she will ever occupy a prominent position in the esteem and veneration of her contemporaries.

Very faithfully yours,

Anne Rhodes, Corresponding Secretary.

Rochester, N. Y., November 10, 1899.

While many their weary vigils keep,
He giveth his beloved sleep:

By this rare sign, if no other,
 We know the dear Lord loves our mother.
 Through all the ills of this mortal life,
 Confusion, clamor, and endless strife,
 She finds rest and peace; it seems
 Always, in the land of dreams.

Margaret Stanton Lawrence.

Loving greetings, grateful memories, life-long friend, co-worker.

Susan B. Anthony.

Only 84! Lead on into the next century.

Congratulations from us all. May your shadow be no less for the
 next dozen years.

Antonette Brown Blackwell.

Lengthened words and long reviews are not for such an hour as this,
 when many wait to pay the loving tribute.

Let us cast the white rose from the North, the yellow jasmine from
 the South, the red carnation from the East, the brilliant scarlet from the
 West, as a loving link to bind her to us all, in happy union.

In the fullness of year, beyond the three score and ten of the Psalmist,
 by a decade of time and more, with intellect unimpaired, vision of the truth
 undimmed, her faith in justice and the right unfaltering, and face turned
 toward the golden shadows of the unknown land, the crimson beauty
 of the setting sun about her noble brow, I join hands with you to crown
 this leader with the laurel of undying love, and invoke the mantle of her
 loyal faith to rest on each and all.

Phebe W. Couzens.

Four-score and four; yet in thine eye,
 The sunshine of an earlier day—
 And in thy heart the cheerful hope,
 Which speeds too often with childhood's ray.

Dear friend, thy westering sun is bright
 As that which on the Hudson glows,
 When, calmly at the day's decline,
 We watch the glory of its close.

Thy mother-heart no night shall know,
 Love's glowing morn is in thy soul;
 And thou shalt plead for human rights,
 While on the mighty ages roll.

Thine influence widening more and more,
 In years beyond four-score and four.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

To "heights divine" I cannot rise,
 My muse must "grovel here below,"
 I cannot hope to win the prize,
 When Phebe soars, I have no show!

But, prosy as I am, dear friend,
 Thy life a poem is, to me,
 A rhythmic measure, without end—
 Attuned to perfect harmony.

The years that crown thy silvered head
 Are jeweled with rare gems of thought,
 Which, swift as arrows, oft have sped,
 And wondrous revolution wrought.

Dear mother-heart, grand household queen.
 What tribute can thy children pay,
 Save this: To keep thy memory green
 Of mother-love,—each natal day.

Dr. Ellen Miles.

P. S.—My parrot: one of your friends,
 A pretty green feather sends.

Of all the saints, in praise and song
 Known to fame; in the list so long
 Elizabeth stands first; she's woman's friend,
 And in her all the virtues sweetly blend.

No wiser woman e'er drew breath
 Than our good Queen Elizabeth!

Edith Lyman White.

A great and good Elizabeth
 Was Hungary's royal saint,
 For whom rare miracles were wrought,
 That pious poets paint,
 She fought with Nature, and her heart,
 For many weary years;
 Resigning ease, and joy, and love,
 For penances and tears.

Once, from excessive prayer and fasts,
 Sorrow and scourging sore,
 She was about to faint and sink
 Upon the chapel floor,—
 When, lo!—the water that she craved
 Was, by some power divine,

Changed on her trembling, pallid lips
To good old Tokay wine!

She prayed and wept herself to death,
This hapless saint, Elizabeth.

Another great Elizabeth
I sing, in greater times;
Who merits better tributes far
Than these, my halting, rhymes.
Her life a noble poem is,
In cantos eighty-four,—
A record of long warfare waged,
And victories galore.
Not hers her own pure flesh to scourge;
But foily, vice and wrong.
At peace with Nature, loving love, ..
Home-comfort, mirth and song.
She faints not, though the way seems drear
And hard,—and far the goal—
'Tis we who sink and need the cheer,
The good wine of her soul; ..
Her earnest, royal soul!
Still loving life, not fearing death,—
God save our Queen Elizabeth!

Washington, D. C.

Grace Greenwood.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MONEY RECEIVED TO AID THE MAGAZINE.

Contributions received from June 18, 1899, to July 1, 1899: Richard Allen, \$1; E. C. Maynard, \$1; Thomas Lorenzen, \$1; G. A. Bosworth, \$1. Total, \$4.

Contributions received in July, 1899: Iver O. Iverson, \$2.50; an Indiana friend, \$2; B. F. Wing, \$1; David Resleff, \$1; Dr. I. S. Curtis, 90 cents; T. Blackwell, 50 cents; John Volle, 25 cents. Total, \$8.15.

Contributions received in August, 1899: A Wisconsin friend, \$30; a Michigan friend, \$15; an Iowa friend, \$3; W. H. Conley, \$1; Newton Mitchell, \$1; Merrit F. Lamb, \$1. Total, \$51.

Contributions received in September and October, 1899: Frank M. Young, \$5; B. Anderson, \$1; J. H. A. Lacher, \$1; R. W. Barcroft, \$1; T. Blackwell, 30 cents; Wm. Ross, 25 cents. Total, \$8.55.

Contributions received in November, 1899: A Wisconsin friend, \$15; Marie H. Garrison, \$3; F. Larabee, \$2.50.

Two dollars each: S. F. Benson, W. B. Flickenger, Dr. I. S. Curtis, W. H. Dunbar, Daniel T. Ames, Marie Parsons Schofield, Reuben Cousins and M. P. Bakken.

One dollar each. J. A. Olmstead, Warren Penwell, C. S. Carey, C. H. Moore, G. Y. Paton, C. B. Waite, G. E. Swan, M. D., Samuel Fordyce, T. Balkwell, J. M. Hadley, Peter Dechant, Hiram Smith, W. S. Jones, Louis Krub, Walter C. Wright, George Johnson, J. B. Thornton, H. Bool, Nell and Jess, Mrs. R. A. Glover, N. F. Griswold, Albert Lufkin, P. F. Chambard, Judson Trowbridge, C. H. Russell, C. L. Blair, Carl Burell, W. H. Jackson, J. J. Kendall, R. H. Dwyer, W. B. Armstrong, L. P. Maxam, L. C. Stewart, Daniel Chilstrom Jr., E. J. Colgrove, Maligus Bochmer, F. B. Pratt, I. O. Iverson, J. D. DeVelting, John Frazier, Leger Meyer, Nelson Crane, Solomon Kaufman, James Ringle, Wilbert Marquardson, Joseph Evans, J. J. Hill, A. R. Woodhams, C. H. Graham, Andrew Johnson, S. G. Hodge, B. F. Wing, J. T. Houser, C. R. Kimberly, Samuel Hollis, J. H. A. Lacher, M. E. Rose and E. C. Maynard.

Fifty cents each: J. H. Sherwood, Chas. H. Jones, Wm. Holt and Mrs. M. J. Biglow.

Twenty-five cents each: Mary M. Stroup and M. L. Studebaker.
Total, \$97.

Contributions received from December 1 to December 16, 1899: Geo. W. Canfield, \$5; C. F. Blakslee, \$4.50; B. Anderson, \$2; Mahlon Powell, \$2; Andrew Beveridge, \$1; V. J. Borrette, \$1; Harry T. Smith, \$1; E. Nicholson, \$1; G. A. Bosworth, \$1; John Fay, 50 cents; H. P. Hanson, 50 cents. Total, \$19.50.

ALL SORTS.

—Prof. Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of a most valuable article that we shall publish in the February Magazine, the Liberal University, has been elected president of the Oregon State Secular Association, with the likeness of the author.

—We promised last month that the January issue of this magazine should be worth a year's subscription. Have we kept our promise?

—Parties desiring back numbers for 1899 to complete their volume can obtain any desired issue at 10 cents a copy if ordered at once.

—Remember three two-cent postage stamps will pay for one copy of Tenney's "Owed to the Clergy." Every clergyman in America ought to receive one.

—"Burns and Whittier," by Prof. Charles G. Brown, of Ithaca, N. Y., is

—Our pamphlet, "Ingersoll on Paine," with the portraits of Ingersoll, Paine and Voltaire, the three greatest men this world has ever produced, can be had for six cents, or ten copies for 50 cents.

—A clergyman in the West sends us a criticism on Tenney's "Owed to the Clergy," which will appear in the February Magazine, with a reply by Mr. Tenney. It will be very interesting reading.

—B. F. Underwood will devote a portion of his time to giving radical Free Thought lectures this season, and is open to application. For terms and

list of subjects address him, care of this office.

—Ingersoll's last production, a poem, entitled, "Declaration of the Free," was published in the July magazine, with his likeness. We have a few copies left which we will sell at 10 cents a copy.

—Prof. Hosmer and Mr. Pearl W. Geer are doing such a splendid work for Free Thought in the West that all Freethinkers ought to take pleasure in giving them all the support financially and otherwise that they can.

—Daniel K. Tenney has handed us for the February Magazine an article entitled "Modern Theology and Its Ideal Jesus." It will be the first or leading article of that number. It will be well worth a year's subscription to the Magazine.

—This magazine, at 75 cents a year, our club rates, is by more than one-half the cheapest Free Thought publication issued, and we do not mean it shall be surpassed in real value by any other, therefore we ask the Liberal public for a generous support.

—We have received from Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., the Columbia desk calendar for 1900. For many years this calendar has been regarded as a fixture in thousands of homes and business offices, and this century issue will prove a valuable addition to the series.

—Pearl W. Geer of the Liberal University writes in a private letter: "Our enterprise is a great success. We have about sixty-five students enrolled and more are coming every week. Your idea about the Ingersoll chair pleases us greatly. I hope we can, by it, raise a good sustaining fund for the university."

—In the December Ladies' Home Journal "Ian Maclaren" writes on "Should the Old Clergyman Be Shot?"

Our idea is that if you are going to shoot clergymen it would be much better that the young ones be shot. The old ones can do but little more harm, but the young ones have many years before them in which to spread bigotry and superstition.

—The cradle of the new century is a remote, isolated quarter of the globe where there are few people to hail its birth. In that country the twentieth century will be an infant of quite considerable growth before time can speed its dawning into the next nearest habitation of man. John Ritchie, Jr., will tell "Where the New Century Will Really Begin," in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

—The Boston Congress of Freethinkers, it is claimed by those who were present, was a great success. The resolutions passed we think the best that have been passed since the congress was held in Cincinnati, in 1879, when Col. Ingersoll was chairman of the committee on resolutions. Our space will not allow of our publishing the full proceedings. They will be found in the weekly Liberal journals. The principal officers were re-elected.

—Our esteemed contemporary, "Unity," keeps standing at the head of one department of that paper, in quotation marks, these words:

"The world is my country; to do good
my religion."

It appears to us that it would be well to let the readers of "Unity" know that these are the words of Thomas Paine. What do you think, Brother Jones?

—The Little Freethinker, for children, we are glad to see, is prospering. Reader, if you have children, send 25 cents to Elmina Drake Slenker, at Snowville, Va., for the valuable little paper for a year. Remember, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." The twigs of the past were "bent" hell-

ward, and most of the "trees" leaned that way. Now let the "twigs" of humanity be bent toward reason and we shall have reasonable men and women, free from bigotry and superstition.

—When Roberts, the Utah Representative, was contesting his right to a seat in the House of Representatives, if the Speaker had announced, when the time to vote came, that the rule would be the same as that applied by Jesus in a somewhat similar case, with the change of a word, "Let him that is without sin cast the first vote," it would have caused a sensation in the House, and if it could have been possible to have enforced that rule, there would have been a very small minority against him—only the saints who are elected to Congress.

—D. Priestly of Newberg, Oregon, one of our most enthusiastic Free Thinkers, writes in a private letter:

I feel grateful to you for what you are doing for the Oregon Liberal University. That is an institution that is going to succeed. Those in charge of it have got the brains and sincerity and enthusiasm and perseverance to make it go. They are not wasting time hunting spooks, as they did in Liberal, Mo., school. I cannot do much, but will do what I can.

The Liberal School started at Liberal, Mo., had something, even worse than, "spooks" to contend with, and of course died. Liberal schools ought to have a much higher moral standard than orthodox schools, and we are glad that the Silverton school maintains one.

—Chaplain David H. Shields of the United States army, who is to be tried by court martial at San Francisco on the charge that he appeared before enlisted men at Alcatraz Island, Cal., in a state of intoxication, is a Methodist minister, who has served two years in the army. His first assignment was to Fort Thomas, Ky. Later he was sent to Fort Wingate, N. M., being transferred finally to Fort Wayne at Detroit, with the Seventh infantry.

There should be equal rights in the

army as everywhere else. If the common soldiers are allowed to carry the canteen, filled with whisky, and get drunk, the chaplain should have the same privilege. If whisky is good for the soldier it is good for the chaplain. The Government is too hard on Brother Shields.

—Jailer Whitman yesterday took Frederick W. Lee to the Joliet penitentiary. Lee formerly was treasurer of the Church of the Ascension, and was convicted several months ago. A strong effort was made to have his sentence set aside and changed to imprisonment in the House of Correction, but the effort failed. Embezzlement of \$2,000 of the funds of the church was the charge upon which Lee was convicted. His arrest some months ago created a sensation in North Side society circles, where he was well known.—Chicago Tribune, Nov. 30.

This is too bad. Probably Brother Lee intended to send most of this \$2,000 to the heathen for the purpose of saving their souls. Frederick Lee was the most devout man in the church, generally led in prayer at the weekly prayer meetings, and deplored the spread of infidelity.

—For the purpose of introducing this magazine to new readers, we will for the next thirty days mail to any address not now on our subscription list four late issues (all different) of the Free Thought Magazine for ten cents. This will give the readers a fair introduction to the magazine, and should procure for us many new subscribers. The selection of issues of the Magazine must be left to us. If you know of any person whom you think would be interested in our work, send us, his or her address and 10 cents and we will send the four issues as above stated; or if you know of more persons send us the list with 10 cents for each name. Remember the four issues must go to one address—not to four different addresses—as our object is to give the reader a good introduction to the Magazine, which one issue will not always do.

—W. C. Rheem of Franklin, Pa., sends us the following paraphrase of I. Corinthians xiv. We call the attention of our good sisters in the church to it:

Verse 34:

Let women silent in the churches sit,
As saith law; for them it is not fit
Of sacred things, in such a place, to
speak;

Teach them to be obedient and meek;

Verse 35:

Or if they deem religion their concern
And aught of God or Christ desire to
learn,

Let them, at home, their husbands hum-
bly crave

To show the means whereby their souls
to save;

For wives are ignorant and weak and
blind,

And husbands always holy, wise and
kind.

But in the church of Christ, for very
shame,

No woman ever should respect his name.

—Col. Ingersoll's famous classic, "A Vision of War," admitted by all to be the most marvelous piece of patriotic word painting that ever issued from the lips of man. Printed on fifteen leaves (10x11¼), thirteen of which are exclusively illustrated in colors by the well-known artist, Mr. Harry A. Ogden, whose reputation is unequalled in work of this description. Mr. Ogden was employed by the Government to illustrate the celebrated work on the Historical Uniforms of the U. S. army, and is at present on the staff of Harper's, Scribner's and the Century Magazines. The title page is embellished by two handsome portraits of Col. Ingersoll, one as the soldier, taken in 1862, as colonel of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, and the other as the lawyer and orator in 1877. The leaves are fastened together by ribbons in the national colors. Every patriot—every lover of liberty, should possess this incomparable production. Price, post-paid, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

—The Temperance Gazette, official organ of "The Young People's Free-thought Temperance Society," the

fourth number of Vol. I., received at this office. It is a very good number, and deserves the support of the Free Thinkers of this country. It is a great improvement on any former issue and we are sure Mr. Roy Miller, the editor, will, if well supported, make it worthy of the two great reforms it represents—Free Thought and Temperance. No consistent Free Thinker can be other than a consistent temperance person, for his god is the laws of the universe—nature's laws. And if he obeys those laws he will do nothing, eat nothing or drink nothing that will injure his mental powers or his body. And that is what intoxicating drinks will always do. Most of the temperance societies and temperance papers are run for the benefit of the church. We hope this society and this paper will be run solely for the benefit of humanity here on this earth. Price, 40 cents a year. Place of publication, Alma Center, Wis.

—The fourth meeting of the Liberal Laymen's Club was held at The Norwood, Northampton, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22. About fifty gentlemen, from the parishes in Greenfield, Florence, Northampton, Holyoke and Chicopee, were present, to discuss questions of peculiar interest to them. The principal address was given by Rev. Joseph Waite of Hartford, on "The Influence of Ingersoll on the Religion of To-day." This paper was a brilliant presentation of the controversy waged by the great agnostic, stripped clean of all obscurities so likely to blind us to the deep religious and ethical qualities of one who wore the label of no ecclesiastical or sectarian authority. This paper, clothed, as it was, in terse English, urged with a lucidity of thought and uttered with striking force, repaid in full the labor of getting to the place of meeting, and justified the impulse which gave birth to this new adjunct to our liberal faith.—Christian (Unitarian) Register.

So it seems gentlemen from some

four Unitarian churches met to listen to an address on "The Influence of Ingersoll on the Religion of To-day." We predict that within ten years the Unitarians will canonize Ingersoll as they did Theodore Parker after his death.

—New York, Oct. 30.—Father Henry Van Rensselaer, himself a convert to Roman Catholicism, yesterday married Miss Marie Leonard and Vosburg Horton at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West Sixteenth street, this city. Mrs. Horton is 23 years old, the eldest daughter of John Leonard, the millionaire iron manufacturer. Mr. Leonard was opposed to his daughter's marriage because Mr. Horton was brought up a Baptist. He has been receiving instructions from Father Van Rensselaer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and having proved his sincerity and religious enthusiasm he has been baptized into the church. By that step, it is reported, Mr. Horton offended his relatives, who were as earnestly opposed to his marriage to Miss Leonard as was her father.

There is nothing that makes more trouble in families than religion. More families have been broken up by religion than by any other one thing, not excepting intemperance.

—The Peoria Star has this to say of the proposed Ingersoll monument:

Not long since the Star noticed that a contribution to the Ingersoll monument had been received from Scotland. Now comes one from the Argentine Republic and was received this morning. This offering is from a private citizen of this far-off southern country and is evidence of an admiration for the noted orator which is more than national.

Many letters of inquiry come into the hands of the committee every day and that the project of a fitting memorial has the support of two continents is evidenced by the desire for information and the contributions which have already been received from remote points as well as those of the United States. The committee into whose hands the matter of funds has been given are men of integrity and wisdom and the encouragement which has come to them can be translated that the proposed Ingersoll monu-

ment will be a suitable commemoration, the form of which will be determined by the most famous sculptors of two hemispheres and represent the highest phases of the sculptor's art, either at home or abroad. Its erection and presence in Peoria will do much toward the enlargement of present literary influences and along with the soldiers' monument recently unveiled will enhance whatever of classic tone may already exist.

—This letter is spreading it on pretty thick, and it will shock our modesty terribly to publish it, but here it is:

Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 4, 1899.
Editor Green of Freethought Magazine:
Friend Green—Paine, Voltaire, Hume, Shakspeare, Ingersoll, Stanton, Gardner, Anthony, with all their genius; nor Wakeman with his ideas of justice and right for women—God's angels if he has any such creatures—never gave utterance to a grander idea than what you said in the October number, 1899, of your magazine. This was it: "We lost faith in Gov. Roosevelt of New York when he allowed a woman to be executed who had nothing to say in making the law by which she was tried." Ingersoll could not have made a better statement. That was a grand statement. A sublime statement. A statement that Jesus Christ himself would have made had he been her counsel. If I was a woman and you were my husband I would be so proud of you that I would get you the finest suppers and warm your slippers for a lifetime. LUCIUS C. WEST.

Mrs. Green don't look at it exactly in that light.

—New York, Oct. 30.—After a trial lasting two nights, William Kemp, for fifty years a member of the Stamford (Conn.) Methodist Episcopal Church, was expelled from that church on Wednesday night. This was the culmination of friction dating back several years. Other members are about to be tried, and it is probable they also will be expelled. Mr. Kemp belonged to that school which is referred to frequently now as the "shouting" Methodists." The Rev. Frank Warfield Crowder, the pastor, reorganized the class of which Kemp was a member, with

some objectionable members left out, but this only served to bring things to a crisis. One of the men left out in the reorganization was Mr. Kemp. On Oct. 13 he demanded that he be allowed to take part in the class. He refused to leave the church, and finally the pastor called in a policeman and had him put out. Proceedings for expulsion were begun, the first specification being indulging in sinful tempers. The second specification is disobedience to the order and discipline of the church.

"Sinful tempers" and "shouting" are the cause, it seems, of the trouble in Rev. Frank Warfield Crowder's church. Brother William Kemp has been cast out and must hereafter exhibit his "willful temper," and do his "shouting" outside of the church.

—I. F. Ferris, a young man of learning and ability, who has recently commenced writing for this magazine, sends us the following private letter, which may be interesting to some of our readers:

Your offer to publish my likeness with my article is too great a temptation for me to withstand and I send you photo by this mail (with my name on the back).

I am, however, doubtful whether it will be as productive of offers of marriage as I judge have been the likenesses of some of your contributors of the other sex.

The one great regret that I have in connection with Free Thought articles is that it is almost impossible to place them before those who need them most and to whom they would do most good. For this reason I am always delighted when I see a Free Thought article or letter in the daily newspapers, for there I know numbers will read it who would not read a liberal publication. Free Thought is making progress, however, and I know that you and other liberal publishers are making the orthodox very nervous and uncomfortable. About the only way I know to express it is to say "Bully for you!"

—The XVII. and last volume of this magazine is a very valuable one and

the subscribers who have all the numbers should get it bound and preserve it. As will be seen by the index in the December number, it contains fifty valuable illustrations, among which are page likenesses of Ingersoll, Wakeman, Tenney, Dr. Carns, Judge Ladd, the members of the Liberal University faculty, the home and surroundings of George Holyoake and many others interesting to Free Thinkers. This volume contains seven hundred and fourteen pages of most valuable reading matter by the best Free Thought writers, and what will make it most desirable for all future time is the fact that it contains the noted "Ingersoll Memorial Number," which contains some fourteen obituary articles on the late Col. Ingersoll, the best that have been published, and a full account of the great Chicago Ingersoll memorial meetings. We have a few sets of the volume still on hand, and we will furnish them to the first persons who may apply for them at the following terms: Unbound volumes for \$1.00; volumes well and substantially bound in cloth, \$2.00, with 25 cents to pay postage or express charges.

—In Susquehanna, Pa., is a household made up of an old man, his housekeeper and their old cat. Family prayers are the rule each evening in the household, and the cat fell into the habit of regular and punctual attendance. No other of the cares that proverbially crowd a cat's life was ever allowed to interfere with this religious cat. At the signal for prayers she would even leave a mouse half caught or give a doomed bird a longer lease of life, and decorously compose herself in the lap of the housekeeper with an air of attention to the service that was highly edifying. At the first "amen" she went briskly about her business.

But in an evil hour there came a kitten that was deemed superfluous, and sentence of death was pronounced upon it. The head of the household un-

dertook the execution of the sentence, and unknown to him the cat was a witness of the scene. From that day the cat refused to attend the evening service, and cannot now be induced to listen to the prayers of one who has shocked her sensibilities and murdered her offspring. She faithfully performs all other duties as before, and sociably purrs for the family on all secular occasions, but rigidly draws the line on family prayers.—*Temperance Gazette*.

—Some of the Free Thought young men of Chicago have organized what they call the "Chicago Liberal Society." This is their

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

We believe in the universe and in its laws. We affirm it to be the part of wisdom not to attempt to change those laws, but rather to investigate and obey them. We know that by and through obedience to the laws of nature, we find our only salvation from disease, weakness, poverty and degradation. We declare that the enlightened reason and the educated conscience are our highest guides; and that it is our duty to follow truth and practice righteousness. We affirm that all men are equal in the right to think, to speak, to labor and to live; and that it behooves us, as members of the common brotherhood, to do our utmost for the promotion of the general welfare. We know that selfishness and hate are wrong and degrading; and that we are both happier and nobler when we live for the higher ideals of justice and good will. We believe that it is our duty, as rational beings, to do what we can to secure the peaceable overthrow of superstition, and the establishment in its stead of the reason which is the surest guide to and guarantee of the blessings of true civilization.

This society has already some one hundred and fifty members. These are the officers of the society, and the post-office address of each:

Harry W. Stannard, President, 1010 Home Insurance Building, Chicago.

Martin D. Elledge, Vice President, 6114 South Green street, Chicago.

Joseph B. Hogle, Treasurer, 1389 West Madison street, Chicago.

Frederick Mains, Secretary, 812 Ashland Block, Chicago.

The young men who have organized this society are some of the best young men of Chicago, highly respected by all who know them. They propose to hold weekly meetings and do what they can to advance the principles of Free Thought. Every earnest Liberal in the city should send to the secretary his or her application for membership. Secretary Mains will gladly answer all inquiries as to the terms of membership, and send blank applications when asked for.

—Frederick May Holland, in his *Liberty in the Nineteenth Century*, has this to say of the Sunday laws:

None of the Sunday laws is so mischievous as the decree of Mrs. Grundy against all forms of recreation not practiced by the wealthy and fashionable. These people have so much time on six days of the week for active outdoor sport and indoor public entertainments that they make little attempt to indulge in such recreation on Sunday. People who have only this one chance of playing ball, or dancing, or going to stereopticon lectures, concerts and operas, suffer in health by having these recreations made unpopular as well as illegal. The climate of New England and New York, as well as of Great Britain and Canada, has unfortunately been so arranged that there are a great many cold and rainy Sundays, when much time cannot be spent pleasantly in walking or riding. This matters little to people who get all the amusement they want in their parlors. But what becomes of people who have no parlors? For instance, of servant girls who have no place where they can sing or even laugh? Shop girls and factory girls find their little rooms, Sunday after Sunday, too much like prisons. Young men are perhaps even more unfortunate, for they go to the saloon, though this is often closed without any better place of amusement being opened. Why should every week in a democratic country begin with an aristocratic Sunday, a day whose pleasures are mainly for the rich?

—The following letter and editorial published in the "Torch of Reason" of November, 1899, explain themselves:

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 17, 1899.

Editor Torch of Reason:

George Jacob Holyoake, of London, writes to me in a private letter: "If you and other leaders took it up, you could easily get gifts to found an Ingersoll Chair at the Liberal University." Mr. Holyoake is now, since Ingersoll's death, the best known Freethinker in the world. He is the father of Secularism. And now that he has suggested the raising of a fund to found an Ingersoll chair at the Liberal University, I would suggest to the board of directors of the university that a committee be appointed for that purpose. And may I be pardoned for suggesting the following names for said committee: For America, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., D. A. Blodgett, B. F. Underwood, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan H. Wixon. For England, George Jacob Holyoake, Charles Watts, G. W. Foote.

Yours truly,

H. L. GREEN.

(Acting on Mr. Green's suggestion, the board has adopted the plan and appointed the above committee, with the addition of Prof. Daniel T. Ames of Mountain View, Cal., for America. Those interested in this movement may address any member of the committee, the editor of the Freethought Magazine, or the editor of the Torch of Reason.)

In the same number of the Torch of Reason appeared the following editorial under the title of "Our Reward."

Friends of the Liberal University know it to be a fact that we have never temporized or catered to the opinions of any one. We have done our very best to "hew to the line," and now our reward for not being hypocritical begins to come in. And what is the reward we most highly prize? It is recognition, help and sympathy in building up such an institution as will be what the Liberal University is fast becoming—a perfect terror to the old orthodox world of thought and "glad tidings of great joy" to honest, progressive thinkers. Read Mr. H. L. Green's communication in this issue regarding an Ingersoll Fund. Is not this a reward for our stick-to-itiveness?

The following, taken from a private letter, speaks for itself:

"I admire your persistency, and I hope you will succeed without lowering your educational and ethical ideals. Temporizing is the business of small minds. High ideals will win in the long run. Cordially, B. F. UNDERWOOD."

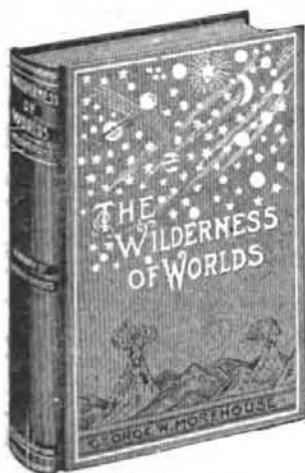
This should teach us all a lesson that the Liberals of the world have been long in learning. We should not try "to be popular," but try to be honest; we should not try to secure aid by pretending to be everything, but we should take our stand and "stand firm," only changing when convinced that we are on the wrong track. If we had not followed this plan from the beginning we would never have been blessed with a Prof. Wake-man; and just see what his ability and influence means to our struggling institution.

Yes, true Liberals will never forget this, the first lesson of the Liberal University—to be faithful to their convictions, neither turning this way nor that way for the sake of a short-lived advantage. Let us all "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

—The Rev. Sam Small, well known as an evangelist, gained a certain distinction while he was a chaplain in the volunteer service. He is the subject of numerous charges and complaints filed at the War Department. The allegations relate to the failure of the clergyman to discharge an indebtedness incurred by him. One charge made against Chaplain Small involves his carelessness in the handling of company funds to the extent of about \$600. Another incident is furnished by Bishop McCabe, who alleges that he loaned \$250 to Chaplain Small. A piano firm has also complained about Small, but as he has been mustered out nothing can be done.—Chicago Tribune.

That is too hard on the Rev. "Sam." His theology teaches him that "Jesus has paid it all—paid the debts I owe," and therefore he is to go Scot-free. That is the doctrine that Bishop McCabe teaches, who lent "Sam" the \$250. So the Bishop should not "kick" when Sam gives him his own medicine. "Jesus has paid it all,"

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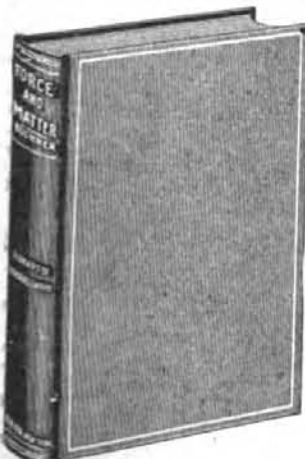
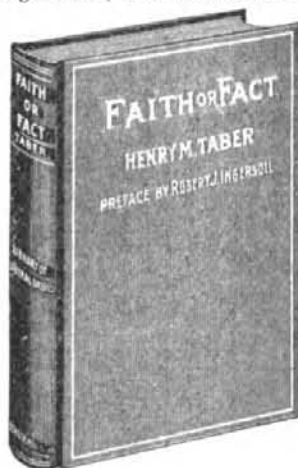
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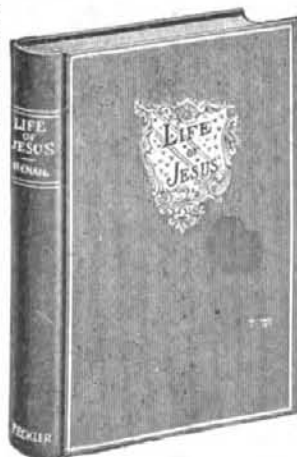
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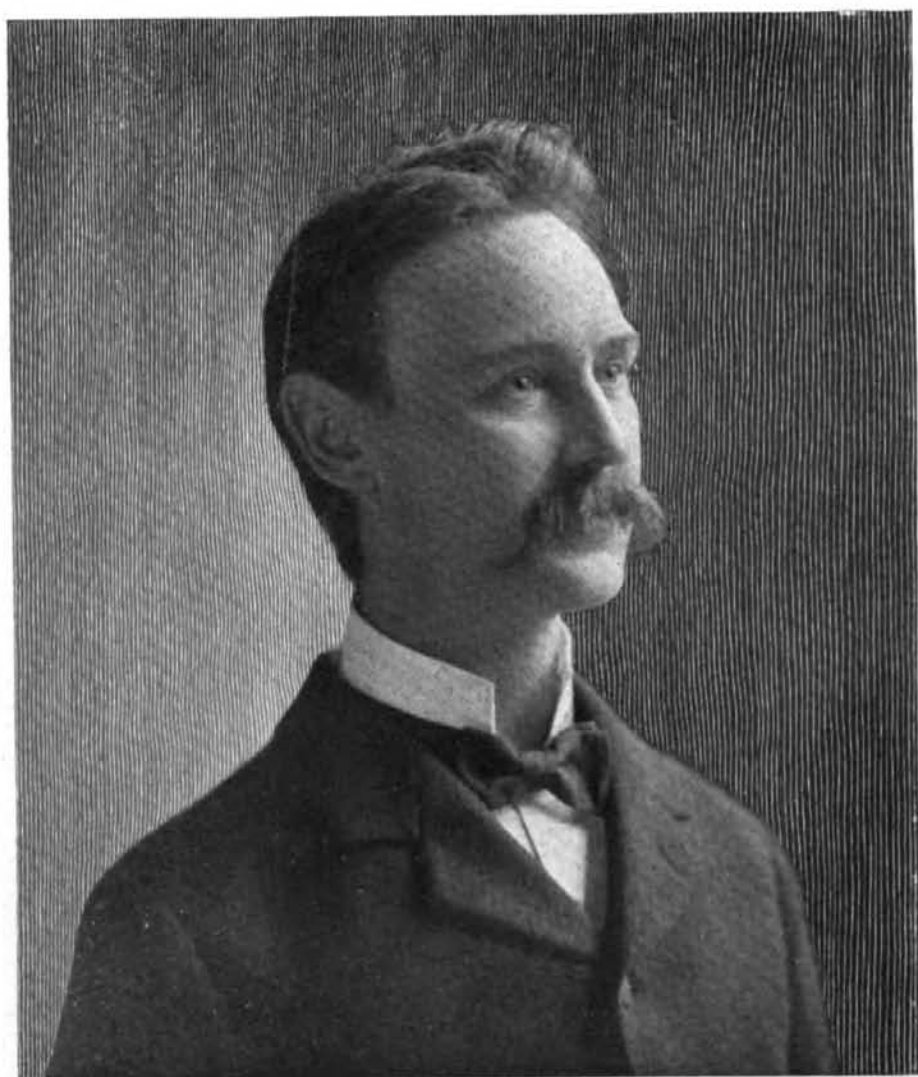
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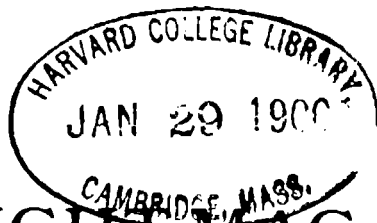
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FEBRUARY, 1900.

MODERN THEOLOGY AND ITS IDEAL JESUS.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

THE advancing intelligence of modern times, and the persistence of Free Thought have produced and are producing grave results among our theological friends. From the earliest times up to about the present century, almost everybody believed that they had reliable divine revelations to enlighten them, and personal gods to control their affairs. They were too ignorant to know any better. Those gods would certainly listen to prayers, devoutly uttered, and surely answer them. Only a few brave men and true had the intelligence or the courage to question the existence of such divine helpers, or the inerrancy of their revelations. Gradually doubts began to enter some of the brighter minds, and a determination to investigate. The clergy were averse to this. Upon theological subjects, were not those called of God to preach the gospel, the fountain of all knowledge? They certainly assumed to be. Despite these oracular assumptions, education was slowly advancing. Independent thinkers began to consider and denounce the whole theological scheme. Some of the leading clergy themselves actually began to seriously think and to study, with the purpose of fortifying the citadel of their faith. The business was new to them. They read the Pentateuch once again, and studied astronomy and geology a little. They were thus obliged, reluctantly, to concede that the stories of creation and of the flood were merely ancient poems. The rest of the Bible, however, was "straight goods, all wool and a yard wide."

Before long, some of the more enterprising, who had followed the story of the Israelites in their exodus from Egypt, began to think it strange that God had, in those early days, decided to remove three million of his chosen people from that land of sunshine and plenty to another of deserts and mountains, already thickly and happily inhabited. To accomplish this, all those inhabitants must be dealt with a thousand times worse than had been the Israelites by their task masters in Egypt, and must be slaughtered without mercy, leaving nothing alive that breatheth. After

experimenting with numerous plagues upon the Egyptians, and seeing that they worked so well, why did not the Lord exterminate those sunworshipping heathen, and leave his chosen people, already there, as the sole possessors of a happy land, in which for four hundred and thirty years they had so increased and multiplied? It seemed queer. But after all, it is not for mere human beings to fathom the divine mind. Still it seemed quite unaccountable that God, who took so great an interest in his chosen people, should march off some millions of them through a miraculous gap in the Red Sea, over mountains and deserts, and should be obliged to build a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide them; to feed them on manna and quails, sent down from heaven, and to quench their thirst with water produced along the route by Aaron's rod. It seemed strange, also, that those travelers, perceiving the daily miracles of Jehovah in their behalf, and the deep interest he took in their welfare, should, rather than worship him, prefer to build and worship a golden calf! Incredible also was it that this exodus, notwithstanding its divine guidance and provisioning, was only able to make a march of about fifty-five feet a day—one hundred and fifty miles in forty years—during which weary march through the wilderness “their clothes did not wax old upon them, nor did their shoes wax old upon their feet.” This wonderful experience seemed too much like a divine damper on the clothing business, and the total abolition of the shoemaker. Quite strange and unaccountable also it seemed, that after all this divine preparation and guidance, and the promise to bestow upon those who enlisted in the cause a land flowing with milk and honey, none of those who were twenty years old and upward at the start, ever reached the promised land at all, except two—Caleb and Joshua, the son of Nun—the carcasses of all the rest, by express command of God, having fallen in the wilderness. Another crop of Israelites had grown up in the meantime, and these, under Joshua, could only obtain their promised land by desperate warfare, and by destroying all its inhabitants. This they proceeded to accomplish, and found that the country they had conquered was but poorly fitted for civilized habitation, and though God had promised that country to them as a perpetual inheritance, they were never afterwards able to occupy it in peace, and were long since obliged to abandon it and flee into all quarters of the globe. From considerations such as these, with many other miraculous accompaniments, the wise religious scholars finally concluded that the books of Moses certainly, and probably most of the Old Testament, were poems also, founded on fact, but containing none! As the divine writers of the Old

Testament had invented the facts, and had embellished them as best their ignorance would enable, so the clergymen of our day were at liberty to pursue the same example.

But the New Testament was different, they said. It is more modern, and consequently reliable in every particular. It contains the story of Christ and Him crucified. This alone is sufficient for the religious and spiritual consolation of our race. This claim is still maintained by many who honestly believe it, and by many other wiser ones, who have discovered its absurdity. They dare not drop the delusion, and tell the plain truth to their congregations, lest they have to drop their salaries also. They have well discovered that the tales of the New Testament are not less miraculous and absurd than those of the Old. Occasionally one of them publicly concedes that the New Testament is merely a poem like the Old, and that to ascertain divine truth we must fish for it in both. This is about the position of many prominent clergymen, privately conceded, and occasionally avowed with mysterious utterance.

But they insist that even though the Bible be treated as human literature, and though the most of it is poetical and obscure, still that divine truth is somewhere lurking within it, which it is the duty of the clergy to search for and proclaim. They glory in the assertion that the character and precepts of Jesus, though all the miracles and imagery surrounding the Bible stories be eliminated, are absolutely pure and perfect, and that he was a model to be followed by all men.

Very recently a book has been written and published, by a clergyman, entitled "In His Steps," "What Would Jesus Do," and has been very extensively circulated. It assumes the godly character of Jesus, and undertakes to apply his precepts to the affairs of our daily life, with what success its readers can best determine. Its writer forgets, however, as do most of the clergymen, that even the existence of such a person as Jesus, whether God or man, is no better attested than the story of his miraculous deeds. The scientists and the wiser clergy concede that nothing supernatural or miraculous ever occurred, and that consequently when any act contrary to nature is anywhere related to have been performed, that allegation is simply false. Thus, the virgin birth, the wondrous miracles and the resurrection of Jesus, are marvelous stories, devised by the early priests to mystify and deceive the people. Now, as there is no contemporary history of the existence of such a character as Jesus, and no record at all of his career, except that written one or two centuries after his alleged birth, filled with stories which are conceded to be false, we must

accept those stories as true, if we accept as true the accompanying fact of his existence. The entire story, personal and circumstantial, must stand or fall together. The fraudulent and human origin of two of the gospels, Matthew and Luke, is conclusively shown by the genealogies of Jesus which each contains. They differ in almost every respect from Adam to the birth. If inspired, the writers would have known the facts. If not, it is evident they drew upon their imaginations, and had no knowledge pertaining to the subject. It seems quite plain that there is nothing authentic or reliable concerning the wonderful Jesus.

Whether there was a queer specimen of humanity, frenzied with superstition and communistically inclined, existing in those days, or half a dozen such (for the name of Jesus was about as common among the Jews at that time as John is with us) is really a matter of no importance. talk over old times, and to see if a peace could not be negotiated. If so, Quite likely there was such a man, and that to him has been falsely attributed, by those who wrote the gospels, the remarkable achievements, said to have been performed by him. These, concurrently with the fall of man, the flood, the exodus, Jonah and the whale, Joshua and the sun and moon, and other ridiculous tales, constitute the sole basis of all Christian theology.

Though countless millions of people have firmly believed in the verity of these tales, and many thousands given their lives in defense of them, it is asking too much for sensible men to believe that those who originally invented them thought them to be true. The writers of our biblical books are but little responsible for them. They were, in their miraculous relations, chiefly borrowed and amplified from manuscripts still available, prepared by other peoples in other countries, many centuries before the biblical manuscripts were thought of. The originals and their transformations are neither more or less reliable than are the tales of Munchausen, which they much resemble. It is a pity that more people do not read the book in which they profess to believe, that they may discover the ridiculous, even the farcical character of its contents. The sacred books of all nations, ours not excepted, were originally devised by crafty men to control the multitude, and were perhaps well adapted to the state of human ignorance then existing. The only meritorious feature of any of them is their general design and tendency toward the moral improvement of our race.

To surround obscurity with a halo of myth, mystery, falsehood and pretended wisdom seems to have been thought the better way to reach

the heart of the masses. As to that, the ancient priests were perhaps the better judges, and so possibly are their followers, who have pursued similar tactics up to recent times. A majority of them still continue in the same course. Ignorance excuses many. Cowardice intimidates them all. The great masses who have been overawed by priestly contrivance neither consider nor are capable of considering whether the Bible is true or false. With them, how best to make their bread and butter, and to get on in the world, is the primary question, sufficiently difficult to solve. As to other matters, "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," is good enough for them.

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

Many of the clergy who have investigated the matter have reached the conclusion that the good book is one grand fable from cover to cover, and no longer a reliable basis for faith in the unknowable. While reserving their honest opinion on this subject, they often resort to what is fashionably called "higher criticism," and to apology and learned elucidation, and thus reluctantly assert, in language mystical and obscure, that the horrible Jehovah stories are harmless exaggerations of ancient imagination; that there was really no fall of man; that, in fact, he has been improving from the start; that Noah's flood and the confusion of tongues are visionary relations of some obscure fact; that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and that nobody knows or need care who did; that the sun and moon did not really stand still at the command of Joshua, but simply appeared so at the time; that the whale did not actually swallow Jonah and entertain him three days in his stomach undigested, but that Jonah dreamed it was so; that Jesus was not really born of a virgin, but inasmuch as such births occasionally occurred among the ancients, the gospel writers did not clearly see how else so remarkable a man could be generated; that he was not actually resurrected in the flesh, but because he had said that he was going to be, the writers, long after, were justified in assuming that he kept his word, and in making record accordingly; that he did not raise the dead or cast out devils, but easily could have done so; that when it is written that he spent forty days in the wilderness, on an empty stomach, and the devil appeared unto him there and asked him to make bread out of a lot of stones, and though he could easily have done it, he refused, because "man does not live by bread alone," and when immediately afterward the devil set Jesus upon a pinnacle of the temple in Jerusalem, and challenged him to jump off, and he refused because the devil

is not permitted to tempt the Lord; and when afterwards the devil took Jesus up into an exceeding high mountain, showed him "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and offered to sell the whole outfit to him cheap, but did not conclude the trade, and when the devil left in disgust, and angels appeared and ministered unto Jesus, the good book does not mean that those things ever occurred, but merely intends to show what would have happened if it had happened! Accepting this plausible explanation, it becomes plain why Jesus, who, of course, despised the devil, and could easily have killed him in that wilderness or on that church steeple, or on that mountain, and thus put a quietus to all our woes, did not do so, but permitted him to escape, and continue "roaming around, seeking whom he may devour," to the great danger of souls and profit to the clerical exchequer. It is also suggested that as the devil had been an angel in heaven himself, and had been cast out for some transgression, perhaps he was visiting Jesus, a blood relation, under a flag of truce, to talk over old times, or to see if a peace could not be negotiated. If so, the effort was a failure, and his Satanic majesty was obliged to retire to his lurid headquarters.

A like line of fantastic explanations are furnished for all the rest of the queer stories. They are oriental jokes, but should not affect the more serious matter of the context. The Bible is only true, they say, when it relates to matters of a religious nature. In all others it is hypothetical and imaginative. But we must beware, in reading it, lest we think something actually false which is theologically true, for fear we will thus "lay hold on hell." The better way is to let the clergy do the expounding. How can a sinner, however wise, know more than a saint, however foolish?

Notwithstanding all the queer and incredible things that are related concerning Jesus, which we now know to be false, it is insisted that, "His mild constancy in the midst of cruel and voluntary sufferings, his universal benevolence, and the sublime simplicity of his actions and character," are quite sufficient to exhibit him as an ideal human being, perfect at all points. True Christians believe this and have a right to, for it is so written. Many others have a lingering idea that Jesus was a man of wondrous purity of character and exalted wisdom. They are all mistaken. There are, indeed, many sayings attributed to him which indicate rare unselfishness and brotherly love, and there seems, to the common mind, a certain halo of glory in his entire story. This is simply because, from our childhood up, we, as did our parents before us, have so many times heard the gospels read, repeated and commented upon as the solemn and

sacred Word of God. The idea is even hereditary. This fact should, indeed, cause us, at all times, to give it careful and respectful consideration. The truth and nothing else, is what we seek. We should not forget, however, that ancient theories and sayings concerning abstruse matters, are found upon investigation to be almost uniformly false. The ancients had little means of knowledge. They had more gods than common sense. Much faith, and little fact. Upon careful examination it will be found that there is not in the whole Bible a sound ethical principle, proverb or aphorism which was not born of the experience of men. There was no occasion for divinity to interfere for our guidance or instruction, and there is no evidence that any such interference or revelation has occurred.

Much of the teachings of Jesus—the ideal man of modern theology and the associate God of the ancient—is simply nonsense, whether applied to affairs nineteen hundred years ago or to those of a subsequent period. In my article entitled “The Master’s Masterpiece,” which appeared in these pages some months ago, the wondrous “Sermon on the Mount” was dissected and weighed in the balance. If it was not there conclusively shown that that sermon was never delivered, as such, by anyone, and that for the most part, it is a mass of pious nonsense, unworthy of respect, even as literature, then I am not a competent judge. It will be well for the reader to read and reread that sermon, commencing at the fifth chapter of Matthew, and carefully consider and determine for himself whether it is the product of divine revelation or human stupidity, and especially whether it has any practical application to the affairs of men. So much praise has been awarded to that so-called sermon that the candid reader cannot become too familiar with it. The really good things attributed to Jesus are not found in it, but elsewhere in the gospels. There are quite a number of them, but their perusal will satisfy any careful searcher for truth that the stories there told are by no means historical, but rather fanciful and emotional. Nor are all the foolish things attributed to him all found in that sermon. If the reader will follow me I will disclose some of them. We ought to know as much as possible about this ideal man. I shall make no reference to the innumerable miracles. They speak for themselves.

After Jesus, who had been tempted by the devil, had got rid of him, he commenced preaching, saying:

“Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

“For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels, and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Ver-

ily, I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."

This threatening promise and prediction occurs in numerous places in the gospels. It seems to have been confided in by the disciples. St. Paul also thought it a sure thing. This so-called second coming—postponed on account of the weather or something—is firmly believed in by many at this day. In the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City I visited a beautiful suite of rooms, expressly prepared and furnished at great expense, to accommodate the old gentleman on his arrival. They say there is where he is going to land and reside. The Adventists are equally confident of the coming, but would object to the place of residence. Is there anything in that second coming promise but misleading falsehood? Was the one who made it crazy, or what was it that ailed him? What ails his deluded followers?

Upon one occasion Jesus was hungry and wanted some figs to eat. Coming across a fig tree he found nothing but leaves growing upon it, whereupon he said:

"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever, and presently the fig tree withered away and died."

The disciples were astonished at the miracle. Jesus answered and said unto them:

"Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done, and all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

How much brotherly love did He exhibit in killing his neighbor's fig tree, simply because, as is stated in another place, it was "out of season," and had no fruit? Has there ever been a Christian since who would not have deservedly prosecuted him for the offense? And what should we think of his filling with devils two thousand hogs, belonging to an honest farmer, and drowning them in the sea, as elsewhere related? Under the Christian civilization now prevailing, he would be fined and imprisoned, and made to pay for the pork. And what height of folly is embraced in his prescription for moving mountains, and for getting answers to prayer. There are plenty of Christians "who have faith and doubt not." Is there one of them who can move a mountain, or even a grain of sand, by simply saying, "Be thou removed?" If so, he had better hire out to the Panama Canal Company. Mountains are what ails them. Or will any honest man assert that his prayer was ever answered? What is there to these

platitudes of Jesus but ridiculous nonsense? Is it not strange that people, with heads on their shoulders, have hugged such delusive phantoms to their bosoms for nineteen hundred years, and that some of them still fondly cling?

And Jesus at one time said to Peter (the word meaning rock), who afterwards betrayed him:

"Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ."

After committing the keys of the kingdom of heaven to the traitor Peter, no wonder Jesus did not wish any one to know that he was the Christ. Why, in disobedience to this injunction, did Peter and all the other disciples—even Judas—insist upon publishing him as Jesus the Christ, and why have his followers continued to do so? Why do Christians at this day boast of circulating a million bibles a year among the heathen, designed to teach that Jesus is the Christ, each Bible being accompanied with a barrel of whisky? So that Canon Farrar says: "While the English have converted one Hindoo to Christianity, they have made one hundred drunkards," and "While they have converted one Chinaman, they have made two hundred addicted to the opium habit." On the rock Peter, the Christian church was established. The gates of hell have, perhaps, not prevailed against it, for they tell us that hell, gates and all, has been abolished. But Satan has been very lively in that church. Some of the worst men who ever lived have occupied the pontifical chair, and almost every one of its occupants has been a tyrant to the extent of his ability. But fulfilling the powers committed to them by the Scriptures, above quoted, they have certainly "loosed" a great many abominations on earth, whatever they may have done in heaven. I saw in Naples a few years ago, bold signs, graven in marble, over the entrances of some of the principal churches, in substance this: "Plenary indulgences, good in this world and the next, for sale here." Possessing divine power, why not use it? Crime justified for cash. Financial receipts satisfactory. Pay your money and take your choice! What sort of a being was Jesus, who deliberately conferred such power on one man, or any number of men, in church or out, well knowing, if he knew anything, that in many instances it would be, as it has been, used to justify or condone all manner of villainies? Was he a wise God, or an ideal man? It has been commonly supposed that that

line of business was more appropriate for him of cloven feet and forked tail. It seems, however, that competition in encouraging iniquity is irrevocably authorized by divine law.

"Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

How very natural that is. What a bulk of divine wisdom is there reflected. Our great men ought to be our ministers. Are they? How many among the entire lamb-like flock have ever been truly great? Not one in ten thousand. Great men prefer more honest and independent vocations. How many of our chief men have been our servants? Not one except an occasional chef d' cuisine! What weary nonsense is embodied in that scriptural extract. It comports with neither fact, propriety, nor experience. Yet Jesus, instructing those who were to spread the gospel, said:

"Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves." "Whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust from your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city."

That is to say, if a lot of wandering evangelists, attempting to preach strange doctrines in strange cities, shall not be welcomed, supplied and listened to by the people there, those cities shall be divinely destroyed by fire and brimstone—worse and more of it. Here is the milk of human kindness divinely illustrated. What an ideal punishment for those stiff-necked people who refuse comfort, entertainment and listening ears to the strange vagaries of unknown beggars and vagabonds. The ideal Jesus was the author of this wonderful scheme.

"I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

What a charming prescription for domestic peace and quiet. The sacredness of the home, the ties of kinship, the flame of love, the God of the old and the ideal man of the new theology, have come to destroy. He had better not be caught at it in my neighborhood. And yet I heard a clergyman once insist, from his pulpit, that this scriptural passage was one of the grandest ever uttered by the Master. Not a drop did the contribution box get from my pocket on that occasion. I would rather "cast my pearls before swine." How popular must be that holy sentence among decent people. How altogether ideal and lovely its author.

"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto man, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men,

and whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

What a sublime mass of divine nonsense. Who knows anything about the Holy Ghost, his nature or peculiarities? Who can know when or whether he is speaking for or against him? If there is such a fleecy being, what does he care what people think or say about him? They neither know that he exists, or what he desires. If he wishes us to speak well of him, why has he not furnished us with his photograph and autobiography? Was the author of that prohibition a God or an ideal man? Was he not himself using "idle words?" How could he have been more foolish?

"Verily I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven."

What a highly holy announcement is this, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children," says the wise man Solomon. That signifies that he has accumulated considerable riches. But even such a good man can hardly get into heaven, according to Jesus. This is akin to that other wise saying, "Lay not up treasures on earth." If great wisdom is here involved, how does it happen that every civilized man on earth, Christian or otherwise, from thence hitherto, has been endeavoring to accumulate wealth and thus to erect a barrier between himself and that kingdom whose streets, strange to say, are paved with gold? Is it so, or should it be, that only the shiftless and the poor can achieve eternal glory? Even if they could squeeze in, like camels through the eye of a needle, would thrifty Christians enjoy the society?

"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

What delightful doctrine. Behave yourself so that some people may have just cause to abuse you. Woe unto you if your behavior merits the approval of all your neighbors. Don't undertake to imitate "I am that I am," who alone is perfect.

"For if ye love them that love you what thank have ye, for sinners also love those that love them."

If anybody loves you, hate him. If he hates you, love him. Do not be like sinners who love their friends. What myriads of Christians go tumbling over one another in the fulfillment of this commandment. Do Christians hate those who love them? Of course, or they must be bogus Christians. And if they hate anybody, of course, they fairly dote on him!

"If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife

and children and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all he hath, cannot be my disciple."

Thus said Jesus to the great multitude. Who was doing the talking? God, or the devil? All ties of love and friendship, all family relations, all the savings of industry, must be surrendered and abandoned to escape the threatened "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Think of the infamy here required. Is not holiness pretty dear at such a price? No wonder that the "strait and narrow path" is so little patronized. Does the reader wish to enter that dead angleworm alley, and leave his loved ones behind to starve? What designation should be applied to such a rule for human conduct? Would idiocy be too severe? Of course, for it was God, or the ideal Jesus, who invented it.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Here is another barrier to the kingdom, which nobody but the Baptists understand. What kind of spirit, and what kind of water? Of course whisky and appolinaris were not intended. If Jesus wished to throw some light upon the subject, why did he not do so in plain language, which all could understand? Why should there be so much mystery about godliness?

"He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Well, maybe that is so. I have never tried it. Will some Christian tell us his experience?

"For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind."

A strange idea certainly. The foolish shall be made wise, and the wise, foolish. It seems as if that rule had been suspended. It certainly has never been enforced. Wise men are scarce. Fools are plenty. Who ever heard of their changing places?

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

But we are already forbidden by Jesus to love those who love us, and warned to hate every member of our family, and our friends. We are divinely commanded also to love our enemies. Will some kind clergyman explain how we are to accomplish these divine impossibilities?

"After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

And then he said to the disciples:

"If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

What a spectacle! The Son of God, or the Ideal Man, whichever you please, washing the dirty feet of a dozen disciples, who should have washed their own, for they probably needed it! And we are cautioned to follow in his footsteps! Who has ever done so, or ever will? I cannot come within two feet of comprehending such nonsense. But, come to think, it is holy writ, and requires no affidavits.

On another barefooted expedition, when Jesus was dining with a Pharisee:

"Behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought a box of alabaster ointment and stood at his feet, behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears and did wipe them with the hairs of her head and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment."

Think of it. The second member of the glorious trinity, the ideal Jesus, while at dinner, permitting a woman, "which was a sinner," to wash his dirty feet with her tears, wipe them with her hair, kiss them and grease them with ointment! Women, "which are sinners," in our day are pretty and wily, but whoever heard of one guilty of such humiliation? And what would we think of a man who would permit a sinful sister to so disgrace herself? If a woman, "which is a sinner," should insist upon such a performance in these days and go pawing over and anointing the pedal extremities, even of a Christian, would there not be danger that his emotions would overcome his discretion? Besides, how difficult a job did that woman undertake. She "stood at his feet behind him," while he was at dinner, and in that position wept and washed his feet with her tears. There must have been a miraculous elongation and craning of her neck and arms to completely accomplish the undertaking! And the feet must have been more attractive than would be those of a barefooted wanderer in our day. Miracles were easy then. So was tomfoolery of all sorts. What a world of wisdom is embodied in this infamous story. How unattractive to holy men and sinful women. But then, we should consider that the Lamb of God was at the bottom of it.

Now comes the all-important prescription for divine hospitality, and quite comports with all the rest.

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

What a glorious regulation is this? What truly divine etiquette! If you want some company at dinner, ignore your friends and relatives and invite a lot of strangers, scallywags, vagabonds, cripples and blind men. They will enjoy it and will not reciprocate the compliment. To this I would add, "Be careful to keep watch of your spoons." What sort of a being was it who issued such a festive pronunciamiento? Was he a God, a man of sense, a lunatic, or a feeble-minded person? As he was in the business of casting out devils, why did he not take an emetic himself?

And now, strange as it may seem, we reach a little common sense.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

That wise utterance of a weak mind is truly prophetic of what all thinking men honestly desire. But few have yet come anywhere near the goal. The truth is not bound up in ancient manuscripts, or in St. James', or any other translation thereof. It is found alone in nature and human experience, of which our knowledge is slowly but surely widening. If the truth shall make us free, why do not our wiser clergymen, to the extent of their knowledge, give us more of it from their pulpits? Because they are cowards and hypocrites.

Jesus, whether God or man, gave no valuable information to the world. He lived in a time of dense ignorance. There were no schools worthy the name, no scholars, and no libraries in Galilee. Nothing but religious fanaticism, magic and priestly subterfuge, of which the things attributed to him are glaring representatives. The scholars elsewhere in the world, long before his time, Pythagoras, Confucius, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Homer, Euclid, Cicero, Apollonius, and many others, had made record of wisdom, both practical and theoretical, a hundred fold greater than anything found in holy writ. If, indeed, there is a scintilla of really original or practical sense exhibited anywhere in the alleged career of Jesus, or in that of his Father before him, it will puzzle any unbiased mind to discover it. Whatever may be said of the Christian system, operating to-day, its ancient administration deliberately cowed the human mind into absolute intellectual stagnation. Christ and Him crucified, as proclaimed in the churches of old, darkened the world, and benighted our race for a thousand years or more and butchered in cold blood millions of the best people who dared to think and speak their honest thought. I discover nothing in the horrors of those days, however, not fully justified by the example of Jehovah, and the precepts of his alleged Son.

Is it not plain to any sensible person that the ideal Jesus, whether taken as God or man, is an invention of the clerical brain and should be

abandoned and also his putative father, the horrible Jehovah, born of like superstitious parentage? Both are visions of a barbaric age and no longer worthy of consideration among intelligent people. To say that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life," is equivalent to an assertion that God wants no one to have everlasting life but the ignorant and feeble-minded, who believe whatever the preacher tells them and without investigation. If "God so loved the world" that he wanted all men to have everlasting life, why did he curse the entire race for a million years or so and send them all to hell on account of that simple apple transaction? And why, when he concluded to inaugurate a new scheme of salvation, did he cause the immaculate birth of a Son and His cruel crucifixion, just to mitigate the offense of eating that apple? Was not God aware that no sensible person, in these days, can believe in such yarns? Is it not horrifying to intelligence to think that an infinite God has established such a ridiculous test of human excellence? It seems evident that both Father and Son, with all the glamour and glory of the literature surrounding them, sacred or otherwise, should be relegated to the realm of ancient myth from which they emanated.

A commendable desire to escape from the terrors of the old theologies has inspired many minds with a disposition to liberalize the Scriptures by new interpretations. This is natural and commendable. But the means adopted are without justification. It is idle to pretend that we understand the meanings of those old books better than did those among and for whom they were primarily written. It is senseless to contend that they should mean one thing to one generation and another to another. They must stand or fall on their merits. If those books are of divine origin, they should control our conduct. We should not tamper with them, nor endeavor to explain them away. What business have our modern clergy to modify and modernize the word of God? To contend that the books are partly human and partly divine is a mere priestly prevarication. Every minister, of even medium scholarship, knows this. They know, also, that they are prohibited by the book itself from tampering with it:

"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city and from the things which are written in this book."

The theory of some undevout persons that the book of Revelation,

of which the foregoing is the concluding rhapsody, is more likely to have been inspired by the delirium tremens than by the Holy Ghost, seems quite plausible to the "higher criticism." Notwithstanding, it is a part of the Holy Bible and just as well accredited as any of the rest. If St. John is not reliable, how about the other saints, apostles and prophets? There seems considerable spiritual tanglefoot prevailing through the most of their productions. They must stand or fall together. When the clergy reach the point that they dare tell the truth, they will abandon the Bible altogether, with its Gods, angels, devils and all the accompaniments, and will admit that the Christian world, for many centuries past, has been completely deluded and deceived, as have been the heathen, upon whose attempted conversion we have unsuccessfully squandered so many millions of hard cash. The Ideal Jesus will evaporate with all the rest.

Why do not the clergy tell the truth as they well know it? Simply because they are employed and paid by their congregations, deluded by themselves, to tell the old, old story, sing the same old songs and utter the same old prayers. "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

"Burns and Whittier," an article by Prof. Charles G. Brown, of Ithaca, N. Y., that we announced would appear in this number of the Magazine, was unavoidably left over. It will be the leading article in the March Magazine.

A LAY SERMON.*

BY PROF. T. B. WAKEMAN.

Mr. Chairman and Good People of Silverton:

IF WE are proud of anything it is that we are not only law-abiding but law-honoring citizens, and when both the President of the United States and the Governor of our State, under its great seal, sends us a "recom-

mendation" to put up "fervent prayers and thanksgiving," it certainly becomes us to comply, so far as to meet and consider how Liberal, that is, emancipated, people, may make this recommendation now reasonably useful. Now, reasonably, we say, for we can never forget that we now live in a new heaven and earth, which science has made an absolute fact to us since the first Thanksgiving was observed by the Pilgrims around Plymouth Rock.



T. B. WAKEMAN.

Let us then inquire how this custom came about, and what may be its validity, propriety and practical uses now. In its American form we certainly have it from the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, December 22, A. D. 1620, E. M. 20. It originated with them because they were "Separatists," that is,

of those who had separated from the State religion and all control of religion by the state, and wished to make that fact apparent by having days and festivals other than the established state church. So they fixed upon the month before Christmas as their Pilgrim Christmas, to be for them a day of thankful prayer and thanksgiving, not for the birth of Christ, which they knew could not have been on that day, but for the close of the harvest and the ingathering of "the kindly fruits of the earth," which was one result of the year's toil. To begin with, then, Liberals may note two things about this origin of our Thanksgiving. First, it was the beginning of the break up of the Christ myth; and, second, a step toward the separation

*Delivered at the Thanksgiving celebration at Liberal Hall, Silverton, Oregon, on Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

of church and state. That was a great step toward liberty in England when Robert Brown (1550-1630) discovered that a church need not be a part of the state, but might, and should be, independent, or, better, separated from it. Thence arose the "Independents," of which Milton and Cromwell were leaders, and who remained Puritan-Protestants within the church and state. But the Pilgrims, the "Separatists" proper, wholly separated from church and state, went and dwelt in Holland for twelve years. But not being able to assimilate with the Dutch language and customs, they determined to emigrate, and left for America at a most untoward season of the year. They were quite different from the Puritans, who wanted to reform the church within the state. The Separatists set the fashion of not having the church and state administered together at all. They were Congregationalists. They saw no reason why, if the king, queen or parliament changed religion over night, that the whole nation and people of England must turn over and pretend to believe accordingly the next day. The first noted come-outer of this kind was Robert Brown aforesaid, who afterwards became "reconciled" to the English church; but the Pilgrims and their leading pastor were true to the end about "separation," and disliked to be called Brownists. So they made a church without a bishop in England, and without a king in America, both quite popular, as the Dissenters there, and the Republicans here, afterwards abundantly proved.

And there seems to be another thing for which we can never be too grateful to them; they were deeply religious according to the light of their day and generation, but they believed that more and greater light would come; in a word, they were the religious evolutionists of their time, and expected to grow—and so they did. For they were the first Separatist-Congregationalists, from whence came the Unitarians, whence came the Transcendentalists and Universalists, etc., whence finally came the Liberals (emancipated people), who are largely the spiritual descendants of them and of their influences—even here and now, in this valley of the Willamette. We may decline to take stock in our President's "fervent prayers," but we will not fail in gratitude to these "Separatists," who taught us to keep on separating in the pursuit of and for greater light than that of which they ever dreamed—for in all this we have been following their injunction and example. In proof of this, and as an act of gratitude, let us listen now to the Farewell Address of their venerable pastor, John Robinson, as they embarked at Leyden, Holland, on their perilous voyage

to an unknown land. This is the whole of it, with emphasis on the clauses relevant to us:

"Brethren—We are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows, but, whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. (Now Humanity.)

"If God reveal anything to you, by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word.

"For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are to come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of his will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented; for, though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but, were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you, remember, it is an article of your church covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your sacred covenant. But I must herewith exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it with other scriptures of truth, before you receive it; for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

"I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists; it is a mere nickname, and a brand for the making of religion, and the professors of it, odious to the Christian world."

Thus on July 1, 1620, about 120 of them started for a new home and that higher light and truth which should break forth out of the "written" word—and "such other scriptures of truth" as they could compare and consider with it, whether in the Bible or not.

Under this injunction we are to compare and consider their festival of "prayer and thanksgiving," and see what of it has sense and reason for us under all of "the scriptures of truth"—old and new.

The first thing, then, to be considered about this festival is, that it was an attempt to cultivate, enlarge, discipline and enjoy the aroused affections. In short, it was an attempt to raise a crop of joy by farming the

emotions! Now was this a scientific, practical and sensible thing for them to do?

In answer to this question consider the "text" of this sermon, which a regular "clergy" would have given you at the start, but which may be more to the point now. It is from one of our last, and best books: Prof. Lester F. Ward's "Outlines of Sociology" (published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y., Vol. I., pp. 300), at page 143, thus:

"Intellect, memory, reflection and other admittedly remarkable phenomena have been long studied, and a vast amount of speculation has been done in those fields. But the affective side of the mind, in which the forces reside, has been ignored so far as any attempt to understand its relations to the rest of the mind is concerned. The appetites, passions, and even emotions, though recognized as having a necessary relation to ethics, have not been thought of as an integral part of mind. They are, in fact, the genetic source of all the other faculties, the seat of psychic power, and the basis of any true science of mind."

That is to say, of human nature and life, either individual, social or political.

This text, the last word of Scientific Sociology on the subject, answers the question that the time to begin the scientific business of heart-farming is at hand. For until we can get that heart-farm in order (to rights), so that there will be a good crop of feelings and intentions from it, neither man, woman, child nor society, economic or political, can ever evolve except as a discord and a free fight. Of course, Science is but the more-knowing and exact way of realizing and applying common sense, and this lesson of the need of a concordant "well-wishing" and co-operative heart is too old to find the beginning of, and so old are the first festivals of joy. When our Pilgrim Fathers looked into their old Testament they found "prayer" and "thanksgiving" and "peace offerings" well instituted and good precedents at hand for "joy and gladness, thanksgiving and the voice of melody" (Is. 51: 3), which is

OUR SECOND TEXT.

It would be very interesting to ransack the past and find out how nearly every people had some harvest festival of joy and gratitude on the first, or some month, i. e., moon, prior to the winter solstice, and how they always had associated prayer to some god, as the Jews to Yahveh, as the giver of the bounty they had themselves produced or obtained. But all of these old festivals of joy we must leave to the philosophical antiquarian. But as the new Era of Man came in with the new astronomy of

1600, certain it is that the bounties remain, and thus break forth healthfully the consequent "joy and gladness, thanksgiving and voice of melody."

But will the prayer remain? And to whom will the "peace offerings and the joy and melody of thanksgiving" arise in this heliocentric age of a boundless Cosmos? For there is no more motionless earth beneath, nor firmament nor heaven above; and the gods who dwelt in "heaven," supposedly, until A. D. 1600, are gone—and whither? Science alone can tell. And when we ask—is not the following diagram her answer? Must we not farm our hearts according to the facts, thus?

Science says: Spirits, ghosts, spooks, gods, devils—none! but there is an Infinite Cosmos, Universe or World, of—

1. Cosmology:—Sun, Earth and Stars, with activity in all and in every atom!

The Cosmos never changes by whim or caprice, but only by Immutable Laws of exact and knowable correlation. Prayers to the Cosmos as a whole, or to its parts—as a mountain or river—are wholly in vain, and absurd.

2. Biology:—Microbes, Plants and Animals, with never-ceasing Vital Processes of Protoplasm in all cells and tissues.

No animal, not even the Anthropoids, have any conception of Telesis, or reaching ends by intermediate means, and so can never answer prayers even if they were understood. Love, protection and care go to animals, but never prayers.

3. Sociology:—Man, Woman, Children and Humanity, with ever-active, vital and telic prevision in each individual and in societies, from year to year, and age to age.

Man only can and does appreciate thanks and can answer prayer individually and socially, for he is the only Telic Being.

A little careful meditation over this diagram, which gives the scientific view of things, will show the impossibility of sending up "fervent prayers" to the Universe or Cosmos or World. The emotions excited by the infinite world are those of awe, wonder, curiosity, sublimity, etc., etc., known as the cosmic emotions, which have become the grandeur of modern Art in paintings of landscapes and cosmic scenes, like Church's "Niagara," or Bierstadt's "Heart of the Andes," Moran's "Views of the Ocean;"—or in Poetry, like the union and delight of the human emotions in and with Nature, set forth so gloriously and rapturously by Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Now, prayer to the whole cosmos of immutable law would be, and is, just as meaningless and fruitless as if we should make our morning prayers to the Sun and to Mount Hood, the "father and mother" of our Silver River, and of the good things of the Willamette Valley. We might thus personify Mount Hood, but we all know that it

exists and acts under immutable laws, and that prayers to it to change its action would be ridiculously absurd. We neither know nor can conceive of any limit to this process of immutable correlation;—a prayer therefore to the whole Cosmos is as absurd as if made to the Sun, or to Mount Hood, or to any of its parts.

But can there not be a Supreme Creator and Ruler of the world or cosmos, existing before and outside of it and of its infinite correlations? Let some one show something that is not a part of these cosmic correlations, and show how a limit to them is conceivable. For until that can be done, all prayers or peace offerings to a God outside of an infinite world, are to the inconceivable; and if made to a God identical with or within the world, they are simply to the World or cosmos itself, which is only an infinity of correlations under immutable laws. If these laws and correlations are personified and spoken of as a "Personal God," it is simply a figure of speech, and has no more validity than our personification of Mount Hood, or Coleridge's personification of Mont Blanc and "God" in his splendid cosmic poem in the Vale of Chamouny. We must decline to be the victims of our own rhetoric, either as to mountains, rivers or cosmic "gods." But that is just the way the human race, in its ignorance of the infinite laws of immutable correlation, has been victimized hitherto. Many languages have no neuter gender, children never have; and in the childhood of the races no one had. Everything was moved by a personified spirit in or about it. The whole cosmos was thus personified a God, and after bloody ages they defined him thus: "God is a spirit (ghost), infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." Science tells us the higher truth, that God is not a "Spirit or Holy Ghost," or spook at all, for there are no such things, but if we must use the word God as a reality, its scientific definition must stand thus: "God is the world, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in its being, continuance and power, but ever-changing in its facts, processes and phenomena, according to immutable laws."

It results from this definition, and Science in fact so reveals, that this world of laws, processes and facts is neither human nor inhuman, moral nor immoral, good nor bad, in regard to the human race, but is the infinite, unvarying order of things, out of which our race has grown, and upon which it rests, and must work out its "lot and fate." But this man does by and in a "struggle for existence" in which his will, put into active effect, is the one and only factor by which the order of the world about him can be changed according to and under the said immutable laws, for

his special benefit. It is simply childish, therefore, and sacrilegious to Man and even unworthy of the World, to keep on praying to the immutable as though it could do anything specially for our benefit, for our asking or vows, or in payment for our penances or sacrifices, as was fully believed of old.

As to all this childishness what should we do? As was emphatically said by the apostle Paul (I. Cor. 13: 11), "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Now, in view of the law of religious evolution as laid down to the Pilgrims by Robinson, and acted upon by the apostle Paul in regard to the old Jewish faith, what are we compelled to say of these proclamations of our President and Governor, under the light of science? Why, that they are simply childish; that their authors have sadly "come to a period in religion;" that they have committed a sin against evolution, which, if any can be, is under science "the unpardonable sin;" for there is no mutable god to "repent himself," and to reverse the consequences of human error or ignorance or hypocrisy. These proclamations are simply exhibitions of a theology that is now extinct except as a specimen of superstition, and presents a total misapprehension of the world as it is now known to our people; and is a misrepresentation of a majority of the people of the United States and of Oregon. Out of our seventy millions not twenty millions are under this superstition—probably not more than fifteen millions. And yet because of no co-operative organization of Liberal and Scientific people, this superstition lords it, not only over a large majority of the people, but compels the public officials to publicly avow their belief in this supernatural prayer superstition. Thus our President boasts of all of the great things, and the "abundant prosperity" that God has accomplished by his administration, and urges the people to put up "fervent prayers for a continuance of the divine guidance," thus assuming, with coolness unspeakable, that he is now under "divine guidance," and that if we happen to differ from him we are repudiating the guidance of God and flying in God's face!

Do you ask what harm is done by this childish superstition and official imposition and vanity? The answer must be: Much and in many ways.

1. Every effort of heart, mind or will, and every dollar expended upon or for that "God" is a robbery of Man. The labor and money lavished away in building and sustaining churches and theological prayer-build-

ings, if applied to human purposes, would realize the "Earthly Paradise" within our own life time. Millions upon millions of dollars are thus worse than thrown away every year. The human race is simply paralyzed and impoverished, in its ignorance, by this stupid and wicked superstition; and is thus, and thus only, kept in misery. For our great officials to make themselves and us parties to this ruinous folly is a wrong and an outrage unspeakable! We can only charitably suppose that they have never considered the consequences.

They are simply under the spell and influence of an old custom of appointing a "Thanksgiving," and do it without any consideration of the changes which Science has made in our knowledge and in public opinion during the last 300 years. The slightest regard of modern considerations would compel them to "honor this custom by breach instead of observance." There is no constitution nor law which compels them to this unspeakable folly. A few moments' thought upon the fundamental law of Science would show them that not all of the prayers of the whole human race through all ages could change a drop of water, a breath of wind, the shade of a hair, or a cell of Garfield's body, in the slightest degree. Why, then, spend millions on millions for the absolutely impossible? Why degrade ourselves for nothing?

2. This official prayer and Thanksgiving business also turns our people into deluded, expectant, slave-dependents upon an imaginary Deity, who will, as they imagine, in some way take care of them in a celestial heaven. This delusion breaks down and destroys their mainspring of character and of energy in caring for this world. The loss of our church-building-labor and money is bad, but the loss of our earthly heart and hope for a heaven here is worse. "It makes cowards of us all!" No man or woman can be free who is dependent upon the will of another, whether god, or devil, or man; or who mistakes the order of the world to be the manifestation of a will to be placated by prostration, prayer and sacrifice. This evil is the greatest possible, but is only appreciated by those who have succeeded in becoming Liberals—i. e., emancipated—thus getting "out into the clear." The time is soon coming when thousands will wonder at the supineness with which they prostrated their souls and bowed before an imagined celestial despot—which imagination has ever been the father of all earthly despots and despotism.

For these reasons, while we respect you, President Hosmer, as our Superintendent and Professor in Cosmology, we respectfully decline to follow the recommendation of our President and Governor, and to extend

your Department over the exercise of "fervent prayers" to any supposed "Almighty God," whether considered as a "spook" or as the Infinite Cosmos itself.

President Hosmer: "You need not worry; there will be no prayer section in my Department."

Well, then, let us pass on to the next, the second grand department, Biology, which in our Liberal University is presided over by Prof. Leonard. The religious and supernatural values of microbes, plants and animals may not now detain us long, but it was not always so. Few things in history are more surprising than the part that tree and animal worship have played in human affairs. Rome was founded by the flight of a flock of vultures, was saved by the cackle of geese, and always had an eagle to lead her armies, and did nothing without augury. The serpent and the tree brought about the "fall of man," and Egypt worshipped her sacred bulls, India her sacred cows, Siam her sacred white elephants, China her dragons, and so to the end of the chapter. It was the wooden horse that took Troy; and the serpent was the only symbol and only conqueror of eternity. Divine and animal action were one, until science came!

Yet how are the mighty fallen! We now have to go to the far East to find prayers and sacrifices to sacred animals in these days. There was always some mystery of metempsychosis, or of something supernatural about them—but that is mostly gone now. "Show how thy bull genders," says Carlyle, "or be forever silent." Well, any modern biologist can make that showing without much trouble, and indeed of the whole biological "mystery" from A to Z. What Science explains passes into the domain of causal-correlation, and the supernatural dwells only in the unknown. Oken, Goethe, Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley, and Haeckel have explained the vital processes and actions, and their Gods have moved on! Even Bryant would now hardly find anything of "divine guidance" in his poetic "water-fowl." But, very fortunately, we have learned by "artificial selection," and kind "euthenasia," to put our fowls of water and land, especially on Thanksgiving day, to a better use than to let them administer to our superstition as divine guides or interpreters.

Thus all living things shall have our care, use, protection and love, but for which they would soon pass out of existence, but never more our prayers. They most pathetically depend upon and pray to us.

Now turn to our diagram and look at my Department in our University, the grand department of Sociology—the human domain, where used to prevail the gods of war, of battles and of nations—how is it now?

The science of Sociology has within our own century, almost within our own days, replaced "divine guidance," except as an excuse for aggression and robbery, by a Science of History and of Social Evolution and Progress. It is proved that Man, individual, social, political, is the only Providence of Man. Surely the Family of Nations and Peoples, as soon as their despot-gods are off their souls, will make this Human Providence the crowning glory of our race. There is no more room for spook-gods in Sociology than there was in Cosmology or Biology; indeed, it may be said of them all:

Diis extinctis, deoque, successit Humanitas.

The gods being extinct, and God—Humanity—succeeds.

And next comes the question, Is there any use, sense and propriety in putting "up fervent prayers and thanksgiving" to this new Human Providence, in any or all of its forms—from the prattling child up, through the family, town, city, country, State, Republic, to Humanity in its final Congress of Nations. The Science of Sociology answers in the affirmative, because it finds that man, individually, and in all of the forms of his collectivity, is the only Telic Being known—the only being who can and does control future ends, objects and events by the intervention of his own will and power of changing intermediate events. He only can effect "final" or future (Greek, Telos) causes by his wilful manipulation of present causes. That is what telic and telesis means; and as they are useful words in our Science, you might as well put them down in your memory with Altruism, Socius, and Sociology itself as necessary additions to our language made by that Science.

The poet Goethe adumbrated this in Pindaric form more than a hundred years ago; and Shelley, in "The Hymn of Apollo," made the Human the only intelligent eye and voice of the Universe, in words too true and relevant to omit:

"I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art or Nature; to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong!"

This was written as poetry but it is Science now. The praise and prayer which the President wishes us to give to a spook or to a world in-

finitely above human distinctions, are a part of the victory and praise which in their own right and nature belong to Humanity and to Humanity only. The President by assuming otherwise makes "God" a partner with him in his present administration. With an amusing innocence (?) he goes over the great things he and God have done together, and wishes to praise God for what man has done, and to pray to God to continue the same divine guidance. Just glance through his Proclamation schedule and see how he has his thanks wholly misapplied. In every sentence God stands in the place of Man—thus:

1. "No great pestilence has invaded our shores." But it was on our borders, and is there now. What keeps it back but Man's science and sanitation?

2. "Liberal employment waits on labor." The fact is not so, but so far as it is true, what but Man's providence provides it?

3. "Abundant crops rewarded the husbandman." Not so. Frost ruined the fruit, and mildew the hops, and the price of wheat is below the cost of raising it, and this fertile valley is desolated by the President's "god," with nothing but Man's helpfulness and the forbearance of creditors to enable us to live through.

Well! the President gives us thirteen more items where he and "God" have done great things for us. But it would be tiresome to carry this solemn but absurd joke further. Where not wholly untrue, it is ridiculously partisan and humiliating. The President knows perfectly well that no god had anything to do with these things, and that the whole business is a hypocritical pretense to shoulder his failures upon "God," while he makes an ostentatious flourish of the glorious results of "divine guidance," which we can only hope to have "continued" by his own and God's re-election. "God reigns," wired Senator Hanna to the President when the bribed Senate of Ohio made them triumphant. But if the people should relieve them both of public office, then who would reign—God or the —?

This proclamation ought to satisfy every man of common sense that it should be the last. Jefferson was right; honor the custom by breach instead of observance. If the uniformity of a general Thanksgiving and Harvest Festival is desirable, let it be secured, the same as any other public holiday, by a general law fixing the last Thursday of November as a legal holiday for that purpose—and drop this wholly unauthorized, absurd, half-theological, half-partisan proclamation business forever!

Would it be well to have any such general and secular holiday? Much

can be said pro and con. As social and constructive Liberals, many would be inclined to vote, Aye!

First: All Liberals have the best reason in the world to rejoice and be glad. Glad that the old Nightmare of Theology is gone and that they are out in the clear! That the old "firmament" of heaven has been broken up by the telescope; and that it, and most of its consequences, have disappeared. Never can we be too glad that we live in an Infinite World! That fact of infinity is the only guarantee of perfect mental liberty and boundless aspiration. Yes, we ought to have some one day when we can rejoice together that the firmament is gone, and that, standing out in the clear as Nature's children, we inherit infinite liberty.

Second: Then next, we know that this liberty is the consequence of the infinite and immutable Laws of Correlation upon which we stand and by which we exist. We cannot pray because they make us secure—the very idea of a world or of a god of caprice, vain-glory and fickleness is gone forever. We know whereon we stand and what we can do, and that, because of these immutable laws of the Cosmos, "the traces of our Earth days can not be lost in the depths of the ages."

Third: We know that we are the inheritors of a mighty Humanity that has lived, suffered and died through a past beyond the records of History.

Fourth: Then as such inheritors we need a Common Festival to express a common joy by gratitude for all this past; and because the past is past, never to be present as a sentient continuity, those who are present in solidarity, are their representatives. How can we fail to so recognize, and to recognize ourselves, as the heirs of a glory past, and the builders of and transition-life to the greater glory of the earthly paradise to come! When, therefore, the shades of the winter days—the colder, shorter days—begin to settle down upon us, our age and generation, more than any that has ever existed, has need of and use for all really human festivals, and these are already fixed:

Thanksgiving, the harvest, and Home Festival of joy, gratitude and reconciliation—how, can that be spared?

Then Christmas, the Festival of Children, marks the winter solstice—birth of the new Sun, and the promise to all of new life and hope. As long as children come that must be, though Santa Claus has gone.

Then the New Year, the first moon change after the winter solstice. The Festival of Humanity the world over. All nations and peoples must be made more and more one in heart by that!

These festivals have been made epochs of joy and union by the human race through ages beyond memory. Because they have been tarnished or abused by superstitions is no reason why they should be lost, any more than a precious but tarnished coin or jewel. The use and therefore the reason for the existence of these celebrations can not but be greater as the feelings and interests of Humanity are enlarged by the evolution of the grander life of our species.

Let us, then, as social and constructive Liberals, welcome this ingathering Home Festival of joy! Is is the resultant, nay, a very part, of the laws, processes and consequents of Nature; let us demand that, instead of being dependent upon sad and degrading superstition and dubious Proclamations, it be made a regular Holiday and Holyday of the land—the ever-enduring Festival of the Home!—an acquisition of our people forever! It will be a needed memorial of our past, from the old colony days down—the primitive rural ingathering of the “foison plenty”—the fruits, grains and flocks of summer under the threats of winter to be thus warded off!

It should be, also, the season of the social “Peace Offering,” when all family and other differences should be dropped as we join in the higher feelings evoked by Home, and Children, Country, and Humanity.

Thus sustained by an Infinite World; enlightened and emancipated by Science; cheered by the past progress and the future hopes of our race; warmed by the glow and love around the domestic hearth, though the superstition of the old prophet has gone, let us cherish and hold among “the immeasurable blessings of conscious existence” our aspiration for a life that will ensure every year throughout the land “joy and gladness, Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody!”

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BRAINS AT CORNELL.*

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

CORKED in a decanter on
shelf so high,
Their brains at Cornell, their souls
"on the fly,"
Elizabeth Cady and Helen so
small,
Hold converse with scientists, all
'round the wall.

One brain on the left says his jar
doesn't fit;
Another complains that the sun
must not flit
Across his right optic, exposed as
it is,
Because, though he's lent it, that
optic is his!

A great surgeon, near, is talking of 'septics;
A Baptist, drawing dark pictures of skeptics;
A writer is pining for pencil and pad,
While another says, slyly, "He spoiled what he had."

Two large brains, most dignified, posing one side,
Belonged to Pat Ryan and Michael McBride,
While two, rather small, but of texture quite rare,
Were owned by great scientists, 'ere they came there.

An admiral gazed from a jar on the square,
Was dreaming of sailing here, there, everywhere,
On the outlook for pirates, or rebels, or fun,
Where'er Uncle Sam had ordered his run.

*This poem is addressed to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who, with Mrs. Gardener, have bequeathed their brains to Cornell University for the benefit of science, so that they will be of service to humanity after death as well as before.—EDITOR.

A general spoke of the scalp he had lost,
While scouting for Indians under a frost;
He smiled now, to think how little he'd care,
But a poet sighed deeply; he still mourned his hair!

A lawyer was fidgeting over his case;
A teacher kept chiding, "Now keep in your place;"
A rather slim clergyman gave out a text,
Which cleared space about him and made him quite vexed:

An agnostic lectured smiled at the sight
And winked at the brain jar that sat on his right;
An Englishman said, in a laughing aside,
"I've not had such fun since the day that I died.

"It's nuts just to watch 'em and listen around,
There's such a variety here above ground;
The lively, the stupid, the wise and the slow,
I'm glad I've not missed such a jolly old show.

"Hear Elizabeth, urging each neighbor to vote,
And watch Uncle Russell there, eye a banknote:
I tell you I am glad I came here to Cornell,
And did not just sink myself down in a well.

"The comp'ny's better by far, as you see,
Indeed, it's an honor to you and to me
To range ourselves here, in jars side by side,
And hear words of wisdom flow deep and flow wide.

"But hark! there's the rising bell, now we retire,
I am pleased to have met you. They are building that fire!
I declare, these Americans keep things so warm
That we Englishmen yearn for some ice—or a storm.

"Good morning; they tell me we'll welcome in Lent
A great electrician, a vice president,
And several more lawyers, a sage and a Jew,
But none can more deeply delight me than you."

New York City, December, 1899.

REV. DR. MANN'S CRITICISM ON THE "OWED" TO THE CLERGY," AND MR. TENNEY'S REPLY.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

AS YOUR periodical is "devoted to the exposing of ancient error by the light of modern science and criticism," I take it for granted that you are disposed to welcome the correction of even modern errors. I am one who appreciates the services of agnosticism, and I do insist that agnostics show themselves worthy of their name by keeping up a becoming profession of ignorance in fields untrod, and being exceedingly careful in their statements, especially in scientific matters. To come upon an unwarranted assertion, a gross exaggeration, or a downright blunder in a magazine like yours, is calculated to arouse suspicion as to the trustworthiness of whatever else one may find there of which one is not already sure. Just two or three illustrations now, to show what I mean.

On the first page of the December number I find this statement:

"The telescopes of astronomers proved the existence within their limited range of 10,000,000,000 stars visible in the limitless realm about us, some of them thousands of times larger than the sun."

Certainly no reputable astronomer has ever authorized any such representation as that. Ball says: "Our great telescopes can probably show at least 50,000,000 stars." This for the inner limit; Young gives the outer: "The number visible in the great Lick telescope is probably nearly 100,000,000." Taking Young's extreme figure, I have to say that your writer is inaccurate to the extent of nine billion nine hundred million (9,900,000,000) stars or suns. It must be said that this is no trifling error. I should have assumed that the compositor had "deviled" the figures but for the further statement in the same sentence that some of these stars are "thousands of times larger than our sun." Why has not the gentleman who has this astonishing information said definitely how many thousands of times? If he means by "largeness" bulk, then I must remind him that astronomers have no means of ascertaining the bulk of stars. If he means mass, he is, as far as human knowledge extends, proportionately as much in error here as in the other statement. Only the binary stars of known parallax and period can be weighed, so we are restricted to a very small number. Sirius, the brightest of all the stars, has a mass (counting in the companion) three and one-fourth times our sun. (See my determination in *Popular Astronomy*, No. 39.) Alpha Centauri, another very bright star, is twice as massive as the sun. There may be stars two or three times the mass of these, but nobody knows even that. How baseless, then, the assertion that some of them are "thousands of times greater than the sun!"

You see, though a clergyman, I am too much of an agnostic to swallow all I read. I submit, an agnostic magazine ought to scorn telling big stories.

While on the subject of astronomy I may as well call attention to a quotation made by your fair contributor on page 676 of the same number,

in which Saturn is strangely spoken of as the "sixth and farthest distant world." No more errors could be crowded into that short phrase. There are three of them—one for each significant word: 1. Saturn is not the sixth planet; there are at least 439 planets between it and the sun. 2. It is not the "farthest distant," for beyond are Uranus and Neptune. 3. It is not a "world," if by that is meant a habitable globe.

If now I have said enough to show the need of care in what we say in order to command the confidence of people in anything we say, I have said enough for my purpose. In devotion to the truth, yours respectfully,

Newton M. Mann.

Omaha, December 11, 1899.

D. K. TENNEY'S REPLY.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

Clergymen, as thoughtful persons are aware, are accustomed to draw upon their imagination, or that of their holy predecessors, for their facts, and upon the credulity of their congregations for confirmation. It seems a little strange, therefore, that the Omaha clergyman should criticize a common sinner—even a lawyer—for following the clerical example. I admit that such practice is unusual. Still, I find no fault with him. I am glad that he is an astronomer, for I am not. My address, which he criticizes, read before the American Secular Union in Boston, and appearing in your December number, was not a technical treatise on astronomy, but rather a brief suggestion as to how the developments of science have modified the opinion of theologians. He says that I made "an unwarranted assertion, a gross exaggeration and a downright blunder," and fears that the publication of such ignorant trash may cast suspicion upon the trustworthiness of other matter found in your pages. That would be too bad.

I stated in substance that astronomers claim that "there are 10,000,000,000 stars within the range of telescopic vision and that some of them are thousands of times larger than the sun"—altogether too many "to give light upon the earth," as claimed in holy writ. That the discovery of such facts and many others had destroyed the cosmic story of Genesis, including Jehovah, the fall of man, and much other holy nonsense. My clerical critic denies the accuracy of the figures, but not the accuracy of my deduction therefrom. He says that there are only 100,000,000 stars and that the largest of them is only three and three-quarters times larger than the sun. Suppose I admit his clerico-theological figures. Does it affect the credibility of the conclusion drawn from my own, which he alleges is exaggerated? Is not the story of creation as conclusively exploded by a hundred million stars, one of them three times as large as the sun, as it would be by ten billion, some of them a thousand times as large? If God could make the smaller sizes and numbers in six days, surely he could make the larger by working a little after hours. Thus, my clerical friend does not weaken the general conclusion of my address on this point, simply

by challenging the accuracy of one of the details. I trust he is converted to the facts if not to the figures.

But I must confess that I have never counted those stars, nor measured them with anything more reliable than a ten-foot pole. So, personally, I cannot vouch for the mathematical accuracy of my figures. Clergymen, whose thoughts circulate chiefly in heavenly realms, ought to be better posted than even astronomers, who can only investigate through telescopes. Upon examining the subject a little, I find that the astronomers are more extravagant in their figures than I was. Prof. Proctor, one of the greatest of modern astronomers, says that the star Alpha Centauri is more than five times as large as our sun; that it is two thousand one hundred and thirty-nine billion miles from the earth, and that if the sun stood there, it would cast upon us only one fifty-three billionth part of the light which we now receive from our great luminary. The same distinguished astronomer says that the star Sirius is two thousand seven hundred times as large as our sun. Thus you see that Prof. Proctor and our Christian friend are several miles apart on size, and that my figures occupy medium ground.

As to numbers, Prof. Guillamin, another distinguished astronomer, estimates that there are seventy-three million suns visible through our telescopes, and that, allowing to each sun the same number of subordinates as are tributary to our sun, there would be at least ten billion planetary worlds within the range of telescopic vision. My clerical critic says there are at least four hundred and thirty-nine planets in the solar system and that there are one hundred million visible suns. This estimate is concurred in by several modern astronomers. Upon the calculations of Prof. Guillamin, which is certainly a plausible one, this would give, instead of my ten billion, about forty-four billion stars, within the range of our telescopes, besides, perhaps, a few scattering ones, not yet discovered. Here, again, our clerical critic and the astronomers are widely apart in their figures, while I rest easy near the lower end of the column.

Another astronomer, vaulting into the dome of his imagination, and speaking of certain stars, says:

"The velocity of light is such that it would flash fifteen times from pole to pole of our earth between two beats of the pendulum. But the light that shows us those stars has been traveling with this frightful speed for more than two million years since it left its distant source. We see them to-day in our telescopes, not as they are now, but as they were countless ages before the creation of man upon earth."

I concede that astronomers, as well as clergymen, are often a little, wild and woolly in their statements. Lawyers, of course, never are. When my Omaha clerical friend and myself reach the New Jerusalem, with its pearly gates, golden streets, and houses not made with hands, and get tired of loafing around the great white throne and admiring the beautiful image of ourselves, sitting thereon, I suggest that we hire a celestial catboat and sail out to all these suns and stars, upon the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

We will take along old man St. John as pilot. He knows all about this river, having invented it himself, and can hold one end of the tape line. I will take down the accurate figures as we go along, and telephone them to you for publication, to the confounding of preachers, lawyers and astronomers, so that the trustworthiness of your pages may not be impaired. Selah!

D. K. Tenney.

KINDNESS AND BENEFICENCE IN NATURE.

BY HENRY BIRD.

THE popular belief and that accepted by most persons in explaining matter and its phenomena is that kindness and beneficence are predominating principles all through the realm of nature; that love, the highest and most comprehensive expression

of this thought, is everywhere manifest, in both the organic and inorganic world; what some regard as the wise adaptation of means to ends is often referred to, as, for instance, in the long neck of the giraffe, the long legs of the stork, the proboscis of many nectar-loving insects as evidence deduced in support of this mistaken notion, the result of believing a popular error instead of investigating for the facts.



HENRY BIRD.

To oppose the popular idea and belief on any question is to court censure, opprobrium and perhaps ostracism; with the examples of Bruno, Galileo and Darwin, as well as many others in past history, it requires courage to take such a stand, but as fools are born and not made, and, like children, will generally speak out, they are tolerated for the time at least as nuisances, so long as

they remain harmless. The belief in theism in some of its forms is, perhaps, more than anything else, responsible for this false interpretation of Nature. Especially was it so when the conception was wholly anthropomorphic, and a personal one, and since the evolution of this idea toward the impersonal, it has become no longer a crime to raise a question on any subject, is no longer considered ungentlemanly, irreverent, much less blasphemous; in fact, to do a little thinking on one's own account is to be up-to-date, call it "higher criticism," if you prefer; it is simply man's desire and right to interpret for himself and express his own honest thought, without which he has no individuality.

In calling attention to the evidences that do not accord with the popular idea touching this question, I hope I shall not be regarded as pessi-

mistic and fault-finding by saying or implying this to be right and that wrong, according to some standard of discrimination, which would be tantamount to putting nature on trial with ourselves as judges to pass on a question that has no existence, and for which our false mode of reasoning is alone responsible; in other words, everything in Nature is as it is by virtue of necessity; right and wrong, therefore, play no part, in fact, do not exist as principles in Nature.

There is, therefore, no need for apology in approaching this or any other subject. It has been advanced by some philosophers that pain is the only positive thing in the world; with it we are born, that it never leaves us; to live is but to struggle on with the chances against us; not only does this apply to man but to every organic thing. Plant and animal alike, two principles only seem to prevail in Nature, so says Prof. H. Drummond; they are Nutrition and Reproduction; the latter is often strikingly manifest in the prodigality we see on every hand, and such comparatively small results from such enormous possibilities that lack provision. It has been estimated that enough acorns are produced in one season on one tree to plant twenty thousand acres, allowing each sufficient space to develop; the same could be applied to many other trees, as well as plants. The ovums of many animals afford similar illustrations. This prodigality might be interpreted as beneficence, in so far as it relates to the vegetable kingdom, where pain is not felt, but in the animal kingdom it is different, where suffering; starvation and death are the result. To illustrate, let me cite a few cases: My early life was spent on a farm, and one of the first things I noticed among the domestic animals was a sow that gave birth to a litter of thirteen pigs, while she had only twelve teats, or mammal glands, to nurse them on; the extra pig (or pigs, as the case may be, for as many as seventeen are sometimes born in one litter) in farmology is called the runt, always a weakling, which is driven off by the stronger ones, and in a few days at most dies from starvation; in fact, a very severe struggle if not death itself awaits all those that are in excess of the number of teats. I also noticed among the sheep ewes giving birth to triplets, with the same inability to care for more than two, and unless the farmer adopted some humane means (generally a nursing bottle) the type of very innocence itself would fare no better than a little pig under similar circumstances. Many other of the lower animals might be cited to show this lack of provision by nature. The human race is no exception, unless the mother was endowed with reason, and in the case of triplets knew that, after nursing two the third was still unfed, the little child would fare not a whit better than any other animal. Nature is prodigal in possibilities, but indifferent as to results.

I know it is popularly believed that every sparrow is cared for, so beneficent is Nature, although I have known hundreds of them to have been frozen to death during inclement weather. To the observing person it is soon discovered that much of this sentimental talk about beneficence and kindness in Nature is absolutely untrue; if the environment of any organism is not conditioned to its existence, it simply ceases to exist;

hence, both the flora and fauna of to-day are not as they were primarily; that while what is above stated may be the exception and not the rule, does not excuse or alter the facts. Malthus discovered this years ago and tried to apologize for the occurrence of famines, wars and pestilences as being a part of some "so-called" divine plan, while it was his mode of reasoning that was alone at fault.

Passing into the vegetable kingdom, we find the same prevailing conditions, so much so that if cruelty itself had been the end sought, no better means could have been devised than that that exists for inflicting pain, torture and death on many of the lower forms of life, not alone in the devouring of each other in the struggle to exist, but in killing and taking life as a pastime or pleasure, both in plant and animal alike. Could a more perfect device for crushing the life out of the unsuspecting fly or other insect be devised than the Venus fly trap (*Dionea Muscipula*) a native of the Carolinas, the plant never relaxing until the insect ceases wriggling in its efforts to escape inevitable death; the leaf then slowly relaxes, opens its device, and is ready for the next victim. These plants do not have to depend on these insects for their existence or development, as they have regularly formed roots, and I find they flourish just as well under cultivation in situations where there are no insects. The Pitcher plants (*Nepenthes* and *Sarracenia*) are similar cruel devices to entice insects to their death by drowning. The *Drosera*s and many other plants, although having their own roots as a means for subsistence, secrete a viscid fluid on their leaves and stems that securely holds their victims, as does a spider web the fly, until death comes to the rescue.

The sting and poisonous qualities possessed by many plants are as they are by virtue of necessity; they exist, kind reader, without any regard to you, or I, or to our requirements, just as we exist in regard to them. In trying to discover the true relation of one thing to another, however, it is desirable to aim for facts, disregarding popular beliefs, unless we have demonstrated their truth or falsity; the solution of most questions is generally comparatively easy, but with a false hypothesis we are constantly brought face to face with phenomena that mystify us and that can never be intelligently understood, much less explained; hence, in the same connection, thorns, thistles, brambles and briars, poisonous plants and serpents have been associated with the so-called "fall of man," and was believed in for years, until a true and scientific explanation was discovered that accounted for their existence.

Let superstition be destroyed,
And falsehood cut away,
That liberty may be enjoyed
And Truth hold sovereign sway.

144 Bellevue Avenue, Newark, N. J.

HENRY J. MARGERUM—OBITUARY NOTICE.

HENRY J. MARGERUM, well known in business circles in this city, died at his home on Park avenue last evening shortly after 6 o'clock. He was born in Suffield, Conn., and was 57 years old. He had been married twice, and leaves a widow. His first wife died about twenty years ago.



HENRY J. MARGERUM.

He was a son of George Margerum, who was well known as the Main street tobacconist. He leaves a brother, George somewhere in the West, and two sisters, Mrs. Eda Callahan and Mrs. Sarah Pratt, who live in Ohio. Henry learned the trade of a stonecutter in this city and worked at that for some time. He next took up his father's business and carried it on for ten years, when he sold out to his cousins, C. C. and E. F. Margerum, who are the present owners. Since then Mr. Margerum had been foreman of the lithographing department of the Milton Bradley Company. He was genial and pleasant, and was popular among a large circle of business and personal friends.

The above item in the Springfield Republican of December 16 moves me to write a few additional lines to the memory of my personal friend and brother Freethinker.

Born and reared amid Christian influences, he was in early life a devout and active church member. One day, hearing a camp-meeting orator declare that one must not use his reason in matters of religion, for it would surely mislead him, he began to think. Thinking led to doubt, doubt to investigation, investigation to the conviction that a religion that could not stand the light of reason must be a delusion and a snare. Acting on this conviction he turned his back on the church, and, after passing successively through spiritualism and agnosticism, finally landed squarely on materialism—a splendid and logical evolution. During all these years his wife was in hearty sympathy with him, and theirs were "two hearts that beat as one."

He was one of the original members of the Springfield Liberal Club, its first vice president, and later its president, and during his active membership therein he read to the club (later association) a number of excellent

original papers, a few of which were afterward published in the Free Thought Magazine.

A victim to typhoid fever he passed away, mourned by his friends, respected by his neighbors, and sincerely regretted by his acquaintances, who miss a cordial host, a generous friend, an honorable man.

Now, calm and peaceful as a tideless sea,

Where no storm reaches, where no rude wind blows,

So calm, so peaceful his last rest shall be,

Nor care nor sorrow mar his last repose.

E. A. Potter.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 18, 1899.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We can fully endorse all that Brother Potter says of the late Mr. Margerum. He was an honest, intelligent, brave man, deeply in love with humanity, and a noble worker for the cause of Free Thought. Some time since he procured a club of some fifty in Springfield for this Magazine.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia offers attractions that will commend it to all who appreciate the best in periodical literature. The Post's staff of contributors includes not only the old favorites, but also the younger writers who are coming into popular favor. The fiction that appears in the Post is chosen for its strong, wholesome story-interest quite as much as for its purely literary excellence. It is the best work of the best authors. Price, 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

"The Delineator" is the most representative and thoroughly up-to-date of all the women's magazines published. The many colored plates of fashions and millinery, with the other abundant illustrations, are of immense value to all interested in incoming and prevailing styles. In addition to this important feature, none of the varied interests of the kitchen, the sewing-room, the parlor, the bedroom, the nursery, are overlooked by it. In general reading there is a wide range of topics touching on nearly everything of interest to women; beauty and hygiene, etiquette, education, employments and professions, handicrafts and occupations, entertainments, etc., etc., with fiction each month by distinguished novelists. Price 15 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year. Address the Butterick Publishing Co., New York City.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

EDWARD BOND FOOTE JR., M. D.

THE last and best portrait of this stalwart advocate of Free Thought and Constructive Liberalism is our frontispiece this month; and we have no doubt, to the great delight of our readers. For, Dr. E. B. Foote Jr. has endeared himself to the Liberals of America in a way that few men have ever been able to do. Yet his great work has been done so unpretentiously that many are not aware to what extent he and his influences have sustained the great cause so dear to them. We give, therefore, the best sketch of his life we can gather.

Dr. Foote Jr. had the good fortune to be well born, that is, in a goodly place, and of excellent parentage. He first saw the light on the Connecticut settlement of the "Western Reserve," near Cleveland, Ohio, August 15, 1854. His father, Dr. Edward Bliss Foote, the distinguished physician, Liberal and reformer, is so widely and favorably known that his two sons might have been overshadowed, as is often the case, if they had not genuine ability of their own. Part of this ability they doubtless owe to their mother, who was also of New England stock, and a thorough and efficient teacher, and graced with remarkable strength and beauty of person. Both parents still survive. Our young Dr. Foote had his share of early country life; and as a good and well-beloved boy was given the benefit of such public and private schools as could be found, until he found himself well in his "teens," growing up with his family, which was then getting a good professional foothold in the great city, New York. There, also, for two years, he attended the Columbia College School of Mines; and then four years were spent in the well-known College of Physicians and Surgeons, in that city, from which he graduated well equipped in 1876, at 22 years of age.

He soon found work enough for him to do—medical, literary, Liberal and reformatory; and congenial work of this kind has occupied his life, most usefully and productively, without any attempt at assertion or notoriety.

As a physician he had the advantage of an early introduction to his father's extensive and original medical practice, and soon became his mainstay and chief reliance. His father has of late years largely withdrawn from active practice, except for purposes of consultation; and our Dr.

Edward, together with his brother, Dr. Hubert Foote, have fully sustained the fame and efficiency. The business is at No. 120 Lexington avenue, New York. We mention this business position and its thoroughness because it has been the foundation of Dr. Foote's life and character. He has tried above all things to be a good, well-posted and faithful physician, and the great success of his life has been his success in doing that. The literary part of his life and character grew out of his medical. From 1876 to 1896 he, together with his father, edited the "Health Monthly," which was only relinquished on account of the partial retirement of the father, and the impossibility of the two brothers running a large medical magazine and practice at the same time. This periodical did a most efficient work in popularizing medical remedies and hygiene, and was in many ways a public benefaction—the Doctors Foote having the rather peculiar medical belief that medical light is the most useful when not hidden under a bushel, and that doctors do good as they let the light out. Dr. Edward Jr. has done his part in this light-spreading business by pen and tongue. He uses stenography and dictates and writes with great facility. His books, pamphlets, articles, letters and lectures have been constantly going out for years on medical, Liberal, and all kinds of reform topics. His rule is, "Never too much," "Stand on the middle, useful ground," "buy and sell the goods that will wear;" and this is all applied and said in a plain, simple style that a person has to be very stupid not to understand.

These are the qualities which Dr. Foote has also brought to bear in his work for Liberalism. He has believed that in religion, as well as in medicine, and, indeed, in everything, the remedy for human ills was to be found in knowledge and general enlightenment and consequent skill of use, instead of ignorance, repression, and dependence upon authority and the "consensus of the competent." He has believed in the extending of the competent as fast and far as possible. He has sought "to open up things," and give light and air and free circulation in body and mind, and even society, a chance—even if Nature got the credit of the cure instead of the doctor, the priest, or the lawyer. In short, he has never believed that the bottom of the universe would fall out, or that men and women would not soon learn to do what was best for themselves if they only knew what, and how, and had a chance. He is thus a Freethinker, and yet a Constructive Liberal. In this way, for the last thirty years, he has quietly given to Liberal and reform affairs and movements the time and means that most successful professional men give to "churches," or "orders," "societies," etc.

He does not claim any credit for this—says it all came about naturally and healthfully. His parents naturally changed from the old Congregational orthodoxy to Unitarianism, in which stage he was well stuffed with Christian Sunday school, Bible and other literature and doctrines. Then, after coming to New York, this Unitarianism became very liberal under Rev. O. B. Frothingham and his Sunday school. Then he struck the Liberal Club and its influences with the Positivism of Comte rarified and sublimated by Stephen Pearl Andrews, “the Pantarch,” and then toned down into a practical American and working shape of “Constructive Liberalism,” by T. B. Wakeman. On that basis he has ever since, he says, been working out into greater breadth and clearness, and gaining brighter hopes of the good that can be done on earth.

As a summary of his views we may take the following sketch, which he wrote six years ago, when requested to send his “confession” to Mr. S. P. Putnam’s “Four Hundred Years of Free Thought,” and which only needs to be “moved on” to apply to to-day:

“It makes me feel rather lonesome to build my platform, and I even wonder whether I may not have to occupy it all alone. If there be others cast to fit this mold, just like me, I should be glad to know where to find them, though I am far from wishing that every one should agree with me all around. In medicine I am eclectic, with preference for hygienic practice, but a believer in utility of medicine; an advocate of medical freedom, or abrogation of all restrictive laws that rule out undiplomaed ‘healers;’ an anti-vaccinationist, but a believer in utility of vivisection, limited. As a hygienist I favor (and almost practice) vegetarianism, avoid tobacco, and apply prohibition of alcoholics to myself. I am one of the neo-malthusian cranks who would limit population, and my pet hobby is ‘engenic,’ or the right of every child to be born well, or not at all. So I also advocate woman suffrage, and the sexual emancipation of woman, less bondage in marriage, far greater freedom in divorce, and believe that every child should be as legitimate in law as in nature. Politically I favor Nationalism, of the People’s party, a moderate protective tariff, bimetallism on the old basis (for the present), and greenbackism as soon as we can be freed from barbarous devotion to metals. As to religion, I am an Agnostic, subscribe to the articles of the Secularists, and find myself pretty closely in accord with the Positivism (Constructive Liberalism) of Mr. T. B. Wakeman, to whom I am glad of an opportunity to offer publicly many thanks for much useful, rational, liberal instruction. Lastly, I look forward to cremation, and anticipate nothing further.”

That is, he is not wasting any anxiety about any “next world,” but making what he fairly can of himself in and for this. Entertaining these views, he is very sure to be present at every Liberal meeting, club, and

convention within reach, and to give it the support of his heart and hand, voice and means. And the advice of no one has proved sounder or better in the long run. He had long been a member of the N. Y. Liberal Club and then of the Manhattan Liberal Club in New York, and in April, 1888, was elected, and has since continued to be, its President. As such he has well kept his promise—to give her a common sense and plain management, and “keep her nose to the windward.” He has thus avoided wrecks, and perhaps startling achievements. He has also done much active and useful work as secretary of the “National Defense Association,” from 1877 to 1887, and also by individual efforts as occasion required, in opposing “Comstockism” in State and Nation. This “ism” always seemed to him one of the most immoral, cruel and disgusting forms of ignorant and bigoted repression since the inquisition and that it has been kept within some bounds is largely due to his efforts in the press and before Congress and State Legislatures.

As events have moved on in politics, they have seemed to deepen his sympathy for the “under dog”—socially, politically and in every other way. He gave the Populist and Bryan movement his hearty support, but is no party partisan in politics, but a Republican of the Paine, Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln school and instincts, with no confidence in trying to reform or civilize people at home or abroad by imperialism or compulsion.

In one thing our friend has proved deficient; while giving his life largely for the relief, liberation and advancement of womanhood, he has never been able, as yet, to descend from the general to the particular in his admiration. But even in this he may reform, and at least he has the plea of great examples.

To sum up, if “The Christ” should “come to” New York, instead of to Chicago, he might shy the great money-changers, priests and Pharisees, scribes and lawyers—their palaces and temples, but if he should run up against the president of the Liberal Club would it not be just like him to say: “My friend, my ‘good physician,’ shake! We have been trying to do very much the same things. You have the best of it so far—and may you ever!”

CLARA WATSON.

CLARA WATSON resides at Jamestown, N. Y. She is a spiritualist, and the best known and the most popular, spirituallecturer in Western New York, and we might truthfully say one of the most popular in the



CLARA WATSON.

United States. Her specialty is delivering obituary addresses at funerals. In that capacity she has officiated at some forty funerals during the last year. And those services are not confined, entirely, to the funerals of spiritualists. She often speaks at the funerals of Agnostics, and sometimes at the funerals of Liberal Christians. Those who have listened to her on those solemn occasions say that she has a wonderful gift in bringing comfort to the mourning friends. Although, as we have stated, she is a spiritualist, when she attends the funerals of those who are not believers she is careful to not unnecessarily advance her spiritualistic opinions, and as there are few Agnostics in the section of country where she re-

sides, who are prepared for that service, she gets many calls to attend, as the principal speaker, from Freethinkers who are spiritualists. There is no orthodox clergyman in Western New York who speaks at as many funerals as does Clara Watson, and we wish to say to our Free Thought friends in that section of the country that they can do no better, when they require such services, than to call upon Clara Watson to officiate.

We have known the subject of this sketch for many years. We first published this magazine very near her home, and we know her to be an admirable woman, who is in love with humanity, and is interested in every cause that has for its object the improvement of the human family. She is an able advocate of the equal rights of woman with that of man. She is an earnest worker in the cause of temperance. She pleads eloquently for humane treatment for our dumb animals, and her life accords with her professions,

There are at least two classes of spiritualists, the Christian spiritualist

and the Free Thought spiritualist. Clara Watson belongs to the Free Thought class. She discards all superstition and knows nothing of the supernatural. Hers is, she claims, scientific spiritualism. In fact, she might justly be called a materialistic spiritualist, for her spirits are as material as are persons inhabiting the earth, only the material is of a finer quality. As to the Christian's Bible she denies that it was written by a God, or by persons inspired by him. She has very little use for most of that so-called "Sacred Book." She treats it as she does all other books—accepts whatever she finds in it that is reasonable and good, and rejects the rest.

As evidence of Clara Watson's liberality and broad, unsectarian spirit, we will here state that a few days since she went out among her neighbors in the city of Jamestown and procured for this magazine fourteen subscribers, and sent their names and the money to pay for them to this office. The reason for her doing so was that, although the magazine is not an advocate of spiritualism, she believed it to be a valuable publication in the work of educating the people out of orthodoxy and starting them on the road of progress, that she believes will lead them to what she calls "the glorious gospel of Spiritualism." Her liberality in that direction is a lesson that many materialists would do well to follow. For we often find people who claim to be very much opposed to bigotry that are very great bigots themselves, but do not realize it. To be consistent Liberals we must always, and everywhere, be willing to grant to others the same rights we ask for ourselves. And Clara Watson religiously lives up to that, the best "creed" that was ever endorsed by the mind of man. She believes with Pope:

"For modes of faith let pious zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

And whatever one may think of the "faith" of Clara Watson, those who know her intimately cannot deny that her "life is in the right," and that if there is a heaven, where good people go after death, the subject of this notice will be entitled to a very good seat in that assembly.

POSTSCRIPT.

Clara Watson, we forgot to say, has been legally authorized to perform the marriage ceremony, and she is becoming very popular in that official capacity. As lawyers would say, there is an old "common law rule" that permits the priest, or clergyman, or magistrate who officiates on those occasions, to immediately, after the ceremony, deliberately walk up and kiss the bride. Young men who expect to have occasion to call

on Mrs. Watson to tie the nuptial knot, will be glad to learn that Clara has changed that rule. The gentleman (if he be good-looking) will receive the kiss, if the bride does not object. If he happens to be a homely "old duffer," that part of the ceremony will be omitted.

INGERSOLL AND MOODY.

SHORTLY after the death of Robert G. Ingersoll, Dwight L. Moody, then assisting revival meetings in the West, made the following cruel but characteristic remark:

"Ingersoll's death has awakened people. It has caused them to see that if a man shall die and be put in an oven and baked, and that shall be the last of him, there is not much in life. * * * Robert G. Ingersoll's death was one of the elements which make the time hopeful for the ascendancy of orthodoxy."

Five months after he uttered these words, Dwight L. Moody was dead; his death being no grander, nobler, or more serene than that of the great orator who had gone before him.

In an examination of the qualities that go to make up the character of these two men, we find little that will compare favorably. Save for their unselfishness, the fund of good humor which each possessed, and the sincerity with which each engaged in the work before him, there is no similarity. With these three traits comparison ceases and contrast begins.

Ingersoll comes to us as a philosopher, a poet, an orator—a man of so rare a type that we must look to the pages of classic history to find his counterpart. Moody, on the other hand, was neither a poet nor a philosopher. He was not even an orator in the strictest sense of that word. He was merely an unreasoning fanatic, whose earnestness of purpose gained for him the name of orator. But he was not an orator. He was an exhorter—the greatest exhorter of his time. He made people believe what he said was true, not because it was probable or reasonable, but because he (Moody) believed it. It was the sincerity of the man that made hundreds and hundreds of people accept, on the spur of the moment, all that he said as the truth, only to "backslide" as soon as they examined his unreasonable teachings, away from the excitement and enthusiasm that always accompanies religious revivals.

Moody had all the confidence in the world in himself. His assertions were always positive. He could always answer questions pertaining to things which the wisest of men generally admit they know nothing of. When addressing an audience Moody would invariably exclaim: "God is willing to grant you this," "God has done that," or, "God wants you to do

this," when, in fact, he knew no more about the wants and wishes of his God than does the youngest child of the most ignorant savage. But Moody never saw it in that light. His desires were God's desires; and his earnest, forcible expression of his desires as God's desires, is what drew so many people to him.

I have said that Moody was earnest; that the secret of his success was his earnestness; but earnestness does not always imply truthfulness. The cardinals of Rome were in earnest when they told Galileo that the sun moved around the earth. The world now knows that the cardinals did not speak the truth. And the world was beginning to discover that in Moody, too, there was more earnestness than truth. This is in no way better exemplified than in the careers of Moody, the evangelist, and Ingersoll, the agnostic.

When Ingersoll first began to lecture the country was comparatively orthodox. His audiences were small and made up almost entirely of men. In some parts of the country he could not speak at all, so great was the prejudice and bigotry of the people. The clergy attacked him from their pulpits with all their old-time, middle age malevolence. And the press, I am sorry to say, added detail to the innumerable lies that emanated from the frenzied minds of the clergy.

But Ingersoll persevered. He did not get angry. He only smiled. Finally public opinion changed. It became hospitable. It began to recognize the true worth and character of the man. Ingersoll lived to see his audiences fill the largest theaters in this country, and to these he spoke not once but sometimes twice in a single day. They no longer were made up of men only, but men and women—intelligent, conscientious women. This change of public opinion as to the true character of Robert G. Ingersoll was so great that at his death few of his orthodox enemies dared to speak harshly of him; not that they did not want to, but because they did not dare combat public sentiment.

Moody began his career under more favorable circumstances than did Ingersoll. There was then no "Higher Criticism." Everything of that kind was simply called blasphemy. A man was an orthodox Christian or he was an infidel. The Bible enjoyed a much better reputation then than it does to-day; and no man met with better success in those days propagating a cover to cover faith in that book than did Mr. Moody. Yet he lived to see a remarkable change come over the people. He lived to see the greatest of biblical students deny the inspiration of the Bible. He lived to see his sacred book rejected by college professors, by scientists, and by clergymen; until, finally, a short time before his death, he was

forced to say in an article published over his signature in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia:

"The country has never been so much in need of a great religious movement. If you go into the little hill-towns of New England you find the churches empty or closed. Why is it? The people have taken up with every new 'ism' that has come along until now they have drifted over to infidelity."

Moody was right. New England, with its wealth of intellectuality, is becoming free—free from superstition and priestcraft, and this freedom is fast traveling westward, just as civilization is traveling westward. And for this freedom of the East and West; for this advance in civilization, against which Mr. Moody protested, no one is more responsible than Robert G. Ingersoll.

Ingersoll was progressive; Moody retrogressive. Ingersoll's heart went out to all mankind; Moody's went out only to Christians, and Christians of a narrow type. Ingersoll believed in living for man; Moody in living for a God. Ingersoll was practical. He believed in nature, in music, in art, and literature. Moody was visionary. He believed only in the sermon and the church. One carried aloft the torch of science—of reason; the other sought to dim the light of that torch with the dark doctrines of orthodox Christianity—of superstition. But just to the extent that science, with its countless blessings to mankind, is destined to triumph over superstition, just to that extent will the civilized world of to-day and of the future appreciate the character of Robert G. Ingersoll and place it far above that of Dwight L. Moody.

R. N. R.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE LARGER FAITH. (A novel.) By James W. Coulter. Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago. Pp. 285. Price, \$1.00.

This is a very interesting novel, and will please and instruct Free-thinkers, but is not as radical as some may desire. It strikes heavy blows at orthodoxy, shows its inconsistency, but we judge the writer is not entirely emancipated from Christian superstition, but it is a book that will do much good, as it will set the reader to thinking on lines that lead to entire religious emancipation. Here are the names of some of the leading characters: "Bob Thomson," "Whitefoot," "Ned Long," "David Winter," "The Bishop," "Dick Briggs," "The Tramp," "The Heretic," "The Ranchman." The book is well written, and when you have read the first chapter you will be loth to lay it down until finished.

SCIENCE AND FAITH. By Paul Topinard. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Pp. 374. Price, \$1.00.

The translator says of this book: "Dr. Topinard's book is essentially

a contribution to sociology; but it possesses the additional merit that it has been made by an original inquirer of high rank in a department of science which constitutes the groundwork of sociology, and that consequently its conclusions have sprung from a direct and creative contact with the facts, and not from derivation and secondary theories about those facts. Whatever objections, therefore, some of its special tenets may evoke, its importance as a first-hand investigation, and the weight consequently due to its utterances, cannot be underrated."

WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE. By Mathilda Joslyn Gage. (Second Edition.) The Truth Seeker Company, New York. Pp. 554. Price 75 cents.

Our departed friend, Mrs. Gage, did a splendid work for Humanity when she wrote this book, as every Freethinker who has read it will say, and every Freethinker who has not read it should read it at their first opportunity. Mrs. Gage was a woman of thought and talent, and spent her life in the search after the truth, and this work was the fruit of her research. We are glad the Truth Seeker Company has brought out this second edition in such splendid style, and put the price so low that it is in reach of every free investigator.

THE BIBLE GOD; BIBLE TEACHINGS. By Mrs. M. H. Turner. Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York. Pp. 139. Price, 25 cents.

Mrs. Turner is a believer in the sanctity of Science, and she gives us in this book many selections from the writings of Scientists that the reader will find to be very valuable. The following are the titles of the articles in this book: "The Bible God," "The Bible," "Victims of the Old Testament," "Victims of the New Testament," "The Test," "Roman Pontiffs," "Missionaries," "Classes," "Mr. Gladstone's God," "Tried for Heresy," "The Vote," "Current History," "Woman," "Prayer," "Christ," "Eve," "Dreyfus," "Selections from the Writings of Scientists," "Conclusion."

Mrs. Turner is one of the ablest, most earnest and most enthusiastic workers and writers of the Free Thought women of this country, and is constantly laboring to emancipate Humanity from the bondage of Christian superstition. This little volume should have an extensive circulation, for it will do much good.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA. By Dr. Paul Carus, Chicago. Pp. 50. Price, 50 cents.

This pamphlet consists of a history of "The Parliament of Religions," which sat in Chicago from Sept. 11 to Sept. 27, during the World's Fair, and the author claims was the first important move that ever before had been made to bring the world religions together and become acquainted with each other.

Dr Carus takes a somewhat different view of this "Parliament" than what the late Col. Ingersoll did. We asked him once what he thought of it. His answer was: "It will be a good thing to have them come together and compare their superstitions." In this book Dr. Carus contends that it would be a good thing to see all the religions of the world united.

The following paragraph states the substance of this little volume:

"The Parliament of Religion was, I repeat, a great spectacle; but it was more than that. There was a purport in it. It powerfully manifested the various religious yearnings of the human heart, and all these yearnings exhibited a longing for unity and mutual good understanding. How greatly they mistake who declare that mankind is drifting toward an irreligious future! It is true that people have become indifferent about theological subtleties, but they still remain and will remain under the sway of religion; and the churches are becoming more truly religious, as they are becoming less sectarian."

We know what Dr. Carus means by Religion, and by a religious man; he means by religion the highest conception of morality, and by a religious man one who is in all things honest, and who lives fully up to the requirements of nature, but the world does not understand that religion means that. Religion is generally understood to mean supernaturalism, or what is the same thing, superstition. The union of all men, the world over, for the declared purpose of benefiting humanity, here on this earth, would be a grand sight, but the union of all the present religionists would be the most deplorable thing that could happen. It would mean the suppression of all free thought and human advancement, and the "dark ages" would come again. It is in the divisions of the religious sects, the world over, that assures the safety of Humanity.

ALL SORTS.

—"The Ingersoll Memorial number" of this Magazine is not yet exhausted. There are a few more copies for sale.

—The friends of the Magazine will be glad to learn that new subscribers are being received at this office in greater numbers than ever before.

—The reader is requested, after he has read fully this number of the Magazine, to ask himself if this single number is not worth the price of one year's subscription—\$1.

—"Gold brick" purchasers are called fools. What shall we call the people who purchase, of "God's agents," mansions in the skies, to be taken possession of after death?

—"Modern Theology and Its Ideal Jesus," by Daniel K. Tenney, which appears as the first article in this number of the Magazine, has been put into

pamphlet form and sells for 10 cents a copy or twelve copies for \$1.

—J. Stonecipher, of Xenia, Ill., writes, when renewing his subscription: "The Free Thought Magazine is the grandest and most sublime bit of mental pabulum that I have yet received."

—"What is your holy faith?" quoth I; The young man promptly answered me.

"And why?" He stopped perplexedly—"It was my mother's faith," said he.

—When Ald. Smith Robertson, colored, died at Jackson, Miss., recently the white Mayor and Aldermen acted as pallbearers, a tribute never before paid to a negro in that city.—Chicago Tribune.

—B. F. Adams, of Camden, Me., writes, when renewing his subscription: "I would not do without the

Magazine for several dollars. I get my dollars' worth out of each and every number."

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in a letter to Helen H. Gardener, says: "I suppose you have the Free Thought Magazine? Be sure to read Sara Underwood's article on Harriet Martineau. She pays fitting tribute to so many women."

—Charles E. Levi, vice president of The Ohio Liberal Society of Cincinnati, Ohio, informs us that the society is in a prosperous condition. They have a public lecture every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in G. A. R. Hall, 35 West 6th street.

—Brother W. E. Warner, of Maple Rapids, Mich., puts a true and valuable sermon into these few words: "We can just as well have more Free Thought neighbors if we will only pay for, and distribute, more Free Thought literature."

—Prof. T. B. Wakeman's "Thanksgiving Sermon," which we publish in this number of the Magazine, is worthy of careful perusal by every reader of the Magazine. No such Thanksgiving sermon was ever preached before during all the centuries past.

—Some of our friends are fearful that the Silverton University will not succeed. We were at first, but have changed our views as we learn more about it. The Western people, especially, must go to its support and make it a power for good in their midst.

—The "higher critics" tell us a portion of the Bible is inspired by God, but none of them have ever yet pointed out that portion. We suggest that some one of them who know what portion that is put it in a book by itself. Then they could justly name such a book "God's Word."

—The clergy declare, without the least evidence, that man has a soul,

that there is a heaven, where all is happiness, and a hell, where all is misery, and virtually offer to keep your soul from going to that hell and insure it for heaven, for a certain compensation. Don't that look like a "confidence game?"

—The Chicago Liberal Society is now holding meetings every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the Masonic Temple. Under the leadership of Thomas B. Gregory, the society is meeting with much success. We hope every Liberal in the country, when visiting Chicago, will attend these meetings. All visitors are welcome.

—Since Col. Ingersoll's death we have received many good eulogies of him we have not found space to publish. Two of the best, which were in pamphlet form, were one from Dr. S. W. Wetmore, 27 East North street, Buffalo, and one from H. Olay Wilson, of Springfield, Ill. They can be obtained of the authors by sending 10 cents.

—We were glad to welcome our friend, Prof. Greenhill, to our home and office a few days since. He is a noble specimen of mankind in every respect, and this world would be a much better place to live in if there were a few or many more like him. He is one of those Freethinkers that command the respect of their neighbors who do not indorse their radical views.

—Prof. T. B. Wakeman writes to us that his time is constantly taken up in Free Thought work. During the school vacation he has been attending the teachers' State convention, and doubtless he was a prominent figure there and did much good. Wakeman is just the man for the West, and it was a lucky thing for the Free Thought cause that he went there.

—The will of Stephen Girard provided that no clergyman should ever be allowed to enter the splendid Girard College at Philadelphia. One day a very

clerical looking man, with immaculate white cravat and choker approached the entrance. "You can't come in here," said the janitor. "The — I can't!" said the stranger. "Oh," said the janitor, "excuse me. Step right in."

— Brother I. Van Winkle, of Dysart, Iowa, sends us the following poem. As Brother Jones, of "Unity," says it is "good poetry," much better than some that takes up two or three pages, here it is:

"The earth is my footstool.
To do good is my mission.
Nature is my golden rule,
My God and my religion."

—A Georgia colored preacher has more than one way of making sure that none of his parishioners let the contribution-plate pass unnoticed. "We have a collection for foreign and domestic missions dis morning, bredren and sisters," he announced one Sunday; "and, for de glory ob heaben, which eber one ob you stole Widow Johnson's sheep don't put a cent on de plate!"

—The priest, Edward McGlynn, died Jan. 7. At one time he exhibited a little courage and stood up for mental liberty, but he was scared back into the church, and when he died his last words were: "Jesus, have mercy on me." It is a pitiable sight to see an intelligent, educated man so filled with superstition that when death comes he will call on a man to help him who has been dead some two thousand years.

An American lady who was in the Highlands shooting with her husband attended the local kirk one Sunday morning, but left it with scandalous precipitation. For an hour the good minister had been fiercely raging at his benighted congregation, and wound up: "And pairhaps" (with pious cunning) "ye'll be thinkin', ye wairthless wals-trels, that ye can daddle intae paradise by cloutchin' tae my coat-tails! Dinna be deceiv't, for mark weel" (a pause of

stern and hody joy), "when the trump of Gabriel soonds, I'll sneek them aff!" —Argonaut.

—When Dwight L. Moody died the papers reported that "Mrs. Moody has carried herself during the sickness of her husband with the greatest bravery and patience, but when death came she was prostrated." Freethinkers as well as others will feel and express sympathy for Mrs. Moody in her affliction, but we hope no one will charge her grief to the false doctrines her husband preached during his lifetime.

—"The Free Thought Ideal," published and edited by Etta Semple, at Ottawa, Kan., is a Free Thought journal that every Free Thinker should be glad to support, if for no other reason than because its editor and proprietor is a woman. But there is another reason why it should be liberally supported: It is one of the best Liberal papers published. Reader, before you forget it, send 10 cents for a sample copy.

—Miss Emily C. Jones, a most worthy young lady and an earnest friend of the Magazine and the Free Thought cause, writes in a business letter:

I, too, consider the "Ingersol Memorial number" worth five years' subscription and would not be without it for twice that sum. W. Benj. Putnam's letter of Kansas City is worth a year's subscription. Oh, the Free Thought Magazine is a grand publication. Long may it live.

—I wish you to understand that I speak with all literalness when I say that there is not a rite, a symbol, a ceremony in the church to-day which is not older than the church, which is not pagan in its origin. The cross was a religious symbol in many pagan nations before Christianity was born. Holy water, the eucharist, baptism—almost all these that are sacraments and symbols in the Christian church to-day and are regarded as of prime importance were known and practiced

in ancient Egypt and in other nations hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years before the Nazarene was born.—Rev. M. I. Savage.

—George H. Benedict & Company, of 175 and 177 South Clark street, Chicago, engravers and electrotypers, is the company that does our work in that line, and our readers know how well it is done. Mr. Benedict is a Freethinker and a friend to this Magazine, and the other day sent us a good, large club of subscribers. We wish to recommend this firm to our friends who have work to do in their line. It has no superior in the city of Chicago.

—Two persons have recently died, each of world-wide reputation. We refer to Ingersoll and Moody. The first, the most prominent advocate of naturalism, the second of supernaturalism. The first, of reason, the second of faith. The first of science, the second of religion. We predict that at the end of the twentieth century the reputation of the first will have increased a hundred fold, the reputation of the second will have almost entirely disappeared.

—The Christians tell us that their God always existed and that everything else he created. If that be so, then there was a time when nothing existed but God. Will some Christian give us, in figures, the number of centuries that God so existed? Then will he tell us where he got the material out of which he made all things? Any one who will answer those two questions correctly we will send the Magazine for one year. We believe that beats Brother Greenhill's problems.

—Judge Scott of Omaha has committed one clergyman to jail for contempt of court and cited two others for trial for a similar offense. At the same time he expressed his opinion that ministers of the gospel "are half the time preaching nonsense and the other half drawing their salaries."—Chicago Daily News.

We do not know whether Judge Scott

was right or not in committing the clergymen to jail, but we do know that he was right when he said that they preach nonsense and draw their salaries regularly.

—Mrs. Peter Keyser, an old subscriber, of Dundee, N. Y., in renewing her subscription, writes:

"This will be the last time I ever expect to renew, as I am getting too old (76) to read very much. It will be like parting with a very dear friend, as my acquaintance dates back to 1892, and I have every volume complete. I shall hereafter have to be content with reading these over. They contain the portraits of many of our most able writers and thinkers, and therefore I value them very highly."

—Here is the most remarkable occurrence that ever took place since Adam was a baby:

The Rev. W. J. Gillespie, pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church at Aspinwall, Pa., has resigned his charge because he objects to receiving pay for his services. He will seek a church unable to pay a salary.

This one is not at all remarkable:

The Rev. Dr. George T. Purves, the successor of Dr. John Hall at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, will receive the largest emolument of any clergyman in that denomination, his salary being \$12,000 a year and the use of a fine residence.

—Christians think that the last words spoken by a person before death are very important—that his future state of existence largely depends on them; but Freethinkers think they are about the least important of any a person ever utters. The last words of Jesus were: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Moody's last words were: "Earth recedes and heaven opens before me." Dr. McGlynn's were: "Jesus, have mercy on me." Col. Ingersoll's were: "I am better now," doubtless referring to his health. The last words of all but Ingersoll were the re-

sult of superstition and ignorance. Ingersoll's last words were the exposition of a mind free from superstition—a natural person.

—Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 28.—John Burkitt, after having been stricken dumb as the result of an accident five years ago, has suddenly recovered the power of speech.

While engaged in piling bark to-day he tripped and fell over a stick of timber. The pains of the bruises and the fierce frame of mind caused a spasm for which he found vent in swearing violently. The sound of his own voice he had not heard in five years awed him, but he was so afraid of again losing the power of speech that he shouted and talked continually. His voice, which was at first weak, has gradually become stronger from exercise.

Probably praying would have done just as well if he could have got as much excited.

—'Twas evident that there was some trouble about "Jerusalem, the Golden." The applicant sat in the anteroom waiting to be fitted with his golden crown, and he heard shouts of excitement all about him. At last the attendant returned.

"Here's your crown and a check for a harp. Get a pair of rubber boots, too."

"Rubber boots! What for?"

"The milk and honey tanks have sprung a leak."

"Why don't you get them fixed?"

"Can't."

"Why not? Get a plumber."

"Plumber? That's just the trouble; we've never let one in."—Boston Traveler.

—Quincy, Ill., Dec. 22.—(Special.)—Eleven children were burned to death this afternoon in the school hall of St. Francis' Catholic parochial school while rehearsing for a Christmas entertainment. Seven others, including the parish priest and three sisters, were seriously burned.

Here is another instance where the Catholic, orthodox God stood by, with

his hands in his pockets, as it were, and allowed eleven little children to be burned to death and seven others, including the parish priest and three "sisters," to be seriously burned. He paid no attention to their appeals for aid. One good fire extinguisher would have been worth more than a hundred such Gods.

—We must admit that we are more than pleased to receive such letters as the following one, by Dr. I. S. Curtis:

Brunswick, Me., Jan. 1, E. M., 300.

Dear Brother Green:

Enclosed find five-dollar (\$5.00) check for which I send you this a. m., subscription of our club. I wish I was able to make you a substantial New Year's present. I know of no one more deserving. Every number of the magazine is worth more to me than all the other magazines I know of, and I know something of Harper's, Century, Atlantic, R. of R.'s, etc., etc. I enjoy every minute reading it. Read nothing else until I finish it, and wish there was more, more. Every article comes from honest, sincere hearts. Truth shines through all from cover to cover. A few days after a number comes the Whitneys—Edward and Jerry—call on me, and I find them full of it. They have read it and we have a good time "talking it over."

—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the Contemporary Review, tells a number of new anecdotes to prove that animals have a distinct sense of chivalry, which reaches its highest development in dogs. Dogs seldom or never bite or injure females or the young of their species, being, in fact, more chivalrous in this respect than men. In hunting the wolf the hounds almost instantly give up the pursuit if they discover the quarry to be a vixen. It has been admitted always that animals have courage and fidelity, but the traits have been attributed to mere instinct, and their virtues have not won any general moral credit for the possessors. Dr. Hutchinson says one of the most delightful things about the human species is "its colossal but quite uncon-

scious conceit" in arrogating to itself all the moral qualities. But this conceit is giving way before the advance of science, just as men no longer believe that the sun and the stars were made for the sole purpose of furnishing light to people of the earth.

—The real character of a young man can best be estimated by the way he treats his mother; therefore, we have too good an opinion of the character of Jesus to believe he ever said to his mother: "Woman, what have I to do with you?" That was put in the report by some priest who did not think enough of women to marry one.—Free Thought Magazine.

Brother Green, that is one of the best paragraphs you ever penned. It ought to be set in gold and dangled before the eyes of every priest from now on till mental liberty grows to maturity.—The Light of Truth.

Brother Hull, thank you for the compliment. If we could divest Jesus of what the priests have falsely represented him to be, for their own benefit, we would find that the young Nazarene was nothing more or less than one of the despised radicals, or Freethinkers, who was put to death for announcing opinions far in advance of his time, but no more "divine" than any other person who prefers truth to error. He did well for his day, but would be a "back number" at the present time if he should "come again," as the priests say he will.

—A pastor in one of the large Southern churches substituted young women for young men as ushers, a press dispatch tells. It goes without saying that the young women were pretty, winsome and attractive; and it is self-evident that the service was a big success, packing the house. "Standing room only" was placarded in the vestibule after the first act of singing. Having met such eminent success, the performance will be repeated for the rest of the season. Those coming early draw the sweetest smile. Is there not in this experiment of our Southern brother a solution for our own afflictions? Were our young Jewish women, who are famous beauties, engaged to escort young

men to their sire's unknown pew, services would be better attended, at least the waste places of the synagogue would blossom with more than spring bonnets. Next to attempting a revival meeting most every scheme has been tried to coax the elusive young man to synagogue. Now let the girls try their luck.—Reform Advocate.

Now that the "Gospel" has ceased to be of interest to the people, the burning question, with the church, is how to get them into the church. The above plan may "draw" with young men, but we would suggest that if there could be enough young women engaged to have one seated by the side of each young man through the service the plan would be more "drawing."

—The New Liberal Society of Chicago is prospering. Frederick Dahlstrom, bookseller, of this city, sends us the following note in regard to it:

Dr. Gregory selected his text last Sunday from the December magazine. We had the best meeting of the season and I have no doubt that our Liberal Society has taken permanent root and will henceforth become a power for good in the propaganda of Free Thought. Certainly no society was ever formed whose members have entered with the devotion and zeal of ours. I believe our society will succeed because while recognizing the necessity of destructiveness in combating the Christian superstition, we propose not to forget the duties and obligations which liberty in its best phase implies.

And we learn from another member of the society that Dr. Gregory's text was not from Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, but from Tenney, a much later and more accurate "apostle."

We expect to publish in the March Magazine the likeness of Dr. Gregory, as the frontispiece, a short sketch of his life, giving an account of his "conversion" from Christianity to Agnosticism; also one of his sermons preached recently to his new society.

—As it has been customary since time immemorial for Christians to point out infidels as horrible examples of hate, revenge, etc., we take the liberty of

presenting to our readers the following beautiful example of Christian love:

During the Christmas tree exercises at the Pinhook Methodist Church at Shelbyville, Ind., Mrs. William Harrell was called to the tree to receive a present, which proved to be a pair of colored doll babies. She accepted the babies, and, as she returned to her seat, threw them in the face of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wick Harrell, who she had reason to believe had placed them on the tree.

She then caught Mrs. Harrell by the hair and dragged her from her seat. The assailed woman was being stamped almost to death when her husband came to her rescue, knocking her assailant down.

This brought William Harrell to the scene, and he and his brother engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight, while women and children hastened from the building.

The Rev. John Westhaver attempted to separate the struggling men, and when the battle ceased he was a sorrowful looking sight, his face being severely pounded. The exercises were declared off. The families are prominent.—Chicago Tribune, Dec. 26.

—The Anti-Suffrage Society of Chicago, made up of women who do not wish for the right to vote, held its annual meeting recently. This is the most singular society in the world. They have not got the right to vote and have organized to oppose their sisters who are trying to give them the right. No one proposes to compel them to vote, but they desire to prevent the women voting who desire the franchise. They are a curious lot, and have some strange notions. They delight in their inferiority to the other sex, and make the best (?) kind of church members and are reliable as priest supporters. Here is what one of them had to say at their late annual meeting:

There are many good women among the suffrage people, but they have not thought the thing down to its conclusions. If they had, they could understand that political equality, and with it industrial equality, would mean the making of the individual the unit and not the family the unit. They are working in harmony with

socialists, who would do away with government, with the church, with marriage, with the home, with everything, and have each man and woman act independently.

That was a great admission, that "there are many good women among the suffrage people!"

—Charlotte, Mich., Dec. 31.—(Special.) —Because her husband abuses the church of which she is a member, Mrs. W. R. Goff has filed proceedings for absolute divorce. Mr. Goff was postmaster at Brookfield under Cleveland's administration.

In her bill of complaint Mrs. Goff states that shortly after their marriage she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and took an active part in its affairs; that thereafter the defendant never missed an opportunity of slurring the church and making improper remarks about the members. He has refused to appear with her in public owing to this disagreement. They have been married twenty-eight years, and have four children. Goff has considerable property, and the complainant will endeavor to get possession of a just share of it.

We know nothing of this case, but we judge by the above that Mrs. Goff desires to get Mr. Goff's property for the purpose of giving it to the church and her "pastor." We wonder if the laws in Michigan allow a woman to obtain a divorce from her husband for abusing the church. The best thing Mr. Goff can do it to grant her request for the decree of divorce. She is too pious altogether.

—Methodists of staid Massachusetts are greatly aroused over the decided stand recently taken by the Rev. Charles A. Davis in regard to card playing, dancing and theater-going. Mr. Davis is the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Lynn. He declares that the rule of the church forbidding its members from taking part in these amusements is a dead letter and only tends to keep many desirable young people out of the church. He believes that, speaking generally, the theater is rotten to the core, and he con-

demns both public balls and indiscriminate card playing. At the same time he takes the position that there are some worthy actors and improving plays and that children dancing among themselves or playing cards together at home are "every bit as innocent as they are in Sunday school." Mr. Davis' radical views will be passed upon at the next general conference, by which body it is not expected that they will be indorsed.

It seems to us, from one unregenerated standpoint, that the best way for these Methodist preachers to settle this important (?) question would be for the preachers to do as they think best, as to playing cards, dancing and attending the theater, and grant to every other person the same right. But they are a lot of busybodies, who have got it into their generally small heads that God has appointed them his special agents to regulate the conduct of other people, and in doing so they sometimes neglect their own morals, which are often much in need of reforming.

—The late Col. Ingersoll managed his household on purely communistic principles. There were several members of the family, which, besides himself, included his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, his mother-in-law, and his brother-in-law. All of these stood on an equality, and a common treasury was kept in a strong-box for their support and for whatever use each chose. This box was kept supplied with money by the Colonel and the two other men of the family. To it each member went for whatever he or she required. Money was taken in such quantity as the taker wished and no memorandum was made nor explanation given. If one of the men wanted a horse, he bought it with the money in the strong-box; if one of the ladies wanted a fur coat, she took the necessary money from the same place.

They must have been a very united family of very unselfish members when they could live in such freedom without one or the other taking advantage of the lack of restraint. But it's said to

have worked admirably. When the Colonel died his estate was valued at only ten thousand dollars. This, his best friends say, was only what was left after he had provided for those who were dependent upon him. He really left in excess of two hundred thousand dollars, which was a large fortune for him to have accumulated, considering the procrastinating habits of his professional life and the generous way in which he gave to those who were needy and in distress.—Saturday Evening Post.

—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 25.—(Special).—While attending devotional services two human beings were suddenly stricken with death. Phillip Farrell, aged 70, was attending pontifical high mass in the cathedral in Covington, Ky., at 5 o'clock this morning.

In the midst of the impressive ceremonies Mr. Farrell was seen to gasp. He attempted to arise, and fell to the floor. Other parishioners raised up the stricken man and carried him into the sacristy, where he died.

In almost identically the same way Mrs. Margaret Usher was stricken Sunday morning. She was attending the celebration of mass at St. Patrick's Church, Covington, at 10 o'clock.

While Mrs. Usher was kneeling in prayer those near noticed her head droop upon her shoulders. When the worshipers resumed their seats it was noticed that Mrs. Usher still remained kneeling. Investigation showed she was in a dying condition. The Rev. Smith stopped the services and a physician was summoned. When he arrived Mrs. Usher was dead.

Both funerals will take place from the churches which were the scenes of death.

Andrew Cronin, 75, expired of apoplexy in the middle of high mass at St. Edward's Catholic Church, Clark street, Cincinnati, this morning.

It is strange, passing strange, that at the opening of the twentieth century there are seemingly intelligent persons

who think there is virtue in "mass" or in prayers. Priests and preachers who so teach, for what money there is in it, are as great criminals as can be found in our prisons.

—The following is from the New York Journal of Dec. 29:

Editor of the New York Journal:

While I personally feel to thank the Journal for its devotion of such liberal space to the reproduction of alleged "blasphemous" utterances from a little pamphlet embodying a talk before my fellow members of a Free Thought Club, I feel impelled to protest against the manner and purpose of their injection into a court of justice in disparagement of testimony given therein.

The cry of blasphemy is a very ancient and common one. It has been heard by those who even questioned the divinity of bulls, cats, lizards, idols or any other of the hundreds of objects that have in different times and places received veneration and worship as gods, and would not its present shouters do well to recall the long line of the distinguished pioneers of human progress who have suffered persecution and martyrdom under its shout? and never was it heard louder and more virulent than by Jesus Christ during his trial and crucifixion.

DANIEL T. AMES.

Astor House, New York, Dec. 28.

The Journal has nothing but detestation for blasphemy. It believes that every man's religion is sacred, and that to ridicule his faith is as inexcusable as to ridicule his wife or mother. Nevertheless it does not believe that any transgression of good taste and good feeling in this matter have anything to do with the value of an expert's testimony on a question of handwriting, or pathology, or poison analysis. The attempt of a lawyer to drag such irrelevant matters before a jury for the benefit of a man accused of murder was quite as bad as the blasphemy itself, and deserved the chastisement it received from Recorder Goff.

—Prof. Greenhill sent us the following for the "All Sorts" department:

"Pa, who was Shylock?" Pater Fa-

miliars (with a look of surprise and horror)—Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week and do not know who Shylock was! Go and read your Bible, sir.

Sandy Hannah, who lived in Sorbie, was a curious creature, and a great hand for running after new preachers. One summer a new preacher was to preach in the parish kirk, and Alick as usual set off to hear him. On the road home he met Tam Johnston, and Tam asked him what kind o' a sermon the new minister gave them. "O, man, Tam, it was a powerfu' sermon, a splendid sermon, man; it wud 'a' made the hair rise on yer heid. He drave them in amang the bruntstane reck like a drove o' now't, and claught them by the hair o' the heid, an' shook them ower the pit; an' after he had warmed the soles o' their feet a bit, he lat them gae, an' sent them home rejoiciu'. O, man, Tam, ye hae missed a treat."

The Rev. Dr. Roberts of Brooklin once preached to certain lunatics, and introduced the story of the Hindu mother who threw her child into the Ganges. As he was leaving, one of them shouted after him, "Roberts, I say, what a pity your mother was not a Hindu."

It is said that a circular has been sent to many American clergymen by a New York wine firm, setting forth the merits of its wines and liquors, with prices by the case, etc. The end of the circular reads: "N. B.—To avoid suspicion, every case sent you will be marked 'Canned Peaches.'"

"Where were you last Sunday, Robbie?" asked a teacher of one of the brightest boys in her Sunday school class. "My mother kept me at home." "Now, Robbie, do you know where little boys go to when they play truant from Sunday school?" "Yes, ma'am." "Where?" "They go fishing," exclaims the boy.

"They tell me Mr. Brown has a great ear for music," said Smith. "Yes," replied Black. "I knew he had a great ear—two of them in fact—but I did not know they were for music. I supposed that they were for brushing flies off the top of his head."

—Helen H. Gardener sends us the following cat story in a private letter:

"Your story in the January Magazine of the cat, which refused to go to fam-

ly prayers after her master had killed her kitten, reminds me of one about our own cat that is not bad. He weighs seventeen pounds, and is about 7 years old, and greatly admired by very many people. Two years ago I had to 'board him out' with some friends, while I was traveling in search of health for one of my family. My friends had a minister come to visit them. He had prayers and they all got on their knees, which 'Snip Gardener' (the cat) had never seen. The cat is a most dignified fellow, but investigates all new phenomena with the spirit of a scientist. My friends heard his great heavy jump, as he came down from his seat on the window-sill, from which place he had listened to scripture reading and talk, preceding the prayer. Not being pious themselves (they are Universalists), they both looked around to see what Snip was going to do. The minister was praying away at great rate. Snip walked gravely around him, and tried to see his face and account for the unheard-of attitude. At last he climbed upon the feet and walked steadily up the legs to the pious back and 'boxed' himself serenely on the minister's broad shoulders, as if to hold him down until he ceased to make a noise. The minister went steadily on praying, but 'hunched up' his shoulder so as to tip Snip off, but he did not take the hint, but simply turned around and took the other shoulder, 'boxed' himself again and awaited results. This was repeated twice before 'Amen' came. Then Snip was tumbled off by the arising of the minister. He calmly seated himself in an adjoining chair and remarked, 'me-yow-w-wow-wow-wow!' and left the room. My friends declare that it was the funniest sight they ever saw, and they did not dare let the preacher know they had been peeping around and laughing at the cat all the time, and he did not tell them it had been on his back so that conversation was 'strained' for a while after the episode. They warned me that my cat was the worst

sinner and the most deliberate investigator of the ways of the clergy that they ever saw."

—Daniel T. Ames caused quite a sensation in a New York City court the other day. The New York Journal said in its issue of Dec. 28:

The sensation of yesterday's session of the Molineux trial came when the counsel for the defendant attempted to impugn Daniel T. Ames' credibility as a witness. He did this by quoting from the expert's pamphlet entitled "Biblical Myths," in which Ames attacks and ridicules the belief in accepted sacred personages and things, and by arguing that this nullified his oath on the stand. The Recorder, however, held that the expert's credibility was not affected.

This is a pamphlet that we published and have for sale, the price of which is ten cents. We are glad it got into the Recorder's court, as it seems to have done Brother Ames no harm, as the Judge was a sensible man. The report in the New York Journal is quite interesting. The attorney seemed to have got things a little mixed between the pamphlet and the Free Thought Magazine. We here quote from the Journal:

"I have in my hand here, Mr. Ames, a pamphlet."

Mr. Ames looked at it quizzically and nodded. It was a green-covered small magazine called "The Free Thought Magazine," and inscribed upon it was "Edited by Daniel T. Ames." On the cover of the book was a picture of Mr. Ames, evidently taken some years ago. Mr. Weeks continued, smiling:

"I see here an article entitled 'Biblical Myths—A Rational Exposition of the Same, by Daniel T. Ames.' Are you the author of that article?"

"Yes, I am."

"You are, eh? Now, I shall read an extract from this article and ask you if you are the author of it."

Mr. Weeks read as follows:

"Again ignorance and fear trembled and was prostrate before self-seeking cunning and fraud, and accordingly the firm of Moses, Jehovah & Co. (unlimited)

became re-established; articles of co-partnership, perpetual; powers, omnipotent; capital, infinite; scope, realms terrestrial and celestial; Moses, its general manager, financier and treasurer."

"Are you the author of that quotation?"

"I am."

Mr. Osborne sprang to his feet and cried out an objection.

"What is the purpose of this?" inquired the Recorder softly.

"I want to test the credibility of the witness," exclaimed the lawyer.

"Credibility!" shouted Osborne. "This thing is done for the purpose of prejudicing the jury with a degree of unfairness which I have never beheld equalled in a court room."

The Recorder waved his hand and said:

"Our law permits of no religious test of a witness' credibility."

—There stands to-day in Westchester County several historical farm houses which have withstood the storms of a century or more and are still in good condition.

One of the oldest and most noted buildings is the old Tom Paine farm house. The building stands in a beautiful spot just off North street in New Rochelle. The land has been cut up and divided by high stone fences. The country round the farm is filled with historical incidents. Nearby is the town of Scarsdale, where Cooper wrote the "Leather Stocking Tales." Several miles to the northwest Irving lived and wrote "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Sketch Book."

The house is a low structure, with old-fashioned fireplaces in many of the rooms, while the beams are joined together with wooden pins.

Not far from the house, facing on North street, is a monument to Paine, bearing this inscription:

"The world is my country; to do good is my religion.

THOMAS PAINE,

Author of 'Common Sense.'

Born in England Jan. 29, 1737.

Died in New York June 8, 1809.

This monument erected in 1839."

Disbelievers in the "Common Sense" works have fired bullets and other missiles against the bust of Paine which rests on the monument. The lead has left indentations in the face of Paine. Souvenir hunters are also constantly breaking off pieces of the pedestal for mementoes.

Up at Chappaqua, in the northern part of the county, stands the old Horace Greeley barn, which has been transformed into a house by the Rev. F. M. Clendenin, who married Greeley's daughter. Then there is the historic Van Wart farm house at East View, where the spy, Andre, spent his first night after his capture. The room where he was stripped and the damaging papers found upon him has been preserved.

Down on the Boston Post road at Eastchester is a weather-beaten inn which is more than 150 years old. It is of great interest to all tourists, as Gen. Washington, during his retreat from Long Island to White Plains, spent several nights in the house and was royally entertained by the proprietor. The room and the bed Washington slept in are still in good preservation. The building is a frame structure, and there are bullet holes in several of the walls, made by the British.

Slowly but surely many of the ancient farm houses in Westchester are being razed to the ground to make room for mansions which New Yorkers are continually erecting.

The condemnation of thousands of acres of Northern Westchester for a watershed to supply Greater New York with water has also caused many historical buildings to be wiped out of existence.—New York Journal.

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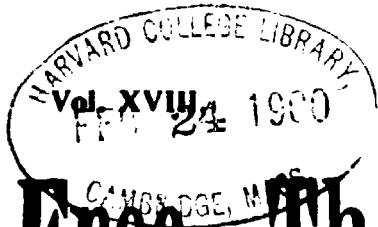
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THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

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Thomas B. Gregory

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1900.

BURNS AND WHITTIER.

BY CHARLES G. BROWN, B. S.

THE world owns few names more deeply loved or highly revered than those of Burns and Whittier. Much alike in many things, differing widely in a few, yet each holding so warm a place in human affections, it seems fitting that a comparative view of these poets be taken, and some of their most striking likenesses and differences briefly noted.



CHARLES G. BROWN.

It was from the western shores of the Old World, and during the waning years of the eighteenth century that Burns gave to posterity his rich legacy of song; but it was from the eastern shores of the New World, and during the waxing years of the nineteenth century that Whittier bequeathed his equally rich endowment. Though living on different continents and in different centuries, each touched the border-line of separation:

"And thus the Old and New World
reached their hands

Across the water, and the friendly lands
Talked with each other from their sev-
ever strands."

While Whittier is the most American of all American-born poets, Burns is admittedly the most American of all foreign-born poets. If Burns loved democratic principles and institutions more intensely than the average Briton of his day, Whittier loved them with a devotion never surpassed in its intensity, even in the home of democracy. Burns, in his "Ode on Washington," gives a glowing tribute to democracy's patriotic defenders; but many years later Whittier could say:

"The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, and true, and brave as they."

"And theirs shall be the power of all
 To do the work which duty bids;
 And make the people's council hall
 As lasting as the Pyramids."

"O Land of lands! To thee we give
 Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
 To thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need shall die for thee!"

It is not intended to disparage Burns' love of country, for in this he was not surpassed, perhaps, even by Whittier, as is attested by his "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," and his fervent apostrophe to Scotland in "The Cotter's Saturday Night:"

"O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent;
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content.
 And O! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle."

We are irresistibly impelled to add his closing stanzas of "Caledonia," in which he ingeniously proves the immortality of Scotland:

"Thus bold, independent, unconquered and free,
 Her bright course of glory forever shall run;
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
 I'll prove it by Euclid, as clear as the sun.

"Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose;
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse,
 Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always."

But if Burns loved Scotland much, he loved his own immediate hills and vales more. His "Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," and,

"How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!"

are **among** his sweetest lyrics. Does the "Doon and Ayr, poet-tuned, go singing down the meadows?" None the less does Whittier's own loved "Merrimac." Listen to his tribute to this stream:

"Home of my fathers! I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And Autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore."

Burns lived close to the heart of Nature. Perhaps his most prominent characteristic, and that which most endeared him to the common heart of humanity, was his tenderest sympathy for the smallest and humblest creatures. The Mountain Daisy, that "wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," the field mouse, the "wee sleeket, cowrin', tim'rous beastie," the wounded hare that is bade by him to

"Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;"

The "ourie cattle" and "silly sheep, wha bide the brattle o' winter war," and "ilk happing bird" with "chittering wing"—all alike, were objects of his compassion. In his universal sympathy the "weary" bondman could not but find a place. The tender pathos in his "Slave's Lament,"

"The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the land of Virginia-ginia, O,"

must find a quick response in every breast.

But the yearning in the soul of Whittier for the oppressed and down-trodden race of the South, was a consuming fire; he laid his best gifts on the altar of freedom; his hatred of the accursed institution of slavery knew no bounds; his righteous indignation could brook no restraint; he rose up in his full manhood and opposed the monstrous crime with the gathered force of his whole being; he beat it down with inexhaustible and irresistible argument; he crushed it by the insupportable weight of his stern rebuke; he seared it with a continuous fire of biting, withering, scorching satire. How much the world's freedom is indebted to Whittier no one ever can or will know; but the freedmen of the South might be excusable if, in their deep gratitude, they were to build altars to his name, and burn incense thereon to his memory. Listen to this reproof of his countrymen for their inaction:

"Now by our fathers' ashes! Where's the manly spirit
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,
Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wiles can win us
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name let us speak while there is time!
Now, when the padlock for our lips is forging,
Silence is crime."

But we need not proceed, every stanza, every line, breathes forth the same stern, vigorous, energizing spirit. In the following selection, speaking of the Yankee, note in the second stanza the sledge-hammer denunciation of the charge contained in the first:

"Must he be told his freedom stands
On Slavery's dark foundation strong,—
On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?
That all his fathers taught is vain,—
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?
"Its life, its soul from slavery drawn?
False, foul, profane! Go,—teach as well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
 Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!
 Or Virtue in the arms of Vice!
 Of Demons planting Paradise!"

Note the exultation in the "Lines Written on Reading the Message of Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania."

"Thank God for the token!—one lip is still free,—
 One spirit untrammelled,—unbending one knee!
 Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
 Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;
 When traitors to Freedom, and Honor and God,
 Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;
 When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,
 And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—
 Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!
 Thank God, that one man as a freeman has spoken!"

And note the thunder-tone of his denial of the inference in the question, "Will the call to the rescue of freedom be vain?"

"No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,
 When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
 Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed
 From the Delaware's marge to the lake of the West,
 On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow
 Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!
 The voice of a People,—uprisen,—awake,—
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,
 'Our country and Liberty!—God for the right!'"

With what indignation his righteous soul was sometimes stirred may be seen in his "Clerical Oppressors:"

"Just God!—and these are they
 Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
 Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
 On Israel's Ark of light!

"What! preach and kidnap men?
 Give thanks,—and rob thine own afflicted poor?"

Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

"What! servants of thine own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!"

For a specimen of his satire, we suggest his "Pastoral Letter," but we can give no more selections; with a dish before us, filled with such tempting fruit, it is difficult to restrain ourselves from tasting.

Both Burns and Whittier were the embodiment of simple, unostentatious independence. Burns' "Is There, for Honest Poverty," is an enduring tribute to true manhood, though in "hoddin gray," and a just mockery of that invidious semblance of manhood, which is but the "guinea's stamp." The spirit of his thrust at those sycophants who thrive by flattering the vanity of the shallow-pated nobility,

"For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough."

appears frequently in his poetry. Whittier's independence, coupled with a superb fearlessness, is conspicuous in the following:

"Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—cease your paltry peddler cries,—
Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter men for cotton (sugar)?—that your gains may sum up
higher,

Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real?—God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?"

It will be seen that while Burns showed his manhood in not humbling himself before the empty hat of a hereditary nobility, Whittier showed his by not yielding to the bribes of a corrupt, money-bag aristocracy. If for "cotton," sugar were substituted in the above, it would still serve as a good mirror in which to adjust our political toilet.

These men seem also to show a substantial agreement in the possession of a healthy contempt for all forms of cant and hypocrisy. The shafts of satire shot by Burns at the fanaticism, bigotry and hypocrisy of the church of his day were barbed and poison tipped. The only excuse for the employment of such weapons is, that when extermination is necessary,

the most speedy death is the most merciful. His "Holy Willie," "The Twa Herds," and his address to the "Unco Guid" are familiar illustrations, but he seems to have reached a climax when he appeals to Pope:

"O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gi'e the rascals their deserts!
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd."

He also sustains his climacteric burst of satire in the following:

"Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens of thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!
No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back.

* * * *

"Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply every art o' legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread loaves and long wry faces;
Grunt up à solemn lengthened groan,
And damn a' parties but your own.
I'll warrant, then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, stanch believer.

"O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For grumlie dubs of your ain delvin';
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeal in quaking terror!
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When ruin with his sweeping besom,
Just frets 'till Heaven commission gi'es him."

In the following Burns leaves no doubt that it is against, "Scoundrels wi' holy robes, but 'hellish spirit," that he lets fly his sarcasm:

"All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who, in his rough, imperfect line,
 Thus dares to name thee;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee."

But it is with a sort of exultation that Burns lays bare the rottenness of the pretenses of the "Unco Guid." It is with a different feeling, a feeling "akin to sadness," and an "undertone of low lament" that Whittier lays his strictures upon a similar class, those who "made the altar stepping-stones to the lust of office, and the greed of trade," and those who "with power to bless and feed life's fainting pilgrims to their utter need, instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed." At one time he breaks out with the lament:

"I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,
 Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,
 Profession's smooth hypocrisies,
 And creeds of iron, and lives of ease."

At another time with the defiance:

"I loathe your wrangling councils,
 I tread upon your creeds;
 Who made ye mine avengers,
 Or told ye of my needs?"

Yet the words he puts in the mouth of Rousseau to Bernardine in the "Chapel of the Hermits," applies to himself:

"No church of God hast thou denied;
 Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside
 A base and hollow counterfeit,
 Profaning the pure name of it!"

Up to this point the differences of Burns and Whittier have been mainly those of degree; but here our poets part company; henceforth their ways are divergent.

Burns was honest, but Whittier was more; his was the "manly habitude of an upright soul." Burns was truthful to a fault. His confession:

"God knows I'm not the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be."

is an expression of truthfulness seldom met with in literature; it transmits his inner nature as the crystal transmits the light. Whittier,

"Never brought
His conscience to the public mart,
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart."

Burns was the willing slave of every emotion, every caprice. In a commemoration ode to his own passions, we find him lightly singing,

"Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large of the flaming current;
And all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent."

Whittier's was the "calm beauty of an ordered life:"

"His eye was beauty's powerless slave,
And his the ear which discord pains;
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains."

Burns had apparently no controlling life-purpose; he wrote poetry on the spur of the impulse, or for pastime. He says in an "Epistle to James Smith:"

"Some rhyme a neighbor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought) for needful cash;
Some rhyme to court the country clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun."

His muse was evoked on every and all occasions. He was as ready to sing a song to "My Hoggie" as to commemorate the "Battle of Bannockburn;" and he did not hesitate to immortalize the wild scenes of his Bac-

chanalian revels. At one time he could breathe his sweet and touching gospel of home:

"To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life."

At another time he could reel off his rollicking, ribald song, "O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." We have wondered, when we have read his "Tam o' Shanter," if the Scots, in the days of Burns, did not see witches when men of the present day see snakes. If this were so, the vividness of his description of the devil and the witches at their orgies, that stormy night at Maloway, could be readily accounted for. But Burns had his remorse, and he foresaw the inevitable ruin which his course of life would bring upon him. In his "Bard's Epitaph," something of this is revealed:

"Is there a man whose judgment clear
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs himself life's mad career,—
 Wild as the wave?
 Here pause, and through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave."

And in the closing lines of his address "To a Mouse:"

"Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only touches thee:
 But och! I backward cast my e'e
 on prospects drear!
 And forward, though I cannot see
 I guess and fear."

And also in his closing lines "To a Mountain Daisy:"

"Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine, no distant date;
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!"

How different with Whittier! His poetry was the blossoming of the moral sentiment. In a memorial to a departed friend, he records the high purpose that inspired his whole life-work:

"In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our foot-prints track a common way.

"One in our faith, and one our longing—
To make the world within our reach
Something the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech."

Whittier believed that "to worship rightly was to love each other;" that "to be saved is only this, salvation from our selfishness."

"His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good."

So we find him going down to a sweet old age full of calm confidence and hope, and able to sing:

"I mourn no more my vanished years
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

"The west winds blow, and singing low
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

"The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

"Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whoso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back."

"That care and trial seem at last
Through memory's sunset air;
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

"That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

We have thus come to the conclusion that we love Burns, not because he was faultless, but in spite of his faults; we love him for his genius, his sympathy, his independence of character. Whittier, in his glowing tribute to Burns, thus palliates his faults, and sums up his virtues:

"Let those who never erred forget
His worth in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song! I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings.

"But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer;
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer."

We love Whittier also for his genius, but more for his uprightness, for his sterling integrity, for his fiery zeal, for his life-devotion to the oppressed and downtrodden. We believe the world was made inestimably gladder and better for his having lived in it.

If I were to attempt to characterize the genius of our poets in a single word, I would say that Burns excelled as a portrait, Whittier as a landscape painter. If we compare their masterpieces, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" reveals a family group as perfectly portrayed as if it had been caught by the instantaneous process of the photographer's art. "Snow Bound," on the other hand, reveals not only the family group, but all their surroundings. It is as if a series of home pictures were thrown upon a screen by the moving plates of a magic lantern.

Burns' poetry, viewed in perspective, appears as a landscape present-

ing a profusion of natural beauty in the foreground, with the rugged and picturesque revealed in the distance. Whittier's opens upon rugged and picturesque mountain summits with vistas of green meadows and flowery vales beyond.

If we view their lives in perspective, Burns' shone with a scintillating brightness, followed an erratic and eccentric career, and disappeared suddenly from sight, like a meteor, midway in its flight; Whittier shone with a clear and steady light, moved persistently forward in his well-ordered course, and sank to his glorious setting, a well-rounded and beautiful life.

Ithaca, N. Y.

THE UNIVERSALISM OF REASON AND SCIENCE.*

BY THOMAS B. GREGORY.

"I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

THE inevitable corollary of life is Growth, and the inevitable concomitant of growth is Expansion. Samuel's jacket that his mother made for him when she took him down to Shiloh was not large enough for him when he became a full-grown man; nor is the creed that fitted the ninth century big enough for the nineteenth. As the ages pass the thought of the world is broadened out. In the light of this truth let us consider the subject to which I will give the name of the Two Universalisms.

There was a time when the great strife was between the different theologies—Catholicism and Protestantism, Calvinism and Arminianism, Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, Partial Damnation and Universal Salvationism. The burning question was: Which of these theologies is true? Long and earnestly was the question debated, long and earnestly did the wrangling go on, until, each sect gathering about its favorite dogma, there were formed the various denominations that make up the present church visible.

In the great battle of the theologies the Universalist Church stood forth to champion the love of God and the final completeness of His work with humanity. It was necessary that such stand should be taken against the barbaric dogmas of the older churches. Universalism had on its side the common sense and the common hopes of mankind, and it won the fight. The Christianity of to-day is inclined to optimism rather than to

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pessimism. On the great subject of human destiny it is more hopeful than hopeless. In a word, the idea for which the Universalist Church battled during a hundred years has gained a permanent lodgment in the human mind and heart. It dominates the leaders of thought everywhere. In fine, the brutal dogmatism of a century ago is a dead letter.

So far all is well. But we must go farther.

The thoughts of men have gone on widening with the process of the suns. Facts that were not even dreamed of a century ago are now the common heritage of all educated people, the world over.

The result is that now, instead of the old battle between the theologies we have the battle between the theologies on the one side and science on the other.

The old question was: "Which creed is true?" Whereas now the question is: "Is any creed true?"

The battle is between the theological conception of things and the scientific. On the one hand stand the ancient dogmas—all being, practically, of the same trend—on the other hand are arrayed the indisputable facts of modern research; and the dogmas and the facts are struggling to see which shall prevail. It is a fight, I repeat, between theology and science.

From the *apriori* point of view theology is a strictly logical affair, part fitting into part with the most exact regularity. The theological conception of things, as a conception, is clear and explicit. Some thousands of years ago—say some hundreds of thousands, if you like—a God created the world out of nothing, or called it into order out of chaos. Later on, the God created the various forms of animate being, crowning all with the making of man. But man proved to be ungrateful, and rebelled against the God, the rebellion resulting in a fall. But the God, in due time, instituted the atonement, a scheme by which men might regain what they had lost by the fall. The executor of this atonement—known as Jesus of Nazareth, the son of God, comes with the God's message to the world, which message he duly authenticates by working miracles. Permitting himself to be apprehended and crucified, and being dead and buried, on the third day he rises from the dead, and ascends to heaven, where he now sitteth at the God's right hand. In the meantime, the atonement is in full operation; and, prospectively, we are eternally damned or eternally saved, according as we do, or do not, avail ourselves of its provisions.

Such is the theological view, as entertained by the so-called Evangelical denominations. Let me say here that, the dogma of the extent of

salvation excepted, there is no difference between Evangelicism and Universalism. They are both theological, the one as much so as the other.

But let us turn from the theological to the scientific conception.

Creation and annihilation are unthinkable. It is not possible for nothing to become something or for something to become nothing. Invariably matter and force are found together, and together they constitute the fact of which we can conceive neither the beginning nor the end. The progress of things up to date appears to find its most reliable explanation in the so-called Nebula Hypothesis, together with that other hypothesis known as Evolution.

What life is no one knows. It appears to be producible only in the laboratory of Nature; but there it is produced—and there, undoubtedly, was produced every form of life now on this planet. Man is immeasurably greater than an angle-worm or a mushroom; but the Nature that made the worm and the fungus made also the man. The grinning ape and the divine Plato have one and the same genesis. The resident energy of Nature manifests itself now in one form and now in another; but it is always Nature that is manifested. The God residing outside of Nature is a myth. Instead of the traditional, "Thus saith the Lord," the word is, "Thus operate the laws of Nature." Man is amenable not to the ipse dixit of a god, but to the law of Nature speaking in his own mind. The highest law for any man is the command that is laid upon him by the voice of his own better self.

In this conception of things there is no room for supernaturalism. Miracle implies a break in that law of continuity which runs throughout all nature. Supernaturalism means something that is above Nature. But where will you look for that something? Nature is all. Whatever takes place, from the blossoming of a morning glory to the evolution of a solar system, from the production of a canary bird to the production of a Nordica, from the rearing of an ant-hill to the building of a Roman Empire, comes about through the working of forces acting in obedience to natural law.

And so, we have the two conceptions, the one resting on the notion of a God and his miracles, the other on the fact of Nature and her laws. It is clear that between these conceptions there can be no such thing as peace. Between them there is war, and nothing but war, until one or the other is driven from the field. The attempt to patch up a compromise between them is sheer mockery. No compromise is possible. If theology is true, science is false; if science is true, theology is a myth.

But let us return to the two Universalisms—the old and the new.

The old Universalism, I repeat, is essentially theological. It rests on the notion of the God and his miracles. It is full of supernaturalism. It plays havoc with Nature's principle of continuity. In brief, it is unscientific. I am aware that its conception of God is the grandest within the ken of human thought, but because it is a conception of a God, rather than of the universe and its laws, it is unscientific.

But I am reminded of the fact that there is a new Universalism, young yet, and weak, but destined to become the stay and refuge of thoughtful, reverential souls the world over. The creeds are passing away, theology is on its last legs, supernaturalism is dying as fast as in the nature of things it can—but the new Universalism is sure to become the faith of all mankind.

What is the nature of the faith for which I venture to make such glorious prophecy?

Its first principle is this: From Nature all things come, with Nature all things dwell, and along with Nature all things go.

From Nature all things come. Each one of us can say, and say truly, I am the product of laws as old as eternity! Before the morning stars sang together, yea, while those stars were drifting nebulously through infinite space, the laws were at work, preparing for my being! At last I am here, and I know that back of me are those tremendous laws—laws that were never born, and that can never die.

With Nature all things dwell. Each one of us can say, with absolute truthfulness, Nature is with me every moment. In her I live and move and have my being. Her breath is my breath, her life is my life. The everlasting laws that brought me hither are still around me. Daily I eat the bread from Nature's soil, and drink the water from her fountains. Perpetually do I find myself in the Old Mother's arms, while above me shines the face from which neither centuries nor thousands of years can steal the kindly glance.

Along with Nature all things are going. The laws which did not begin with me do not end with me—they go on forever, and I go with them. I travel not alone. I am going along with the great procession—with the dandelion blooms, the cedars of Lebanon, and the big trees of California; with the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; with the rivers and the oceans and the stars and the seasons; with the gnat and with Shakspeare; with the sprig of white weed and with the milky way! I am going along with the universe. I

am going the way that everything else is going, from the microscopic mote in the sunbeam to Sirius and Jupiter! What has happened to the countless millions of by-gone ages, and what shall happen to the incalculable myriads of the time to come, is happening to me, and to you.

Such is the new Universalism. It is Universalism, since it has the universe for its basis. It is Universalism since it predicates of all the same genesis and the same destiny.

If the question were to arise, "What is that destiny?" the answer would be, We are going along with the universe. If the universe is on the way to wreck and ruin we shall be wrecked and ruined with it, but if it is on the way of an ever-increasing beauty and perfection, then in that beauty and perfection we will inevitably share.

Should the question be pushed home to us, "What is that destiny?" we might answer, not with a theory but with a fact, Nature has implanted within us the instinct of hope. She will not give us a chart of the way we are traveling, but she whispers to us to follow her and fear no harm. There is a heap of inspiration in the fact—for fact it is—that the "hope" which "springs eternal in the human breast" was placed there by the laws that fashioned humanity itself.

You will at once perceive that there is a tremendous difference between this natural hope and that hope which is offered us by theology. The latter is a foreign importation, ushered in, through a gap in Nature, by miracle and wonder, while the former springs in man's breast as the leaf does from the bough or the flower from the bud. The one comes with din and clangor, with sounding of trumpets and beating of drums, announcing the miraculous; while the other comes gently, as the dew falls, as the morning creeps over the eastern hills, announcing the presence within us of an instinct that was with us when we were born into the world.

Of the theological hope we may be justly suspicious; of the natural hope we may be bravely confident.

The new Universalism! It goes no step further than is justified by the facts. Nowhere does it rest on assumption; everywhere it reposes on the bed-rock of solid reality. It is scientific without being irreverent; it is hopeful without being superstitious. Ridding us of a mighty load of senseless dogma, it leaves us all the needful aids toward physical, moral and spiritual development. It leaves us, for our devout meditation and reverential amazement, the majesty of natural law, and the splendid universe over which that law presides. It leaves us, according as we are wise or foolish, the "soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy," or the flush of

shame and the sting of remorse. In fine, it leaves us for this life beauty, truth and love, and for the life to come, the hope which maketh not ashamed.

INGERSOLL'S LAST POEM.

BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

FEW of the friends of Colonel Ingersoll were aware that he had the faculty of very good verse in him. Everybody knew there was poetry in his speeches, but that he could write poems was little imagined. Yet,

on his visiting the birthplace of Burns, many years ago, he wrote some lines upon the matchless Scotch bard which were of such beauty, finish and originality that, where so many had written eulogies, his was conspicuous.



GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Not long before his death he gave to Mr. E. M. Macdonald, editor of the *Truthseeker*, New York, a poem of sixteen or seventeen stanzas, entitled "The Declaration of the Free." It is certainly the most brilliant and expressive of all Agnostic poems. The versions of it which have come to this country seem here and there erroneous in terms. As Colonel Ingersoll will always be regarded as a great authority on Agnosticism, verbal inconsistencies may be

usefully pointed out. In one stanza he says:—

"We have no God to serve or fear,
No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer,
When life is done,
And endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither tears nor sighs."

Now, how does the poet know this, which he so distinctly and positively

asserts? The principle of Agnosticism is that we do not assert as true that of which we have not, and cannot have, actual knowledge. In the line, "We have no god to serve or fear," the word "have" should be know to make it logical.

Again, in another stanza the Agnostic bard says:—

"We have no master on the land,
No king in air;
Without a manacle we stand,
Without a prayer;
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the light."

There may be "a king in the air," for all we know, and it is quite beyond the neutrality of Agnosticism to say there is not. Again the word "have" should be know.

In another stanza—

"When cyclones rend, when lightning blights,
'Tis naught but fate;
There is no god of wrath who strikes
In heartless hate.
Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought or plan."

The tumult of the skies may be "naught but fate." That is more than we know. Though it is reasonable to suppose that no God of mercy sets cyclones going or directs the lightning to blight, it is not within the province of an Agnostic to be certain about it. Instead of saying, "'Tis naught but fate," it would be consistent to say, "It seems naught but fate." Let us hope that there is no "God of wrath." Reason and morality justify us in thinking so, but not in saying so. The great difference between the philosopher and the theologian is that the lover of truth is not confident unless he has evidence to go upon; whereas the disciple of theology is confident without it. Such lines as the following go beyond the limitations of certainty within which the Agnostic professes to keep:—

"Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought or plan."

It would be enough to say, "There seems no purpose." To say there is none is to assume the same infinite knowledge which is the affliction of the priest.

In the two concluding stanzas of this noble poem, as in others, the whole philosophy of Agnosticism—its moderation, its questioning, its candor—is perfectly and gracefully expressed:—

“We do not pray, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead.
And yet we question, dream, and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

“Is there beyond the silent night
And endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?—
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know—we hope and wait.”

All Ingersoll's genius is seen in these lines—his penetration, his pathos, his matchless simplicity and force.—Literary Guide.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

BY DAVID B. PAGE.



DAVID B. PAGE.

EARTH'S people once builded a
tower,

A tower mighty and high,
They builded it up to heaven,
To study the earth and the sky.

A city they likewise builded,
A city in which to dwell,
That would shut out the cold of winter
And the heat of summer as well.

It chanced that God heard of their
building,
And came down from heaven to
view

This city and tower they builded.
He remarked, "This never will do."

He found they spoke only one language,
Were prosperous and happy and gay;
They enjoyed the comforts they worked for,
Had plenty to eat and to pay.

He saw that these mortals were happy;
They cared naught for Satan or He,
And He schemed out a plan to defeat them—
A more villainous plan could not be.

He searched the archives of heaven,
And procured all the languages there,
He secured all the text books of hades,
All the "brogues" in the land of despair.

He went to that tower and city
To that people so peaceful and free;
He altered their tongues and their palates,
And taught them His new A, B, C.

French, Hebrew and Spanish he taught them,
 Greek, German, Hindoo and Chineese,
 Arabic, Coptic and Latin,
 And the languages over the sea.

Of course there could be no improvement
 In language from that time to this,
 For God, with His wisdom and knowledge,
 Would never teach mortals amiss.

* * * * *

Six thousand years after this Babel,
 We are wanting one language again,
 For the difference in speech and religion
 Has caused all our bloodshed and pain.

ST. PETER AT THE GATE.

BY JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

[From Pocomoke Farmers' Almanac.]

ST. PETER stood guard at the Golden Gate,
 With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
 When up to the top of the golden stair
 A man and a woman ascending there
 Applied for admission. They came and stood
 Before St. Peter, so great and good,
 In hopes the City of Peace to win,
 And asked St. Peter to let them in.
 The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
 With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;
 The man was short, and thick, and stout,
 His stomach was built so it rounded out;
 His face was pleasant, and all the while
 He wore a kindly and genial smile;
 The choirs in the distance the echoes woke,
 And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou! who guardest the Gate," said she,
 "We two come hither beseeching thee
 To let us enter the heavenly land,
 And play our harps with the angel band.
 Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
 There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;
 I've been to meeting three times a week,
 And almost always I'd rise to speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
 When they'd repent of their evil way;

I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall,
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So, good St. Peter, you will clearly see,
The gate of Heaven is open for me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way;
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's chance if he merited them or not.

"But, O St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go;
I've done enough—a saint I've been—
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim Gospel, I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow Gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
You ought to stand right by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.

Well, we must be going, our crown to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"

St. Peter sat quiet, and stroked his staff,
But, 'spite of his office, he had to laugh;
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gateway—you or I?"
And then he rose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell.
"Escort this lady around to hell."

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone;
A lifelong, settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below,
That he certainly would have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went;
St. Peter, standing in duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years," with a weary sigh,
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,
He raised his hand and scratched his crown:
Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked—smoke's not good;
He smoked and swore—I should think he would!
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp, with a golden string.
Good sir, pass in, where the angels sing!

"Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on finest ambrosia he feeds,
 He's had about all the hell he needs;
 It isn't just hardly the thing to do
 To roast him on earth, and the future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
 A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
 And he said, as he entered the Realm of Day,
 "Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
 And so the Scripture had come to pass,
 That "the last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

ASTRONOMICAL.

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

AT THE present, we are passing through a time in which we meet with men and women who seem to think a century is completed at the beginning, instead of at the ending, of its last year. Flammarion, the



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

French scientist, writes that he is in possession of data, showing that a similar misunderstanding with regard to the culmination of the century, obtained among the peoples who lived at the closing of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many of them, seeming to consider that the century was completed because its culminating year had been ushered in. It is simply a matter of misunderstanding, and does not rise to the plane of a problem. And anyone who insists that a year is completed at its beginning, does not talk what might be called good nonsense.

The above-named astronomer incidentally remarks that in all likelihood the misunderstanding will again manifest itself one hundred years hence, in the year 1999. And in that year our descendants—three or four generations hence—will be treated to a view of a total eclipse of the sun. The shadow of the eclipse to which he alludes will begin in the Atlantic, a little south of New York City. Will cross the ocean. Cross over Europe at noon, and end in Russia at sundown. Being 100 years in the future, it is not at all likely that anyone now living will have an opportunity to see it; but at that time, by examination of astronomical writings of the present day, its verification will show to those who are favored with a view of the

phenomenon, that astronomy is a correct science, and is, in fact, the only science that can, with certainty, read the future, as well as the past.

But, although none now living may see the above-mentioned eclipse, there are many of our friends—at least let us hope so—who will be on hand to see a total eclipse of the sun on August 30th, five years hence, in the year 1905, the fifth year of the twentieth century. It will begin at Lake Winnipeg in Canada. Pass eastward, crossing the head or south end of Hudson Bay. Will enter the Atlantic at Cape Charles, cross the ocean, cross over Spain, along the Mediterranean Sea, over Cairo, and end at sunset in the Indian Ocean a little east of Morebat. And undoubtedly many of our friends will live to see the total eclipse that follows the above of the sun, visible in the United States, which will be on January 24th, 1925.

The first total eclipse of the sun after to-day will be on May 28th of the present year, 1900. The moon's shadow upon the earth will be a black circular disc, averaging about forty miles in diameter. It will pass over the cities of New Orleans, Mobile, Raleigh and Norfolk. Anyone wishing to see the total darkness had better visit one of these cities early in the forenoon. Could we project ourselves 1,000 miles in the heavens, in a balloon, in the path of the shadow, we could see the circular black disc nearly five diameters in size as the sun appears to our view, moving steadily eastward across the cities above named, the Atlantic Ocean, Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, and ending in Egypt, near the Red Sea. To us in Iowa and Illinois it will be a partial eclipse, the lower part of the sun being darkened. The eclipse of the present year, and that of 1905, will somewhat resemble each other, in that both will cross over the Atlantic Ocean, Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, though not exactly in the same track.

Eclipses of the sun and moon coming at the time calculated ought to satisfy the most skeptical that the scientist knows what he is about when he makes his calculations. Otherwise he would be apt to only hit it occasionally, like the weather prophet does.

Clinton, Iowa.

A CATALOGUE OF DEVILS .

BY PROF. A. L. RAWSON.

WHEN the pagan religious system was exposed by the higher criticism of the age it decayed and died, and as all rich men must, if left an extensive and valuable legacy to its foster-child, the Christian church.



PROF. A. L. RAWSON.

That legacy consisted of gods, goddesses, demons and the entire mythology invented by the ancient poets and priests, and also the season festivals, fast days, days devoted to the worship of certain great gods, as Bakchos, later called Jesus; Kybele, later named Mary, mother of God, the new Queen of the Heavens; temples, chapels, caves, monasteries, rituals, songs, hymns, processions, ceremonials, in short, the entire machinery of the pagan system of divine worship. That included holy trees, holy wells, holy rocks, holy rivers, fountains and tanks, devoted women and men and boys; communion in various forms; sacred writings, opinions and beliefs about the unseen world, and the disposition to persecute and also to kill all who did not conform to the popular system of faith and worship, or even in any manner showed contempt for the

gods. This rich inheritance became the property of the church which alone baptized the gods, put new labels on them, as the "Holy Trinity," "Satan," "Saints," and in one form or another put the entire ancient system to new uses under new names.

The foster-child improved on the pagan system of finance until it became the most complete money-getting machine in the world. The church published its anathemas against the pagan gods and called them devils, and secretly chuckled while it lauded and worshipped the same gods under Christian names and titles, which are very thin disguises. To secure itself against exposure the church attempted to destroy all secular learning and to stifle free thought. In this work those who were most successful in inventing new theories or disguising old pagan ideas were canonized and called saint this or that, such as Augustine, Basil, Loyola, and many others familiar to students of church history; but when a strong man, gifted with an original mind, discovered a new force or power in nature that could be made to serve mankind, or some fact in the heavens that corrected an old error of observation by the ancients, as, for instance, that the sun is the center of our planetary system and not the world; that the world turns

round and not the heavens; that fire is a result of chemical union of certain substances and is not an element; that water is not an element but a combination of elements, such a person was denounced as an enemy of the gods, a devil, and was burnt at the stake, or otherwise quieted for Christ's sake. The Greeks said Prometheus was persecuted because he taught mankind the use of fire and how to make it; that is, he gave man intellectual light. The church denied the people intellectual light, or the use of reason.

The history of the early church, as written by churchmen, is full of accounts of the misdoings of the early fathers of the church, who quarreled among themselves and with outsiders, and roasted one another as they found opportunity. Now the contending parties in a theological controversy roast each other in the newspapers, the councils and the synods because agnostics and infidels have smothered the fires at the stake, and shown that a "bottomless pit" (Rev. 9: 1, 2) would not hold fire in any dangerous quantity, and that purgatory is only a sort of theological picnic ground in the clouds. If we included in this catalogue of devils those who worried the early church, we should name nearly every one of the best thinkers and writers from "Doubting Thomas," Arius and Origen down the centuries. Therefore, we begin with the thirteenth century, when Pope Innocent III. forbade the study and practice of surgery and called it sacrilege. One of the earliest devils was Cardinal Cusa, who said the sun is the center of our solar system (1375 A. D.), as was taught by Philolaos, Pythagoras and Archimedes. The pope denounced him as a devil. Another cardinal, Alliatus, wrote "On the Concordance of Astronomy and Theology," but only earned the title of "A Son of Satan." Leonardo da Vinci, the famous artist, whose knowledge of art and science was almost preternatural, wrote about the true character of fossils and offended the church because the book argued that the world must have existed before the date assigned by the church for the creation. John Mullen made an abridgement of Ptolemy's *Almagest* in 1520; Euclid was reprinted in 1530; Vitellio wrote on Optics in 1533; Fernel, a physician, measured the earth in 1540; Rheticus made trigonometrical tables, and Cardan improved algebra; Kopernik also said the sun is the center of our solar system in 1536; Vesalio wrote seven books "On the Structure of the Human Body," 1543; Ambrose Pare opened up the practice of modern surgery, 1550; John Baptist Porta invented the camera, 1560, and wrote on meteorology, optics, the telescope, and founded the society, "I Secreti," for the study of the secrets of nature, philosophy and magic, 1560; Aristotle's zoology was republished by Gesner; and Belon wrote in 1540 on fishes and birds; Cardinal Schomberg urged Kopernik to publish his researches; Vieta (1590) used letters for numbers in algebra; Bruno advocated the discoveries of Kopernik, and the nebular hypothesis, and wrote a book on the Plurality of Worlds, that every star is a sun with attendant planets, and was burnt in 1600; Galileo opened a way into heavenly space by his telescope, made a clock with a pendulum, established the three laws of motion, and was im-

prisoned by the pope many years (died 1642); Kepler's laws led to a rational study of the kosmos, and a demonstration that it is governed by law and not by the caprice of a divine providence; Gilbert, on the magnet and magnetic bodies (1600); Tycho Brahe proved that comets were beyond the moon, discovered the variation monthly and yearly in the moon's orbit, and also those of Jupiter and Saturn, and advanced the study of astronomy greatly more than any other man; Fallopio, Eustachio and Aranzio were accurate anatomists and established that science in the sixteenth century; Varioli made discoveries in the structure of the brain (1575), and in other parts of the body; Piccolomini described cellular tissue, Coiter proposed pathological anatomy; Prosper Alpini systemized diagnosis, 1600, wrote about Ancient Egyptian medical practice, was the first to describe the coffee plant; Plater classified diseases; Des Cartes (1600) wrote on the theory of vortices and ether; Napier perfected logarithms; Castelli hydraulics, Torricelli hydrostatics, and explained barometric variations, Fabricio valves in veins; Servetus (burnt 1553) nearly and Harvey completely (1657) discovered blood circulation; Asellio lacteals, Von Helmont vitality in medicine; Sanctorio modern physiology; Pascal weight and pressure of the air, the cycloid and vacuum; Puffendorf the Law of Nations and of Nature; Beccher and Stahl the phlogistic theory, and made chemistry a study instead of alchemy; Guericke invented the air-pump (1648); Hocker wrote on the law of combustion; Ray on comparative anatomy; Swammerdam on dissection (Titian, Rafael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci and other artists studied anatomy by dissection a century before him); Tournefort and Malpighi wrote on botany, Lister, a synopsis of shells, and on the continuity of earth strata over long distances; Grew and Linnaeus (1751) on the sexes of plants; Isaac Newton (1700) discovered the law of gravitation, applied Kepler's laws to the orbit of the moon, taught the unity of the construction of the universe, and wrote about colors in light, its reflexions, refractions, and inflexions; Brown, the quinary arrangement of flowers; Woodward, mineralogy; Leibnitz (1716) on the theory of the cooling of the earth; Willis classified nerves; Lewenhoeck microscope in anatomy, and discovery of spermatozoa; Graf, functions of the generative organs; Borelli applied mathematics to explain muscular movements. Columbus discovered America, Galvani discovered the action of a mysterious force named galvanism; electrical forces were discovered and harnessed, the locomotive was made by Murdoch in 1784; Scilla wrote on marine petrifications; John Kentman on geological specimens; Dubois, clinics and pathology 1672; Fontanelle, charts of fossil remains; Steno of Denmark distinguished organic from preorganic rocks and strata; more correct ideas respecting vision were formed, and the retina described as affected by the lenses in the eye before it; achromatic lenses made; the kaleidoscope, stereoscope, reflecting telescope and microscope, and the nearly countless inventions and discoveries in this century have been made entirely independent of the church and in nearly every case under the ban, excommunication, or threat of hell fire, torture and imprisonment, or social degradation.

Besides these individual devils of progress in learning there were associations of devils who worried the servants of God (the church's God) by forming such institutions as the Academy for the Study of the Secrets of Nature (*I Secreti*) in Naples, 1560; the Lyncean Academy, Rome, and the Royal Academy, London, 1645; *Accademia del Cimento*, Florence, 1657; and the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris, 1666, which societies occupied a large number of able men in the work of advancement of science and the mechanic arts. They discussed palaeontology, theory of climates, causes and effects, ages of coal deposits, effects of light on the air, disposition of rocks under the sea, the theory of cataclysm in world growth, the forms of life under the ocean; birth, life and death of the individual man, and of families and of peoples and nations; the perpetuity of the human race and the eternity of the world; man's double or alternate day and night life; the sentiment of pre-existence; the theory of memory; the possibility of reviving memory of previous existence in other bodies; the causes of our variable psychic powers at different times; triple mechanisms of the mind; progress of human affairs in accord with natural and invariable laws; mature man guided by reason and not by authority; by intellect and not by artificial moral codes; electrical discoveries, which have laid many ghosts called superstitions; labor-saving machines; steam as a source of power; and a thousand and one other topics, "inventions of the devil," all of which are among the elements of human progress.

The church is an organization without a soul, and therefore incapable of adapting itself to the ever-rising and newer needs of humanity. It strives to hold society to the condition of 2,000 years ago, which was an age of comparative ignorance and barbarism. We have reviewed the leaders of the great army of thinkers and workers who have been busy with real things for the benefit of mankind. What a contrast is afforded by their work to the work of the clergy who have been concerned in the invention of miracles, retelling traditions, recounting visions and dreams, and devising new schemes for deluding credulous humanity, and in every way giving evidence that they act in accord with the diagnosis that theology is the product of diseased mind. The church has retarded civilization 1,000 years and more in its insane attempt to Christianize and rule mankind. Toward that end it undertook to impose the Latin language on the entire learned world, and in that scheme respelled the names of Greek philosophers, poets and historians, gods and goddesses, so that they look as if those persons were Latins, which act has caused much annoyance and waste of time to students because of its confusion of nationalities, and it also interpolated its dogmas and dreams into school books and literature generally until the entire mass of modern literature is colored by the theories and dreams of a sect of theological visionaries. The church by its opposition to science has enabled many diseases that afflict millions to continue in full force that might have been destroyed ages ago.

The first Freethinker was the long-expected Savior, who freed his fellowmen from the nightmare of theology; another deliverer is needed to

relieve society of an organization that absorbs millions without adequate return.

In contrast with the works of scientific infidels, let us look at the list of inventions and contrivances of the clergy, all of them sanctioned by the pope, the whilom bishop who meekly assumes to be the Vicar of God on earth! This is not a complete catalogue, for their inventions are very numerous. Relics of saints, weeping statues of saints, winking paintings of saints and gods; chips of the true cross, iron filings from St. Peter's chain; a tooth of a martyr; images of gods (Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Virgin Mary, Satan), saints, martyrs, monks, sculptured or painted, or in stained glass windows in churches; the cross as a fetich able to expel evil spirits and work miracles; a piece of linen cloth on which it is said that Jesus impressed his likeness. It is called the handkerchief of St. Veronica, and copies of it are found in nearly every church in Europe and elsewhere, for it is said to have the divine power to multiply itself; images of the apostles, evangelists, and all able to work miracles at the request of a priest; a spot of blood of the crucified Jesus; an arm of the Apostle James; a part of the skeleton of John the Baptist; a bottle of the milk of the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God (which of course is a continuous miracle); the wrist bones of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, and therefore the grandmother of God (now in the church of Ste. John Baptiste, 72d street, New York City); the invention of purgatory; of prayers to rescue souls from purgatory (for money); indulgences partial and plenary; the invention of sins, adoption and sanctification; of confession and absolution; divine worship, the seven sacraments, profession of faith, infallible church, infallible pope; authorized ceremonial worship; the missal, the pontificat; the several and numerous grades of dignitaries in the army of the clergy; the ritual, the breviary; rosary to count prayers with; the prayer book to teach forms of prayer so as to please and not offend God or the saints; the church only can or may interpret Holy Scriptures; baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, penance, extreme unction, orders, matrimony under the rule of the church; the true, proper and propitiatory sacrifice to God in the mass. "In the holy sacrament of the eucharist is offered truly, really and substantially the body and the blood, with the soul and the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and that salvation is only to be found in the church; prayers and processions to arrest disease; signing the cross on the forehead on putting on clothes or shoes, or lighting a candle. Instead of medical colleges we are offered the elixir vitae, the powder of projection, magical mirrors, perpetual lamps, the transmutation of metals; salamanders, pelicans. The sick are sent, not to hospitals, but to the church to listen to prayer, or bow before images, or place a votive tablet, sacrifice, to do penance, or expect a miracle. Shrines are reputed to cure all diseases, and saints' relics to raise the dead. Works of supererogation; religious ecstasy; in short, a scheme to make the credulous believe that the priest is necessary as a medium of communication between man and the supposed god of theology. The church assumes the role of censor over all that concerns mankind from birth until death, and to confirm its assumption, aims to prevent the

diffusion of real knowledge among mankind, and would educate only the clergy, as is shown in the Index Expurgatorius, the List of Prohibited Books, which includes nearly every book on science; the arts, both mechanic and fine; literature including the Bible unless it has the commentary of a priest with its text. They invented the Sabbath, holy days, fasts, feast days in the church, and have encroached largely on the right of workmen to work when and where opportunity offers, and to rest as well without the supervision or dictation of the church or of any other private club.

What a catalogue of inventions! What use or benefit are they, or any one of them to any person in or out of the church, except the clergy who live by their use? Every one an artificial device to gain money.

It is no wonder that the clergy are afraid of scientists, and in their fear and dread of exposure call them devils.

The learned priests know very well that they are on very thin ice over the swift current of material progress by science, and that science, like the sun in spring time, will thaw that ice and drown them in a sea of the knowledge of nature's laws.

In view of the history of the church from which we learn that to maintain its assumed position it had often believed it necessary to kill all persons who in any way opposed its work of deluding and enslaving the people, and in that spirit has caused the death of millions for a mere expression of opinion on some theological fiction, it would be well for churchmen to be a little modest in their demeanor, and more sparing in their demands for money to use in spreading their disease. Churchmen are not fit to take part in the affairs of government, except as citizens; nor to be trusted with the secular education of youth; and should not be permitted to meddle with statute laws regulating marriage; nor suffered to impose on non-church members rules of the church concerning the Sabbath or any other so-called holy day; nor should their priests be allowed to say prayers in Congress, in any place occupied by the navy or army, nor in prisons, hospitals, asylums, or any other place supported by public money in whole or in part; their Bible should not be used in any court; their artificial moral laws should be expunged from the statute books; their claim to have their Christian God named and acknowledged in the Constitution of the United States as the rightful ruler of nations should not be tolerated, and such recognition should be wiped out of the laws of the several States; churches should be taxed; public money should not be given to institutions managed by the church.

The clergy will be ready to denounce these propositions as devilish, but they are founded on truth and justice, and must prevail. The list of devils grows from day to day, but the inventions of the church are less and less in number and feebler in their power for evil as the people become more enlightened.

"MODERN THEOLOGY AND ITS IDEAL JESUS."

BY G. W. TURRELL.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

I WAS so pleased with Danl. K. Tenney's article on the "Ideal Jesus," in the February number of the Free Thought Magazine, that I estimate it as worth a year's subscription to the Magazine.

For several years past I have met a large number of Revs. and D. D.s in joint debate, and I find their ultimate defense—a kind of last kopje—is the much-vaunted life and character of Jesus.

They hurl at us the opinions of Jefferson, Paine, and apologists of the Renan type, and Unitarian lines of argument like your "Standing Up for Jesus," and your defense of Jesus in the February number of the Magazine, page 119, putting the words of Jesus on "Some priest who did not think enough of women to marry one," when in fact Jesus was just that kind of a priest, "who did not think enough of women to marry one."

Jesus taught:

Vicarious blood atonement, John 3: 14, "He that believeth not shall be damned," Mar. 16: 16; "Slay all opponents," Luke 10: 27; "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers," John 10: 8; Hate and desert your family, Matt. 19: 29, Luke 18: 29, 30; Matt. 10: 34, 35, 36, Luke 12: 53, Luke 16: 26; He commissioned his disciples to "cast out devils" (?) and beg their living, promising to damn all who refused to entertain them, Matt. 10: 5 to 15, Luke 10: 1 to 12. These teachings are vicious, immoral and degrading.

To call Jesus "the Freethinker of his age," is mere specious special pleading. He bitterly denounced and promised to damn all who opposed him and his theories.

The real Freethinkers of that age were of the Eclectic school, as taught by Epictetus, Cicero and others, in the first century B. C.

Jesus is the idol, fetich, God of the Christian superstition. The contradictory and impossible character produced by the Gospel forgeries of the second century A. C.

Judge Tenney's timely and able article dispels the shimmer from this Christian idol.

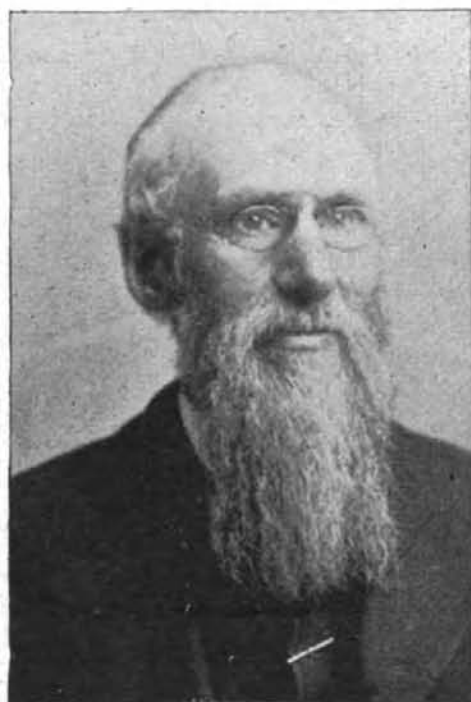
Philadelphia, Pa., 339 North 16th Street.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The truth is, no one knows for a certainty whether or not any such person as Jesus ever lived, and if he lived what kind of a man he was, as all that is stated about him came from the priests, who are not reliable on any question in which they are financially interested.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

BY JOSEPH HAIGH.



JOSEPH HAIGH.

THE Devil is dead and hell is gone,
 And God is slowly dying;
 Both heaven and hell and purgatory
 Are now in ruins lying.
 Such a great wreck of ancient myths
 Was never seen before;
 The common folks may well rejoice,
 But preachers will deplore.
 Their trade will suffer very much,
 For want of working stock;
 For those things were all they had got
 To feed their hungry flock.

The higher critics have destroyed
 All of those "holy things;"
 A liberal use of common sense
 Put feathers in their wings.
 The Bible, with its fairy tails,
 Was called the "Word of God,"
 And folks believed them, every word,
 Though some seemed very odd.
 Stopping the sun, raising the dead,

And talking snakes and asses;
 No matter how foolish it was,
 For truth the story passes.

The people now have made their choice,
 'Twixt knowledge and belief;
 The former gives them all they have,
 The latter is a thief.
 The Laws of Nature never vary,
 Neither for God nor man;
 We can depend on everything,
 According to her plan.
 This world is all that we know of,
 And we know what it does;
 And if there be some other worlds,
 They need not trouble us.

AN IOWA PURITANICAL LAW.

BY E. D. NAUMAN.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

THE following is a copy of the present puritanical "Sunday law" of Iowa. There is now a movement on foot to make this law enough worse to be worthy of fourteenth century legislation. Here is the present law:

"Sec. 5040. If any person be found on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, engaged in carrying firearms, dancing, hunting, shooting, horse-racing, or in any manner disturbing a worshipping assembly or private family, or in buying or selling property of any kind, or in any labor except that of necessity or charity, he shall be fined not more than five nor less than one dollar, and be imprisoned in the county jail until the fine, with costs of prosecution, shall be paid; but nothing herein contained shall be construed to extend to those who conscientiously observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, or to prevent persons traveling or families emigrating from pursuing their journey, or keepers of toll bridges, toll gates and ferrymen from attending the same."

You will readily see that, as the law now stands, it can be used to harass, fine and imprison people who have done no one a wrong and who have disturbed no one. You will see that it recognizes the conscientious scruples of Jews and Adventists, but not of the larger and more intelligent class known as Liberals, Agnostics and Freethinkers. We can therefore say that the law is unjust, puritanical and partial. But self-appointed meddlers in other people's private affairs are not even satisfied with this outrageous law. On Jan. 25, 1900, Senator Hazelton introduced a bill in the Senate (Sen. File 124), to strike out the phrase, "except that of necessity or charity," in the present law. If the reactionists can pass that bill they will have no trouble in finding a pretext to worry and fine every Freethinker, Agnostic and Liberal in the State, for it would be almost impossible even to live and care for our families and domestic animals without in some way violating this law. It is pretty safe to say that preaching would be about the only occupation not prohibited by this law. The law in its present form has been used by those who "love their enemies," to harass and worry those who love their friends and are just to their enemies, to make them see the great beauty of godliness and piety. If the present law is amended, as proposed, it will be a perfect abomination. I sincerely hope that every reader of the Free Thought Magazine, living in Iowa, will at once (unless the same has been done) write two letters, one to the Representative from his county, the other to the Senator from his district, requesting them not only to vote against Senate File 124, but endeavor also to modify our present Sunday laws in such a way that innocent people, who have neither wronged nor disturbed anyone, cannot be molested by it.

Your letters will reach them if you direct them to the Capitol Building, Des Moines. Be sure to write. Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AGNOSTIC CHURCHES.

THE LIBERAL SOCIETY, recently organized in this city, and of which Rev. Dr. Gregory is pastor, is, in fact, an Agnostic church, and such a church ought to be organized in every city and large town, and small towns, also, where it is possible to organize one. The times demand such churches. The old churches, built up on false and superstitious creeds, are dying out. That is admitted by the preachers who have charge of them, if not directly, it is by inference, when they say that it is most impossible to get the people to attend them.

Dr. Gregory was, a short time since, a Christian minister, but he has grown out of Christianity into Agnosticism—that is, he has become honest enough to admit there are some things he does not know; for instance, he does not know whether there is a God or not; he does not know whether or not there is a future personal existence for the human family. These things he never did know, but he has been educated from his youth up, at his home, in the Sunday school and at the theological school, to say he knew, even if he did not. That is, to lie for Christ's sake—the condition that all orthodox clergymen are in at the present time.

Agnostics believe in accepting whatever is true and good “wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground,” so that in organizing their churches they will retain, or incorporate into them, all that has been found by experience to be valuable in the Christian churches. They will try to have just as good music, with which to sing far better hymns, that are entirely free from superstition. They will employ a preacher and pay him a liberal living salary, but he must be a real preacher of truth and righteousness, and must confine his sermons to things that he knows something about, and that are practical and adapted to this present world in which we now live.

We are sure there are a thousand or more preachers in this country who are now occupying Christian pulpits, who are compelled to live hypocritical lives for the support of their families, who are really good men at heart, who would rejoice to be liberated from their bondage to superstition and be “called” to take charge of an Agnostic church, where they would have perfect liberty to preach the truth as they honestly see it and as science has demonstrated it to them. These men are now doing the best they can, under the circumstances. They are trying, from Sunday to Sun-

day, to educate their hearers up to their own high standard of thought, but they are badly hampered by their creed and the established forms and ceremonies of the church. They know that no God hears their prayers, that no prayer was ever answered, but they are compelled, hypocritically, to go through the form of prayer, to roll their eyes upward, and pretend to talk to and ask favors of some being located above the clouds. They would gladly abandon all this worse than nonsense, but circumstances over which they have little control will not permit.

As we have stated, these Agnostic churches should retain whatever is true, good and practical in the old churches, with such changes as will better serve the wants of humanity. The weekly prayer meeting, that has been one of the established institutions of the church, has been a benefit to the churches socially, but on account of the foolishness of praying to an imaginary God, who never answers the prayers, few people, even of those who are members of the church, attend these meetings. They are dying out, especially in the country towns. Now the Agnostic churches, in place of the weekly prayer meeting, should have what has been inaugurated at Silverton, Oregon, weekly meetings designated, "Thought Exchange"—meetings in which not only the church members but every one in the neighborhood should be invited, and be called upon and prepared to express their best thought on questions vital to the human race here on earth. These should not be debating societies, where the members try to get the start or advantage of each other in argument, but educational societies where each should give and receive instruction. Practical questions should be discussed at these weekly gatherings. Then the members of these Agnostic churches should have their sociables, picnics and what the orthodox churches will not allow, their dancing parties, where old and young, parents and children, should freely associate with each other, under the best of influences.

And there is another thing we desire to mention in this connection. There are in the country towns many old orthodox churches that are practically abandoned on account of the adherents of that particular church being so few that they are not able to support a settled pastor. In towns where there is such an abandoned church edifice, and where there are many Agnostics, if they are not able to purchase the building and institute an Agnostic church, let the Agnostics propose to these Christians to aid them in maintaining a minister if they will employ one who is a good man, in love with humanity, and in love with the truth and broadly liberal in his views and willing to grant to others the same rights that he demands

for himself, and also propose to help them sustain their Sunday school if conducted on the same fair and liberal basis, where Liberal Free Thought literature shall be circulated among the children as freely as orthodox papers, and in which the Sunday school library shall contain what are known as "Infidel" books as well as orthodox books. We believe many nearly dead orthodox churches would be glad to make such a compromise with Freethinkers, if for no other reason than that they desire the social advantages of the Sunday and weekly meetings and Sabbath school. We cannot understand why any Freethinker could object to such a union of forces for practical humanitarian and benevolent purposes and neighborly social entertainment.

These Agnostic churches, when formed, should stand for the most advanced thought of the age, and the highest morality, if they desire to live and prosper in this progressive age. The "God" that the members of these churches should "worship" should be Science. Whatever science demonstrated to be true should be the "creed" of this church, and this creed should be changed as often as these demonstrations demanded it. The only thing that should be deemed "sacred" in this church should be Truth. There should be freedom of thought and expression in the Agnostic church, but that should not mean that every person who has a wild idea should be permitted to ventilate it in season and out of season. This church should be entirely free from superstition and persistently advocate the equal rights of men and women; this church should labor to promote temperance in all things—that is, living strictly according to the requirements of nature. It should be in itself a society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals. It should oppose all cruel and inhuman punishments, and advocate the reformation of the criminals of the country. It should always and everywhere be the opponent of war and the advocate of arbitration between nations, in place of war, to settle their disputes, and, to be more general, the Agnostic church should be the strenuous advocate of every reform that has for its object the improvement of this present world, and labor to teach people how to live, in the place of how to die, which has been the special work of the old churches. Let such churches be established everywhere, and by the end of the twentieth century we shall have something better than the Christian's fabled millennium.

As members of the Agnostic church, in the words of the great apostle of the nineteenth century, "let us do what we can to destroy the phantoms of ignorance and superstition. Let us do what we can to take from the heart these weeds and thorns; and let us be happy here, and be happy here

by making others so. Let us enjoy to-day without regretting having lost yesterday, and without fearing that we may lose to-morrow. Let us enjoy this green strip of flowering earth, called the present, stretching between the two great eternal deserts—the past and the future. Let us enjoy that strip of verdure. Let us enjoy the flowers that bloom upon it.”

And if it should turn out that there is somewhere in this vast universe a good God, who is the ruler of all things and the supreme judge of humanity, and also another life, or “spirit world,” we are sure that the man who worked unselfishly for all humanity here on earth will stand a better chance at “the bar of God” than the man who spent his whole time and labor in selfishly trying to “save” his own little soul. So that after all, to use a Christian statement often made, “We are on the safe side.”

THOMAS B. GREGORY.

THE creed of the Universalist church is, perhaps, the most liberal of Christian creeds. And when a man withdraws from that church and rejects its creed because it is not broad enough and good enough he certainly proves to the world that he has broken the last tie that bound him to the Christian faith.

Thomas B. Gregory, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece to this magazine, came to the conclusion, after years of service in the Universalist church, that Universalism, in the sense that most people understand it, is after all but Christian superstition diluted. From personal experiences of many years within the church, he is convinced that truth—absolute truth—can only be sought, fearlessly and honestly, after one has broken away from all churches and all creeds.

Born and reared in Edenton, North Carolina, Mr. Gregory early in life turned from the narrow teachings of the more orthodox churches toward the broader doctrines of Universalism. At the age of twenty he entered St. Lawrence University, a Universalist college located at Canton, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1879. Soon after leaving college Mr. Gregory accepted the pastorship of a Universalist church in Portland, Mich. From here he went to Belfast, Maine, and to Biddeford, in the same State. Later he accepted a call from a Universalist church at Halifax, Nova Scotia. About five years ago Mr. Gregory came to Chicago to act as pastor of the “Church of the Redeemer,” one of the largest Universalist churches in the West. Although pretending to be a liberal church, Mr. Gregory soon found to his surprise that this church was, in fact, as much opposed to all progressive thought as many of the more orthodox ones.

There was in it a conservative element that would have done credit to a Catholic, a Presbyterian or a Methodist congregation. In spite, however, of the belligerent attitude of this conservative element, Mr. Gregory continued to preach rationalistic sermons to his new congregation, just as he had done to the smaller congregations in Michigan, Maine and Nova Scotia. But it was not long before his radical utterances began to attract attention outside of the church. Many of his expressions found their way into the newspapers. Such characteristic remarks of Mr. Gregory's as,

"With its stupid infallibilities the church paralyzes the intellect and transforms us into driveling idiots,"

And,

"Humanity has advanced only as it has turned its back upon the church and gone on without her,"

only served to more thoroughly excite the opposition of the conservatives.

Finally, realizing the hopelessness of speaking as he would like to speak in the presence of so much opposition, and being too sincere and intelligent a man to modify his views, Mr. Gregory resolved to resign his pastorship in the "Church of the Redeemer." This he did in June, 1899. Three months later he began an independent movement; his first sermon or lecture being delivered at the Chicago Grand Opera House, Sunday, Oct. 1. With the aid of a number of Chicago Freethinkers Mr. Gregory, a month later, at a meeting held at the Great Northern Hotel, organized the Chicago Liberal Society, the following parties being elected officers: Harry W. Stannard, President; Martin D. Elledge, Vice President; Joseph B. Hogle, Treasurer, and Frederick Mains, Secretary.

Permanent quarters were at once secured by these gentlemen in the Masonic Temple; and here every Sunday morning the society holds its meetings and listens to an address by Mr. Gregory on some question of vital interest to all Freethinkers.

These addresses or lectures are always of a high order, and the fact that the attendance at these meetings is increasing every Sunday indicates that Mr. Gregory's efforts are highly appreciated.

Mr. Gregory's article, "The Universalism of Reason and Science," published in this number of the magazine, proves exactly where he stands. One can gather from this article at a glance that Reason is his only creed and Nature his only god. He has relegated to the past all the devils, angels, gods and miracles of Christianity. He believes, as we believe, that Nature and God are one and the same thing, and that Reason and Science are the only means that mankind has of comprehending Nature. He believes,

too, that the doctrines of Christianity are reactionary, and that for this reason, if no other, every Liberal should regard it as a duty to oppose in every way possible the absurd dogmas and creeds of the orthodox churches.

This is one of the purposes of the Chicago Liberal Society, which in its declaration of principles says:

"We believe that it is our duty, as rational beings, to do what we can to secure the peaceable overthrow of superstition and the establishment in its stead of reason which is the surest guide to and guarantee of the blessings of civilization."

In this progressive work the Chicago Liberal Society is to be congratulated on having secured so intelligent a leader and so able an advocate of its principles as is Thomas B. Gregory.

Chicago has long been in need of a strong Free Thought organization, but we believe from its rapid growth and the enthusiasm of all its members that the Chicago Liberal Society is destined to be one of the largest and most influential Free Thought organizations in this country.

R. N. R.

BOOK BURNING.

WE call the special attention of our late Brother Waggoner, of Toledo, who has recently been "plucked as a brand from the burning" to the following article from the "Washington Post." He will learn from this article that he will not be able to procure a patent as the first inventor of "book burning" as the quickest and surest way to prevent the spread of heretical opinions, and he will also learn, with great satisfaction, that he has one devout follower in the person of the Rev. Lucien Clark, of Washington, D. C., who declares that "bonfires" of Infidel books are "a public testimony and a powerful means of grace." We suggest to our Christian friends that a contribution be taken up from among the faithful sufficient to pay the expenses of Waggoner (who should be known hereafter as the recent Saint Paul whose conversion was much more wonderful than his noted predecessor) of moving to Washington, that he may be permitted to join the Rev. Clark's church, and serve as deacon therein, and that church hereafter be known as the church of "Infidel Book-burners," and also, so soon as a law can be passed by Congress allowing it, and of "Infidel book authors," which would be a much surer way (and more orthodox) to prevent the spread of "treason against high heaven." And to make this law a sure remedy for the prevention of the spread of Infidelity the "Higher Critics" and their published books should be included in this

law, with the ordinary Infidels and their publications. But here is what the editor of the "Washington Post" says on the subject, who is evidently concerned as to the fate of the great public library in that city, that we learn is full of ungodly books:

Rev. Lucien Clark, the able and popular pastor of Foundry Church, Washington, D. C., preached last Sunday from the verse in Acts xix: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them in the sight of all men" and the Post reports him as saying that this bonfire was "a public testimony and powerful means of grace," and declaring that "there are many books in every public library which might well be burned. * * * All books which antagonize the Bible and the Christian religion should be consigned to the flames. * * * Do with them as the Ephesians who had practiced curious arts, did with their literature—burn them."

Librarians will doubtless take note of this advice, or rather command, to the people of Washington. The word "arts," appearing in the Bible, usually refers to chemistry; so it was scientific books that were burned by the ignorant Ephesians. That books were good to make fire with was early learned by the church.

Under the Christian Emperor Theodosius, about 380, Bishop Theophilus put a torch to the greatest library in the world, the Serapion, in Egypt, he holding that all useful knowledge was contained in the Bible and the church, and all other writings, therefore, ought to be destroyed. A nephew of Theophilus, "St. Cyril," it was who established Christianity in Alexandria. Hypatia, the brilliant and popular lecturer on Plato and Aristotle, addressed great audiences. "Each day before her academy stood a long train of chariots; her auditorium was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria." A mob of Cyril's priests intercepted her in the suburbs, stripped her naked, tied her to a chariot's wheels, and dragged her through the streets to the altar, where the officiating clergyman slew her with a club.

In this way freedom of thought and speech perished. Justinian prohibited the teaching of philosophy in Athens, and its splendid schools were closed forever. For twelve hundred years all knowledge of astronomy, geology, biology, geography, and chronology was made to conform to the preposterous first chapter of Genesis.

When the Alexandrian Library had grown to half a million books once more, Khalif Omar burned it again, justifying the act, as Theophilus had done, on the score of its irreligious tendency. The Christians burnt, for the same reason, the vast library of Tripoli, said to contain two million volumes of writings. They committed eighty thousand Arabic manuscripts to the flames in the square of Granada, a priceless treasure-house of knowledge. They burned the Fatimite Library at Cairo, they burnt the Hebrew libraries at Cologne, Dresden, and Munich. They destroyed almost all of the seventy public libraries of Andalusia. They burned the astronomical observatory at Seville. Saracens had taught mathematics to

Europe, had developed algebra, and named the stars. Christianity produced only one astronomer in 1,600 years, and him it burned at the stake—the great Bruno, who insisted that the earth was round.

Christians burned the fine library at Lisbon, an irretrievable loss; but ignorance took its revenge, for in 1601, the year after Bruno's martyrdom, a trick horse was brought before the ecclesiastic court in that same city charged with being possessed with a devil, was solemnly and exhaustively tried, was found guilty by unanimous vote of the ecclesiastics, was sentenced, and burned to death in the public square. De Dominis, a distinguished chemist, printed a book to prove the rainbow a natural phenomenon; he was decoyed to Rome, persecuted there, and perished in the old castle of Hadrian. His books were then placed in the coffin with his body, and the whole, being convicted of heresy by the church, were piously amathematized and cast into the flames.

In Mexico and Peru the conquerors burned vast libraries of picture-writings and quipu records, for the very reason which Dr. Clark gives. What would not the world give for them to-day? What would not the world give for the magnificent stores of "the Daught Library," the great Serapion? Nay, what would not the world—even the Christian sects for which Brother Clark speaks—give for those curious books teaching "curious arts," destroyed by the fanatics of Ephesus? Many books in public libraries are defaced and mutilated by readers who consider them "sacrilegious," and that quite regardless of the fact that they belong to the public. Is it going to be necessary on this edge of the third century after Bruno for the custodians of books to increase their vigilance?

WOMEN IGNORED IN PROGRESS.

IN the reviews of the year, spread out in columns in the metropolitan journals just published, as usual there is no reference whatever to the progressive steps taken by woman, the greatest factor in race building.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Seldom is anything said of her struggles, her triumphs and defeats, her attainments and achievements.

But man heralds all his progressive steps. In the records of each passing year we are told of his political, religious, educational, and social relations, international affairs, inventions, industries, discoveries, down to his most minute scientific explorations, in regard to the lowest forms of life. The New York Tribune, in its review of the last year, gives four lines to the cancer germ, and three precious lines to the mosquito, the smallest and most tantalizing of all living things, which is said to carry malaria from house to house. But not one word is said of woman, as a citizen of the republic,

sharing the honors, duties and responsibilities of public life.

True, she is mentioned as an imaginary character in the drama, but the right to amuse mankind is a role that has always been accorded her. Even here, the reviews say, there have been no gains during the last year.

If those who manage the press of the country had had a proper appreciation of the dignity, intelligence, and higher development of the women of this age and generation they would have embodied in their reviews some of the steps of progress taken by them.

They might have told their readers that in this country limited suffrage has been granted in twenty-five States, municipal suffrage in one, and full suffrage in four—that women are permitted to occupy positions on the school boards in many States, also in England and her colonies. Full suffrage has been granted to women in the Isle of Man, New Zealand, and West Australia. In some States women now occupy seats in the Legislature, and serve as jurors and advocates in the courts. They are

presidents and professors of colleges, teachers in all our public schools. Co-education is a recognized fact in all the Western and some of the Eastern colleges.

Women now take an active part in all the great movements, both in peace and war, giving liberally of their money and their personal services on the battlefield. English and American women have just fitted out a hospital ship for use in South African waters. Thus in both the old world and the new woman is taking her part in the march of civilization.

Woman is equally dishonored by the authors of philosophical works, as by the editors of newspapers. Benjamin Kidd, in his work on "Social Evolution," of 350 pages, makes no mention of woman until the closing paragraph. One would naturally think that in such a work she would be one of the main factors, but in his list of reforms, he does not give her the honored place. The list runs thus: Anti-vivisection, vegetarianism, enfranchisement of women, prevention of cruelty to animals, abolition of State regulation of vice; and thus is woman, constituting one-half of the race, sandwiched with these comparatively inconsequential reforms, and among them, even, does not occupy the first place.

Kidd's classification is almost as bad as that of the Jewish historian in the "Book of Numbers," who says: "The Israelites took, in their war against the Midianites, 75,000 sheep, 72,000 cattle, 60,000 jackasses and 30,000 women."

But Moses, the great law-giver, vouchsafes us one crumb of comfort in the Tenth Commandment, Exodus 20: 17, which runs thus: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his maid-servant, nor his man-servant, nor anything that is thy neighbors." Here the wife is given precedence to the ox and the ass, sandwiched between two classes of women.

But why is the wife subordinated to the house, or the maid-servant to the ass? Do they not fill higher functions in all our social life than the ox and the ass?

The poets, too, make woman a target for all their wit. Milton makes Eve, with womanly humility, say to her Adam: "God thy law, thou mine." Pope says: "Some men to business, some to pleasure take; but every woman is at heart a rake." Heine, the German poet, says: "Every woman writes with one eye on her paper and one on some man, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has but one eye."

But Arnold White, in his work, entitled "The Modern Jew," atones, in a measure, for these insults to woman in the following complimentary

passage: "The alarming growth of Jewish materialism and cosmopolitan indifference to family and national development, seems to call for redress from a source that is neither to be bought nor influenced. In the growth of the woman's movement, I look for the healthiest antidote to Jewish materialism."

E. C. S.

EIGHTY YEARS OR MORE.

HAVE you read the last book by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that splendid old philosopher—outrider on the path of human progress? My husband and I have just been reading aloud to each other her "Eighty Years and More," and we are both charmed by its style and deeply interested in its substance.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

Its steady flow of wit and gentle sarcasm is delightful. In all the years I have known and loved her it has been a wonder to me how she was "kept sweet"—has not been soured by the long struggle she has made for woman's freedom, and her right to live her own life in her own way without remaining in perpetual tutelage to man. It is all made clear in this book. She was saved by her keen sense of humor and her native wit—two of the greatest of blessings.

I have sometimes said, when oppressed by the sorrows and wrongs of the world, that had I not inherited a sense of humor I would have long since gone insane. For, with a lively imagination, those of us who see and think and feel the woes of those who suffer the worst cruelties of the world (which we daily seem to be a part of, in keeping it an inferno), we could not bear it if it were not for that other side of our natures, that safety-valve of sensitive souls, a sense of humor. That has kept Mrs. Stanton pre-eminently sane and sweet through all those years of contest before her greatness was grasped or appreciated by even those who were yearly reaping the benefits of her unequal struggle.

One of her chapters, however, made us wonder, amidst our laughter, if her slipping through life with a smooth temper and a suave spirit might not be due largely to that gum arabic and slippery elm diet in Kansas!

Truly, the book is good for the blues. That chapter is funnier than Mark Twain. What a superb tribute she pays to "Aunt Susan" Anthony, and how glad we younger women are to know that both of them have lived to know that their work is, like the soul of John Brown, "marching on" grandly and irresistibly, and that the time is not so far off now when their names will stand in honor and glory beside those of Washington, Lincoln and Ingersoll in the reverence of the lovers of freedom and liberty for man, woman and child. We are glad and happy that they have lived to personally know and feel the love and admiration they have inspired in the ablest and best, and to be sure that the gratitude of the noblest is given to them both.

Most delightful of all in her book is her absolute freedom from all cant and superstition, and the fact that her mind has never ceased to travel onward into new light "even unto this present day." That is a rare quality in man or woman. Most people get their mental growth by the time they are fifty or so. After that they stand still or go into that state of inactivity or retrogression, variously called second childhood, or "conservatism."

Mrs. Stanton has simply gone bravely and sturdily on, growing in grace and a sense of liberty and freedom and power and an abiding self-respect, and kept a youthful interest in, and a mature grasp upon, all new problems as well as upon old perplexities. That is superb. And I cannot recall at this moment six men of the past hundred years of whom it can be truthfully said. One fault I find with her book—the picture used as a frontispiece. It does not do her credit. It has a look that people, who do not know her, would say, "Women who do things look like that. I should be afraid of her and I could not love her, however much I might admire her ability."

No, I don't like that picture of her to stand in front of that book. If she ever had that look I have never seen it, and I know that it does not convey the idea of her as she is and always was, a strong, sweet, high-bred, courtly, merry, tender, womanly woman. I want that frontispiece changed in future editions. The other pictures in the book are altogether lovely, including the one of that sturdy son on page 201. I don't know whether he is "my son Theodore," of whom she writes with such admiration and commendable pride, or whether he is Gerret or "Bob," but he is a fine chap, and I'm just glad she didn't make him take the tops and nails and other bric-a-brac out of his trousers pockets before he posed for his picture. If she had we would have lost a part of the character of that boy!

The book should be in every public and private library which makes

any claim to keeping abreast of the times. Its philosophy, its wit, its humor, its information and its rich fund of recollections make it of unique value to this and future generations.

I confess that, as a rule, "Reminiscences" are a drug in my mental market. Most of them are stupid in method and uninteresting in matter—or both. Those just put out by Mrs. H—— put me to sleep. They are of the copybook order, "Be good (as I am) and you will be happy," "Keep your face clean if you would be a lovely child," and equally profound and wise things. And the method! It is of the copybook, copybookish. But Mrs. Stanton's is altogether delightful and I congratulate her and the public that she has put so unique and interesting an experience in such charming form.

H. H. G.

519 West 123d street.

DONATION DAY—APRIL 12, 1900.

OUR readers will remember that, following a custom that the ministers have religiously observed "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as the law books say, we last year appointed April 12, of that year, our "Donation day," and invited each of our good friends on that day or some day very near it to donate such sum as they were inclined to give for the benefit of this Magazine. The request was quite generally complied with, and we realized quite a sum of money, which greatly assisted us through the dull season of the year. And as we were educated as a lawyer to follow precedents (when they were advantageous to our cause), we have concluded to make April 12 our annual donation day, so long as this magazine requires financial assistance.

To quote from our last year's proclamation:

"Every publisher understands that it is during the summer months that the receipts fall behind, and that the expense of publishing a periodical is just the same as during the winter, when most of the receipts come in."

And this year, 1900, is to be what is known as "Presidential year," when two-thirds of the people of the United States—the male portion, at least—get crazy over who shall for the next four years be their special agent at Washington, D. C., to sign or veto bills passed by Congress; appoint men to office; issue Thanksgiving proclamations, for which he receives the praise or abuse of his constituencies as they may view his actions, and

what is much more important to him than either, receives from the United States Treasury fifty thousand dollars a year, in monthly payments for his services, whether duly performed or not. And this political epidemic often strikes Freethinkers as well as Christians, and when under its influence good Freethinkers never think of aiding the Free Thought cause, or the Free Thought journals, so we have to take that matter into account when considering the prospects for the Magazine for the present year.

Now we desire to provide for those dark days, when the expenses are pretty sure to be more than the receipts. And we earnestly request each one of our friends to help us to a small amount for that purpose.

If each person who reads this article, who really desires to see the Free Thought Magazine prosper, will send something, however small, the total sum realized will be quite large, and we shall not be obliged to call for further financial aid until April 12, the first year of the twentieth century, 1901. To quote again from our last year's manifesto:

"Please mark at the head of the letter in which you send your contribution: 'For Donation Day.' In the May magazine we will duly acknowledge all the receipts that are sent in these 'Donation Day' letters. For once, friends, startle the postoffice letter carrier with the number of letters he has to deliver to the office of the Free Thought Magazine. And as we are confident nearly every one of our subscribers will willingly respond to this call, we will thank you each and all in advance for your valuable assistance. Before you forget it, mark down in your diary at the date of April 12, 'The Free Thought Magazine Donation Day.'"

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND THE WOMEN.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4.—(Special.)—Cardinal Gibbons preached at the cathedral to-day on "The Christian Woman." He said:

"I regard woman's rights women and society leaders in the higher walks of life as the worst enemies of the female sex. They rob woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive; they rob her of her innate grace of character and give her nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery.

"They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, and have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities.

They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp position for which neither God nor nature ever intended her.

"I speak the sober truth when I affirm that for the wrecks of families in our country woman has a large share of the responsibility. The remedy for this is found in the teachings of Christ.

"The woman finds the charter of her rights and dignity in the gospel. The Catholic Church, following the epistles of St. Paul, proclaims woman to be the peer of man. But it is chiefly by vindicating the sanctity of the marriage bond that the church has vindicated the dignity of the female sex."—Chicago Tribune.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is a true follower of St. Paul. He believes, if a wife desire to know anything, she should ask her husband at home, even if her husband is an ignoramus. But, better than to ask her husband, she should depend on her preacher or priest for her information. The following letter mentions the kind of woman that suits Cardinal Gibbons, a woman without brains, whose head is only fit for a new bonnet to wear to church:

“———, Iowa, Feb. 5, 1900.

“Editor Free Thought Magazine:

“In my last I stated that Mr. ——— did not get his Magazines as he should. The mystery has been solved. Saturday he received the February number, went home, sat down to read it; the more he read it the better he liked it. After a little time he laid the Magazine down on the table and got up to light his pipe. When he returned his Magazine was gone. Turning to his wife he said, “Where has my book gone?” She replied, “I burned it up.” “Did you get any more of them?” he asked her. She replied, “I did, and burned them, also.” You can send Mr. ———’s Magazines hereafter to my office and he will get them of me. Yours truly,

“———.”

Cardinal Gibbons would thank God for a church full of such women, but women like Mrs. Stanton, Miss Gardener, Mrs. Underwood, Miss Wixon, Miss Sheldon and all others who have brains and think for themselves he would consign to his orthodox hell. The trouble with Cardinal Gibbons is, he knows that when women have a mind of their own with which to think and reason, and examine all questions, then they will have no use for preachers, priests and “cardinals,” and his occupation will be gone, for it has now come to this, that ignorant and superstitious women are the pillars of the church, and about the only pillars it can depend upon. But these are fast getting their mental eyes open, and such bombasts as this church prelate utters above will help to liberate them.

BOOK REVIEW.

BEHIND THE BARS; 31498. By Charles C. Moore, ex-preacher and convict, and author of "The Rational View" and editor of "The Blue Grass Blade." Blue Grass Printing Co., Lexington, Ky., with frontispiece likeness of the author. Pp. 303. Price \$1.50.

The author of this book is pretty well known to the Freethinkers of the United States, and although he has some personal peculiarities, as we pointed out in the January magazine, he is an able, honest man, of quick perception, good intentions, and a friend of Humanity. And we will ask here, Who has not peculiarities? A man who has no peculiarities generally amounts to but little in the world. He goes with the multitude whether they are right or wrong. He is a follower, not a leader. But it is well sometimes to have some friend point out our peculiarities, so that "we may see ourselves as others see us." That was our intention in writing that article and we are sure it will do our Brother Moore good—has already done him good, though he may not realize it, for we notice that the last issue of the Blade is a great improvement on any former issue that we have seen, although we never saw an issue but what we read with interest.

We notice this book "is most affectionately dedicated to my (his) wife and children," showing, as we know to be a fact, that Brother Moore is a good husband and good father and also a good neighbor and a good citizen of the republic, and that those who know him best think the most of him.

This book, as the title indicates, gives a full and complete account of his late trial, conviction and imprisonment, and besides a concise history of his most eventful life, that makes it as interesting as any novel. It shows how he evolved from an orthodox preacher to a radical Freethinker, and it is written in his clear, attractive, peculiar, forcible style, which holds the reader's attention from the first word to the last. The following quotation is from one who has read the book:

"The style is familiar and the little stories are truly told; at times there is grim humor and even a play upon words; the wit is nimble and the by-plays very elephantine; the pen behind the bars, in the prison cell where the story was written, is guided by a philosophic calm that is refreshing to the student and will be a disappointment to those who are looking for a veritable hornet's nest. The story fascinates and will not soon perish from the memory."

The book is for sale at this office or by the author, Charles C. Moore, at Lexington, Ky.

KANT AND SPENCER, a study of the fallacies of Agnosticism By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Company. Pp. 101 Price 20 cents.

The following are the titles of the four articles that appear in this little volume: "The Ethics of Kant," "Kant on Evolution," "Mr. Spencer's Agnosticism," "Mr. Spencer's Comments and the Author's Reply."

We are sure that our readers, who are mostly Agnostics, will be glad

to read what can be said of the "fallacies of Agnosticism" by so fair and able a writer as Dr. Carus. Whatever one may think of the arguments of the author, he will find very much valuable information in this book, especially in the quotations from those most distinguished men, Kant and Spencer—two of the greatest thinkers that the world has produced. Every one who desires to be well posted on the questions discussed in this book should procure a copy. We can furnish it at the very low price of 20 cents, postpaid.

ALL SORTS.

—Donation Day, April 12.

—Do not forget to respond to our request in our editorial article, entitled "Donation Day, April 12, 1900."

—We learn that the number of students at the Liberal University is constantly increasing, now numbering nearly one hundred.

—Sunday School Teacher (telling of deluge)—And then it rained for forty days and forty nights. Johnny Uptodate—Were the farmers satisfied, even then?—Brooklyn Life.

—Prof. Wakeman is exchanging "pulpits" with the Christian ministers near Silverton, which is another evidence that the Liberal University is located in the right place.

—We are glad to notice that one of our esteemed Free Thought contemporaries that did not, at first, indorse the "Liberal University" movement has become convinced of its utility.

—The accounts of the Liberal meetings connected with the Liberal University, reported in the Torch of Reason, are very interesting reading, and are worth five times the cost of that journal.

—Teacher—Bobbie, did you look up the story of the Prodigal Son, as I told you? Bobbie—No'm. Ma wouldn't let me take the Bible. She's pressin' autumn leaves in it.—San Francisco Examiner.

—Brother Jos. Haigh informs us in a poem published in this number that "The Devil Is Dead." That is the best news we have heard in some time. It will be a severe blow to the orthodox church.

—"Can you tell me," asked a Sunday school teacher of a little boy, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?" "Because they didn't have gold enough to make a cow," was the reply.—Ohio State Journal.

—"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have," exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table. "Then why don't you change your business, papa?" asked 4-year-old Nellie.—Chicago News.

—No better man could have been found for general agent for the new University at Silverton, Ore., than Pearl W. Geer. He is an able, bright, energetic young man, who comprehends his duty and fully performs it.

—The Parson (meeting Johnny, who is just returning from a bath)—Johnny, can you tell me where little boys who bathe on Sunday go to?

Johnny—Yes, sir. Yer come along o' me and I'll show yer.—The National Rural.

—L. P. Maxam writes in a private letter: "I am pleased that our Silverton Liberal University is prospering. I

have sent Pearl W. Geer \$10 towards the 'Ingersoll chair.' May many more go and do likewise; also remember the Ingersoll monument at Peoria."

—"Bible Stories" in rhyme is a four-page leaflet written and published by our friend, Jas. Haigh, of Chebanse, Ill., that should have a large circulation. Send 25 cents to him for a package of them to circulate in your community. They are "orthodox eye-openers."

—Persons who desire to keep posted on the doings of the "Liberal University" should subscribe for the Torch of Reason, the organ of that University. It is one of the ablest Liberal journals published. It is an eight-page weekly, at the low price of \$1 a year; published at Silverton, Ore.

—Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, is one of the wealthiest clergymen in the country. He enjoys an income from \$2,000,000.—Exchange.

Notwithstanding what the Bible says about getting through "the eye of a needle," he is not alarmed. He intends to get there just the same.

—Tommy, aged 5, playing with two pennies his uncle had given him, and putting his finger on one he said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen and the other one I am going to buy candy with." He kept on playing until one of them rolled away and he couldn't find it. "Which one did you lose?" asked his mother. "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied Tommy.—Chicago News.

—Henry Bird, of Trenton, N. J., writes us that Prof. T. B. Wakeman's "Lay Sermon," in the February Magazine, is worth a year's subscription. Mr. Bird's article, in the same number, is very good. There are two typographical errors in it that every intelligent reader will readily perceive. Compositors and proofreaders have not acquired perfection as yet, but ours are, Mrs. Stanton

says, "the best she has ever had experience with."

—Young men before entering one of the principal medical schools of this country are examined as to their general knowledge. One of the questions given to the candidates for one of these schools last year was: "What are the names of the books of the Bible?" Of one hundred and twenty answers, only five were correct. Among the names of books given were: "Philistines," "Marcus Aurellus," and "Epistle to the Filipinos."—February Ladies' Home Journal.

—Miss Caroline Kirkland, daughter of the late Maj. Kirkland, recently returned to the United States, after spending some time among the Boers in South Africa. In speaking of the native Kaffirs, Miss Kirkland has this to say:

"A Kaffir in his natural state has a strong sense of justice. I never want to hire any more Christian Kaffirs for servants. The minute a Kaffir becomes a Christian he will swear, lie and steal. I don't mean that the Christian Kaffirs are not safe to live with, but they are untrustworthy. The heathen Kaffir may be depended upon."

—Dhorna Vhegge, in an article in the London Agnostic Journal on "Balaam's Ass," says:

Incomparable ass! Thy lot was hard indeed. Ridden by a prophet, frightened by an angel, speaking Moabitish of the purest dialect, without even the suspicion of a bray; tell me, O shade of Balaam's moke! why was thy name unrecorded, and why thy burial place kept secret? Surely before thy time was there no ass like unto thee, neither has there arisen one since to speak as thou speakest.

This writer probably had never heard of Talmage, San Jones or Dowie, of Zion's Church.

—The Rev. Poulson says:

"We are led to wonder if duty calls us to overlook the most besotted heath-

en of the world just at our own doors while we are contributing millions in efforts to convert remote, faraway heathen."

The Rev. Paulson seems to be getting a little sense, but then we have been trying to improve our home "besotted heathen" for two thousand years with Christianity. How would it do to change the medicine for a short time? Suppose we give Science and Free Thought a trial for a short time and note the effect.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has aroused a sharp discussion there over a sermon in which he characterized many evangelists as animated by a purely mercenary spirit, and spoke of some revivals as "the snap shot conversion process."—Chicago Tribune.

"Snap-shot conversions" are about the only conversions the orthodox church is able to get these times. Of course, it is merely a commercial business with the evangelist. The more converts the more pay. If they last long enough to be counted that is sufficient for the evangelist. Business is business.

—Greenville, Pa., Jan. 25.—Insane over religion, Ebenezer Shelmandine of South Shenango, Crawford County, Abraham-like, attempted to offer up his 12-year-old son as a sacrifice. He stripped the boy of his clothing and tied him down to a rude altar and then attacked him with a huge butcher knife.

The boy's screams attracted the attention of hunters, who came to the rescue, disarmed the crazed father and released the boy.

The father swore vengeance on them for disturbing him during his religious ceremonies and threatens to attempt it again.—Buffalo Express.

Why do our Christian friends claim that this man was insane, whereas Abram, who tried to kill his son Isaac, was one of God's elect?

—The pastor of a colored congregation was warming up to the climax of his sermon and his auditors were wax-

ing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun!" exclaimed the exhorter, "I wahns yer against de sin uv crap-shootin'! I wahns yer against de sin of whisky-drinkin' an' de sin uv chicken-raisin', an' I wahns yer, my breddern, against de sin uv melon-stealin'!" A devout worshiper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whuffo' does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon-stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kase yo' jes' 'minds me whar' I lef' mah overcoat," replied the devout worshiper as he subsided into his seat.

—The Rev. John Kochurawf of the Russian Greek Church, 13 South Center avenue, will begin the ceremonial of blessing houses to-day. At 10 o'clock high mass will be said according to the rites of the Greek Church. The day is regarded in the calendar as that on which Christ was baptized, and the ceremonial of blessing the water will be part of the service. There are 500 members of the church and several days will be consumed in the service. The sign of the cross will be made before the door of every household connected with the church.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sun said some time since that this would be a lonesome world if the fools were all dead, but no one need fear such a calamity for some time to come; at least so long as the Russian Greek church lasts.

—Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 13.—Rev. S. C. Robinson, pastor of the Methodist Mission, who last Sunday night created an uproar in his church by denouncing from the pulpit certain of his parishioners, whom he accused of gross immorality, has resigned his charge.

The disaffected ones in the congregation were greatly in the majority, and after Robinson left the church they gathered and sang "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Journal.

That was not what they hired him for, to denounce his employers for

gross immorality, but to denounce the ungodly sinners outside of the church, and cover up the sins of those inside. It looks as if this Rev. Robinson was an honest man and that he will soon be an Agnostic preacher.

—Prof. A. J. Oliver sends in the following lines by Alexander Pope for the Magazine:

'Twas superstition
First taught the weak to bend, the proud
to pray
To power unseen and mightier far than
they;
She from the rending earth and bursting
skies
Saw gods descend and fiends infernal
rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest
abodes;
Fear made her devils and weak Hope her
gods.
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-
just,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or
lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might con-
ceive,
And form'd like tyrants, tyrants would
believe;
Faith, then, not reason, became the
guide,
And Hell was built in spite, and heaven
on pride.

—We take a paper published in a little country town in the State of New York, in which we see the following announcement:

There will be a union service at the Baptist Church Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, to be addressed by the Rev. L. M. S. Haynes, D. D., of Binghamton. Subject: "Moses Did Write the Pentateuch."

It is wonderful how much these little country preachers know. We expect the Rev. Haynes will follow this sermon up with the following subjects: "The Whale Did Swallow Jonah." "The Sun Did Stand Still at the Command of Joshua," "The World Was Made in Six Days," "Jesus Was the Son of a Virgin," "The Bible Is Inspired by God, Every Word of It,"

"The Christian Hell and Heaven Is a Reality," "Jesus Will Be Here from the Clouds Soon," etc., etc., etc.

—Chicago, Jan. 27.—In a fit of insanity to-day, caused, it is believed, by too close attention to church duties, Mrs. Anna Kudzen attempted to murder her husband and six children. She was only subdued after a struggle, in which Kudzen had one eye destroyed and a policeman named Peters was severely scalded with a kettle of boiling water which the frenzied woman threw at him.

Kudzen was awakened by the screams of his children, and saw his wife standing near their beds holding a potato masher in one hand. Kudzen asked her what she was doing.

"Never mind," she replied. "The Lord has told me to kill them all."

Kudzen immediately seized her and sent his children for assistance, but it took the combined strength of Kudzen and four police officers to subdue the woman. One of the children was slightly scalded by the water thrown at the officer.—Syracuse Herald.

If Agnosticism produced such results how our Christian friends would bewail its prevalence.

—Interest in the controversy between Dr. St. George Mivart and Cardinal Vaughan has been revived by the publication in the London Times of the entire correspondence between layman and prelate, occupying several columns. The main controversy turns on Dr. Mivart's views as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, Cardinal Vaughan insisting that Dr. Mivart make a signed statement of belief in the unqualified inspiration of the new and old testaments.

Dr. Mivart declares that to ask a reasonable man to believe such "puerile tales" as those of the tower of Babel, of Jonah and of the creation of the world in six actual days would be an insult to his intelligence. He concludes:

"It is now evident that a vast, impassable abyss yawns between the Catholic dogma and science."

Apart from the general question involved Cardinal Vaughan's position re-

garding the Tablet is quite generally condemned.—Chicago Tribune.

—Rev. Wesley Haskell, of Rockford, Ill., one of the heretofore most popular Congregational ministers in the State, breaks from the orthodox fold. This is what is reported from Rockford to the Chicago Tribune:

One week ago Sunday at the close of the morning service the Rev. Haskell announced he had decided to leave the pastorate, and would offer his resignation to take effect April 1. In explanation of this step he said:

I am not orthodox. I do not believe the Bible is the word of God from cover to cover. I do not believe in the substitutional theory of the atonement as held by the orthodox church. I do not believe in the final judgment as held by the orthodox church, the issues of which are eternal life and everlasting punishment. I am not in sympathy with the dogmas which cling to the Apostles' creed, so-called. Believing as I do, it would not be honorable for me to continue my ministry in any orthodox church.

—Rev. Artemus J. Haynes, of the Plymouth Congregational Church, of Chicago, says:

If the rolls of the Protestant churches of this city were pruned conscientiously, and every bit of deadwood cut away, the total membership would be decreased by fully one-half.

Here are some of the causes, according to the Rev. Haynes, why the membership of the churches is decreasing:

The revival is no longer possible among people of average intelligence. It was built on a system of theology that has broken down. More and more it is becoming evident that people will not subscribe to the old doctrines.

People ask why so many men are leaving the orthodox ministry. The answer is plain, though painful. But here is a fact that does not get into the newspapers—where one preacher steps down from the pulpit half a hundred laymen quietly pass out of the door. And those who go out are not to be numbered with those who are kept out for the same reason. The effort which the religious pa-

pers are putting forth to prove an increase of church membership is in itself suspicious.

—One evening last week, says the New York Tribune, a persistent young man who is fired with the ambition to become a great stump orator, drifted into a church where an experience meeting or love feast was going on, or at least was trying to go on, for the pastor had been called away suddenly and the substitute leader was a church trustee who had no magnetism.

The meeting was very cold and after two or three of the wheelhorses had given their "experiences" no one seemed willing to follow. The leader twice or thrice urged those present to "testify," but there was no response. Suddenly the would-be stump orator arose and said in his most persuasive style: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there seems to be no one left who is desirous of occupying the time, perhaps a few words from me would not be amiss upon the subject of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to—" He got no further. A heavy hand fell upon his coat collar and he was escorted to the door, which closed upon his heels with a bang.

—The venerable Julia Ward Howe and the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott had a lively tilt the other day before the Committee on Election Laws of the Massachusetts Legislature. Mrs. Howe represented the women who wish to vote; Dr. Abbott, the women who do not wish to vote. In the course of the discussion Dr. Abbott took the ground that women ought not to be allowed to vote because the majority of them are opposed to the suffrage, whereupon Mrs. Howe propounded the following poser to the old gentleman: "Were the twelve apostles right in advocating a better state of things in spite of the opposition of the whole nation?" The Doctor wisely declined to take up the time of the committee on that point. Mrs. Howe followed up her advantage by telling the parable of the foolish virgins, and hoping that

Dr. Abbott would not be found in their ranks. Again the Doctor was non-plussed, and, after considering the proposition, made no reply. Perhaps he was not able to make a satisfactory reply as to the oil in his lamp without consulting his housekeeper.—Chicago Tribune.

—Oakland, Cal., Jan. 21.—The Rev. James S. MacInnes, pastor of the Oak Leaf Congregational Chapel, in announcing his retirement from the ministry, said:

"I believe in dancing and a long list of other things that are tabooed by churchgoers when indulged in by ministers. If a man needs a drink he has the right to take it. When I meet a man on the street I like to slap him on the back and say 'Hello, there, Bill,' in a good hearty voice.

"I believe in God and Christianity, but the church is burdened with false ideas and full of sinful hypocrites, and some of my friends who might be called 'lushers' are infinitely better than these frauds of piety.

"The ministry is no place for a young man who wants his personal liberty. He must use too much hypocrisy and overlook too much hypocrisy in others."—Chicago Tribune.

The Rev. MacInnes is right, at least in one thing, when he says that "the church is burdened with false ideas and full of sinful hypocrites." The honest ministers are deserting the church as rats leave a sinking ship. "The old ship of Zion" is in a bad condition.

—"An' annyhow, women'll niver vote," said Mr. Dooley, interrupting Mr. Donahue's discourse on Woman Suffrage. "In th' first place, th' men won't lave thim do it. They have th' monnopoly now, an' they're far from foolish enough to let go iv anny iv it. Thim no woman cares f'r pollitics. Down in her heart she hates an' despises it, an' woudhers what it's all about. An' I don't blame her. Not till they start a pollitical column in Butthrick's Pat-therns will ye iver be able f'r to muster a corp'ral's guard iv women at th'

polls. I b'lieve if ye was to take th' sthrongest woman suffrejest in th' counthry an' sarch her ye'd find she didn't care whether Willum J. O'Brien was Aldherman or Congressman. Th' on'y time th' likes iv thim knows who's President is whin th' President gets married. He has their devotion in his wife's name."

"Well, I dlinnaw about that!" said Mr. Donahue. "'Tis lookin' dangerous whin Mrs. Donahue begins to think iv votin'. In time past she never knew 'twas illiction day till she saw th' pathrol wagon go by."—February Ladies' Home Journal.

—In the debate in the House on the admission of Roberts, the polygamist, Roberts said in his defense:

If you go to the teaching of the Great Master, whom I take it we all revere, although he denounced every crime, every sin that man can commit, you shall find no word of his in condemnation of the conduct of the patriarchs or of the law as it was given to Moses and ancient Israel.

And no member of the House dare dispute his assertion. And Roberts might have gone further and said most of the patriarchs were practical polygamists, and that polygamy was sanctioned by the Bible. And this Bible is allowed to lay on the Speaker's desk, and is used to swear in the members of the House. If there had been some member of the House brave and honest enough to have moved the following amendment to the resolution expelling Roberts: "That we also exclude from this chamber the book known as 'God's Word,' that upholds the said Roberts in his polygamous practices, and which is the strongest pillar of the Mormon church," it would probably have caused a sensation. Nevertheless, it would have been a true statement.

—As we have stated, over and over again, we cannot agree to return articles that we do not publish, even if stamps are sent for that purpose. Per-

sons who send articles for publication must be sure and keep copies of them. We are overrun with articles. Our general rule is, as we have often stated, when we receive an article, to drop it into our "Article Drawer," with the many others on hand. When we are ready to select articles for the next month's Magazine, we take a day, generally Sunday, for that purpose. We examine all the articles on hand and select such as we judge will best serve the cause of Free Thought and place the balance of the articles that we do not destroy back into our drawer to await the next examination day. Of course, we often make mistakes, doubtless, and do not publish the best, but they stand another chance, yes, many other chances. Recently we published a very good article that had been in the drawer a year and had been rejected each month for some reason, and that is often the case. Now we hope this statement will be remembered by all our good friends, and if fully understood and practiced will save all concerned much trouble and perplexity.

--Rev. L. D. Broughton, of New York, says:

Something must be done to bring the people into the churches, not on Sundays, but every day of the week. To do this we must make the church both a business proposition and a place of attraction.

If it is necessary to bring people to church we ministers might even go so far as to have a service where the biography could be introduced with biblical pictures, and with other pictures, too.

For the men who put prize fighting ahead of God we might go so far as to have a few rounds of boxing before each service.

Perhaps a one-act comedy might induce the theatrically inclined to stay until the sermon was over.

Then, to attract many others, we might turn the church into a temporary cafe, where we might serve drinks between prayers.

Brother Broughton seems to understand the situation. We will suggest a better way to draw people to the

churches than any of the above stated. Let such mountebanks as the Rev. Broughton leave the pulpits and have them filled with honest, intelligent, scientific preachers that believe in Truth and Humanity, and entirely discard superstition and hypocrisy.

—At a centenary meeting of the London Religious Tract Society, F. B. Meyer, who has recently returned from India, spoke of "the black sewer of pernicious literature" that is pouring into that land. It has one hundred and ten weekly newspapers published in the vernacular, which have a distinct bias against Christianity and the settled order of Christian civilization. In Lucknow and Cawnpore fifty presses are turning out tons of impure and anti-Christian literature every week. Buddhist priests translate Ingersoll's tracts to counteract missionary teaching, and not a student leaves the university in Madras without receiving a packet of infidel literature. The old religions of India, mighty as they are, are crumbling away before the progress of education, and many a student in passing through college loses all his religious belief. Then, when the soil should be ready for the Christian missionary, the infidel steps in and sows tares, and the great fight of the coming century will not be against misbelief, but unbelief. To pour in a flood of Gospel literature, said Mr. Meyer, is the only way of saving India.

Who will help pour in that flood of Gospel literature? Who will help meet this tide of infidelity?—The Christian.

We hope what the Christian says is true, but we fear that it may be a little exaggerative, as it is probably published to influence Christians to come down with the cash to pay for "Gospel literature" to "help meet this tide of infidelity."

—It is encouraging to find among the reported sermons in our Monday morning papers, such a one as the following:

The Rev. T. B. Gregory's discourse before the Chicago Liberal Society yesterday morning was on "Taxation of Church Property." He said:

"The great teacher is said to have declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and that it was the duty of his fol-

lowers to lay up their treasures, not on earth but in heaven. Still history assures us that the disciples of the Master, ignoring the Master's injunction, placed the grand emphasis on earthly rather than on heavenly goods."

According to the latest census, he continued, the different sects in the United States owned property to the amount of \$700,000,000, not including parsonages with their furnishings and grounds, nor monasteries, convents, schools, colleges, episcopal palaces, lands, etc., all of which are really church property and would bring the total value to over \$1,000,000,000. In fifty-two municipalities of the Province of Quebec the taxable property amounts to \$24,000,000, the church property to \$12,800,000. In Chicago the value of Catholic Church property amounts to between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

"All that property should be taxed just like the property of private individuals and corporations," the minister said. "It should be done in justice to the people in general; it should be done because the churches are money making institutions; because by exempting church property the burden of taxation of the people is vastly increased, and finally, to uphold the principle of the supremacy of the State over the church, which always has been denied by the Catholic Church."

"Star of the Magi" is a bright, new, sixteen-page journal recently started on its career in this city. It is announced as "A Monthly Journal of Occult Science, Art and Philosophy." It is printed on extraordinarily good paper, and its typographical finish is first-class. Its price, \$1 per year, or 10 cents a copy. We are not prepared to indorse its "Occult Science," but hope it is better than "Christian Science." Pure science, unadulterated, is good enough for us, but we know the new journal is Liberal, for we find the following in its issue for February:

When Marshall O. Waggoner of Toledo, Ohio, the converted infidel, burnt his Free Thought books in the church furnace of the Memorial United Brethren of that city on Jan. 18 last, he was not doing "God's will," as he supposed, but re-enacting a folly of the rightly named "dark ages," when the works of scient-

ists, thinkers and great scholars were destroyed that superstition might live. His insane act will in no way hinder or harm the cause of Free Thought; rather it is an argument in its favor. We wish to emphasize that a due consideration of the Bible does not impel men to acts of folly like the burning of books. The fanatic who burns books nowadays is to be sincerely pitied.

Then it says of this Magazine:

"This is the leading publication of Free Thought in America if not of the world. It is ably edited, handsome and durable in dress, and gives the cream of the independent thought of the day," which shows that the editor is a man of good judgment and knows a good thing when he sees it. We wish the new publication all the success it deserves.

—Bishop Chatard has this to say in the Indianapolis News that shows that the liars are not confined to ordinary people:

"There are modern miracles which cannot be gainsaid. I have personal knowledge of one that to me is a satisfactory answer to the claim that 'signs do not follow those who believe.' I have cited this case in my lectures on 'Christian Truths.' A man, by name Pierre de Rudder, of Jabbeke, near Bruges, in Belgium, had his leg broken by the fall of a tree. For seven years he suffered from this fracture, in which both the bones of the lower leg, the tibia and fibula, were broken, which was complicated with an external wound, continually discharging. Seven different physicians visited the poor man; everything tried was of no avail. The limb shriveled and dangled perfectly useless; walking without crutches was impossible. Not only was this the case, but on April 7, 1875, he was obliged to put on the wound an oak bark plaster to destroy the worms in it. The foot could be bent from side to side so that the heel was in front.

"On that day Pierre de Rudder, who had been praying faithfully to Our Lady of Loudres, visited our sanctuary

at Oostakker. The journey by rail and wagon caused him a great deal of suffering, but still he continued hopeful and praying. After a while he seems to have lost consciousness, for he found himself at the foot of the altar, not knowing how he came thither. He looked for his crutches. He had left them at his place on the bench. He rose up, bewildered; found that he could stand; that he was cured completely.

—The presbytery of New York makes the following charges of heresy, by their clerk, against Rev. Dr. A. C. McGiffert, for which he is to be tried:

Charge 1—I do hereby charge that the Rev. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Ph. D., D. D., being a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, and a member of the presbytery of New York, publicly denies the fundamental doctrine of the immediate inspiration by God, and the truthfulness and authority of the Holy Scripture, as set forth in the Confession of Faith and the Scripture itself.

Charge 2—I do hereby charge that the Rev. Arthur Cushman McGiffert publicly denies the fundamental doctrine of the Confession of Faith and Holy Scripture concerning Christ the Mediator by teaching that the Lord Jesus Christ during His earthly life was liable to err and did err.

Charge 3—I do hereby charge that the Rev. Dr. McGiffert, etc., publicly denies the fundamental doctrine of the Lord's Supper as said doctrine is set forth in the Confession of Faith and the Holy Scriptures.

Charge 4—I do hereby charge the Rev. Dr. A. C. McGiffert, etc., with publicly denying the fundamental doctrine of the

Confession of Faith and the Holy Scripture concerning the justification of the believer before God.

Charge 5—I do hereby charge the Rev. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, etc., with a violation of his ordination vow; that is, that he has not been zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel and the purity and peace of the church.

If the Rev. Dr. McGiffert is actually guilty of all those five charges he ought to be burnt at the stake, and it is a great pity the laws of New York will not allow it to be done. Such a criminal deserves to be roasted alive and burnt in hell fire for all eternity. He would have received such punishment a hundred years ago, to the great satisfaction of the presbytery before which he was tried.

—"Never-ending Life Assured by Science," by David K. Tenney, is the best scientific argument in favor of a future life that has ever been made. We have just got out a new edition of that pamphlet at the low price of six cents.

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THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

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Yours Truly
C. D. Waite

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1900.

THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY AND POSITIVE POLITY OF AUGUSTE COMTE.

BY C. B. WAITE.

THE "System of Positive Philosophy" of August Comte starts out with the statement of a law of the development of human intelligence; which statement will here be given in the words of the author himself:

"From the study of the development of human intelligence, in all directions, and through all times, the discovery arises of a great fundamental law, to which it is necessarily subject, and which has a solid foundation of proof, both in the facts of our organization and in our historical experience.

"The law is this:—That each of our leading conceptions—each branch of our knowledge—passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: The Theological, or fictitious; the Metaphysical, or abstract; and the Scientific, or positive.

* * * * *

"In the theological state, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes (the origin and purpose) of all effects—in short, Absolute knowledge, supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings.

"In the metaphysical state, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities (that is, personified abstractions) inherent in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. . . .

"In the final, the positive state, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the causes of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws—that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance."—(The Positive Philosophy, by Auguste Comte, Martineau's Translation, pp. 25, 26.)

This statement of the law of intellectual development is followed by what is called "the Hierarchy of the Sciences," in which they are arranged according to the principle of decreasing generality and greater complexity. Mathematics, the most general and least complex of all, being placed first; Astronomy, the next less general and more complex, being the second, and so on. The third is Physics; the fourth, Chemistry; the fifth, Biology; and the sixth, the least general and most complex of all, Sociology.

The Positive Philosophy is founded entirely on these sciences, and may be defined as consisting of the highest generalizations of science.

This was the form in which the hierarchy stood at the time when the "System of Positive Philosophy" was translated from the French by Harriet Martineau in 1851. This translation, though a very free one, and though it condensed several volumes into one, was endorsed and adopted by Comte, who placed it in his library as a part of his authorized writings.

Afterward Comte revised and extended his system, and out of the sixth science, Sociology, he carved another, which he called *Morals*; thus making a hierarchy of seven sciences instead of six.

Frederic Harrison, in his discussion with Herbert Spencer, when he came to speak of Spencer's criticism upon Comte's hierarchy of the sciences, commented with considerable asperity upon the fact that Spencer had treated the hierarchy as consisting of six sciences instead of seven; even going so far as to claim that this mistake showed that Spencer knew nothing about Comte's Philosophy.

It is true that the seventh science was established long before Spencer wrote his criticism; and it was no doubt careless in him to make no allusion to it. It is even possible that he had not made himself acquainted with this change in Comte's system of philosophy. But in order to determine whether the matter is of so much importance as was claimed, we must look at the nature of the seventh science, and at the character of Mr. Spencer's criticism.

The criticism was this:

First, Spencer denies that the principle of the development of the sciences is the principle of decreasing generality; he asserts that there are as many examples of an advent of a science being determined by increasing generality, as by increasing specialty.

Secondly, he holds that any grouping of the sciences in a succession gives a radically wrong idea of their genesis and their interdependence. That no true affiliation exists; that no science develops itself in isolation; that no one is independent; either logically or historically. Now it is difficult to see what the seventh science could have to do with this criticism.

In the first place, it is very doubtful whether *morals* can properly be made a science. But, conceding that they may, still, *morals* were, both before and after they were constituted a separate science, a part of Sociology; and Sociology was considered by Mr. Spencer in his criticism on Comte's Hierarchy of the Sciences.

There may be force in Mr. Spencer's criticism. Still, even if it be con-

ceded to be correct in principle, it cannot deprive Comte's system of all value. Spencer does not deny the fact that Mathematics is the most general of all the sciences, nor that Sociology is the most complex. On the other hand, Comte does not claim that any one of the Sciences, unless it be Mathematics, can be developed independently of the others. On the contrary, he shows their dependence and interdependence all the way through.

His mode of treating the subject is certainly very helpful to any one wishing to obtain a knowledge of all the sciences in their highest generalizations. This is all the Positive philosopher or general scientist can expect to accomplish. All beyond that must be left to the specialists in the various sciences.

COMTE'S SYSTEM OF POSITIVE POLITY.

The Positive Polity of Comte, which is an elaboration of his Sociology, must be considered by itself. The English translation consists of four large volumes, which were put forth some time after Miss Martineau's translation of his System of Positive Philosophy. It is claimed that this work, the System of Positive Polity, is a part of the general system of Positive Philosophy. This claim can hardly be sustained; not only because the later work goes, in many respects, far beyond the system of Sociology contained in Miss Martineau's translation, which gave, as Comte himself admitted, the system of Positive Philosophy complete, but also because, in the Positive Polity Comte has widely departed from the positive spirit and method which pervade his other writings.

When Herbert Spencer wished to write a treatise on Sociology, he first obtained, at great labor and expense, an immense number of facts. These he arranged in systematic order, and then proceeded, very cautiously and carefully, with his generalizations. Comte, without such preliminary preparation, plunges at once into generalizations. Many of these, as he himself admits, he leaves for his readers to verify. Somewhat elated with his previous successes, claiming the rights of a teacher, and referring to Aristotle, Descartes and Leibnitz as his exemplars, who also exercised the same right, he lays down the propositions which he expects to be accepted on his own authority.

He even goes so far as to prescribe all the details of the civil and political system which he seeks to introduce; not only specifying the different officials and their duties, but the amount of their salaries, etc. And in the system of religion which is to enforce the seventh science, Morals, and thus to become a part of the Positive Polity, he prescribes the form of worship of the Supreme Being (Humanity); he prescribes the organization of

the High Priests of Humanity, and of the Great High Priest, whom he calls the Pontiff, with their salaries, etc., etc. Is all this in accordance with the Positive method?

Many of the statements, also, in the system of Positive Polity, are more than questionable. For instance, he assumes, and states repeatedly, that the military phase of society has passed away, and been succeeded by the industrial phase. This change Comte looked upon as permanent, and made it one of the principles in his Positive Polity. He spoke of the military struggles, as having then (in 1852) "finally ceased."—Positive Polity, Vol. II., p. 116.)

Again: "A peace of unexampled duration has thoroughly established the spontaneous extinction of the principle of war."—(Ibid.)

Again: "Theology as well as War, the ruling powers of the early education of mankind, has disappeared forever from the advanced portion of the race."—(Ibid.)

As the reader is expected to verify this among other statements, he will probably do so by reference to the wars now being carried on by two of the most "advanced" nations of the race, against inferior powers.

The statements and conclusions of Comte are not always beyond question, even when they are of a scientific character. For instance, in his comments on astronomy, speaking of the planets, he says:

"We see how we may determine their forms, their distances, their bulk, and their motions, but we can never know anything of their chemical or mineralogical structure; and much less that of organized beings living on their surface. We may obtain positive knowledge of their geometrical and mechanical phenomena, but all physical, chemical, physiological and social researches for which our powers fit us on our own earth, are out of the question in regard to the planets."—(Positive Philosophy, Martineau's Translation, p. 132.)

In another place he says:

"We have seen that the field of Positive Philosophy (in Astronomy) lies wholly within the limits of our solar system; the study of the universe being wholly inaccessible in any positive sense."—(Ibid, p. 191.)

And speaking of our being tempted to hope that we may in time ascertain the mean temperature of the heavenly bodies, he says:

"I regard this order of facts as forever excluded from our recognition."—(Ibid., p. 153.)

Those who are conversant with the progress made in astronomy during the last half century will be slow to accept these sweeping conclusions.

This does not detract in the slightest degree from the attainments of Comte as a scientist. It only illustrates the tendency of the human mind to come to premature conclusions as to the possibilities of human knowledge.

All these things are mere blemishes. The system of Positive Polity is subject to criticism on account of defects of a far more serious character. These will now be mentioned:

1. Comte, in his Positive Polity, repudiates entirely the principle of civil and political self-government. This is so manifest throughout his work, and the evidence of it so abundant, that it is hardly necessary to verify the statement by quotations. In fact, whenever the subject is alluded to, it is in a light and almost sneering manner.

2. The system of Positive Polity strikes at the foundation of free thought and free discussion. Comte does, it is true, avow himself in favor of free discussion in Western Europe, except in journalism and literature (!)

His views on the subject of the freedom of the press may be gathered from his letter to Nicholas, Czar of Russia, written on the 20th of December, 1852. In that letter he says:

"In the West (Western Europe) there ought to be no interference of the police with publications of any sort, except a strict enforcement of complete signature—a regulation which French legislation has recently borrowed from Positivism. Any other intervention on the part of the temporal power would henceforth be tyrannical, and could only hamper the religious reconstruction. But in the present state of the Eastern populations, their worthy rulers may, and even ought, to assume a greater influence over thought. You already exert such influence wisely, to preserve Russia from a multitude of writings with which the West is infected."

In the West of Europe, where either freedom of the press was already established or its repression would be dangerous to the ruling powers, a qualified freedom of the press should be preserved. But in Russia and in other Eastern countries, where despotism was more firmly established, the press should be controlled with an iron hand, and the governments would be justified in excluding those very publications which could not be repressed in Western Europe.

But even in Western Europe the freedom of the press was, with Comte, to be partial and provisional. Journalism was to be repressed, and all general literature.

Speaking of the failure of his attempt to found the "Occidental Review," a quarterly in which Positive principles were to be discussed, in

their application to the intellectual or social condition of Western Europe, he says:

"The select public which I address felt more clearly than I did that there was a particular incongruity between the proposal and the general tendency of a doctrine which, by its natural action, involves the suppression of journalism.

"The obligation to speak at a given time, and within given bounds, becomes, it is true, less objectionable in proportion as the interval is longer; and yet a periodical judgment can never be applicable when that which is judged, the spectacle of human events, is intermittent. Closing as it does the spiritual interregnum, Positive religion will naturally put an end to the power which, owing to that interregnum, the litterateurs of the West have occupied. Hence the priesthood of Humanity should deny itself all share in an institution which it will shortly have to condemn as radically anarchical."—(Positive Polity, Preface to 4th vol.)

Again:

"Journalism and literature will pass away, in the natural course of things, as a consequence of spiritual liberty."—(Positive Polity, Vol. IV., p. 406.)

After the suppression of journalism and literature, whatever may be left of the growth of free discussion, is to be torn up by the roots, as will be seen by the following declaration:

"The Positive religion triumphs over the tendencies to criticism encouraged by its scientific introduction, and certain to recur during the abstract education, unless there be a constant surveillance."—(Ibid., p. 234.)

Even reading is to be discouraged, as hampering meditation; an exception being made in favor of the master-works of poetry.—(Ibid., p. 236.)

The library of a priest might be reduced to a hundred volumes.—(Ibidem.)

Free thought is of little value without the right of free expression. But Comte did not content himself with denying the freedom of the press, and with denying (notwithstanding his occasional avowals to the contrary) all free discussion. He attacked the freedom of thought itself. We quote:

"The fundamental principle of the negative doctrine appeared at the outset in the asserted right of every one to constitute himself supreme judge upon religious questions, irrespective both of his own competency and the authority of the past. During the Protestant phase, this individualism did not extend beyond the interpretation of the revealed books; but in the end it could not but embrace the entire domain of theology. Even its earlier field comprised divagations wide enough to render all spiritual organization impossible; thus manifesting how essentially anarchical was

the principle which exalted individual opinion against the judgment of society."—(Positive Polity, Vol. III., p. 467.)

3. As already stated, in speaking of his departure from the Positive spirit and method, Comte has undertaken to establish a new religion. Having passed through the three stages of intellectual development, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, he now returns to the theological state.

He has a theology, to all intents and purposes. He has a Supreme Being, and worship of that Being; he has churches or temples; he has high-priests, and a Pontiff. He has prayers, and consecrations; he has a calendar, and saints, and a large number of festivals, not omitting the Festival of the Virgin Mother. The whole scheme is a reproduction, with alterations and additions—it is doubtful whether they are improvements—of the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. Speaking of universal morals, Comte says he has always aspired to place them on a solid basis, "by the foundation of a new spiritual power, the worthy heir of the admirable Catholicity peculiar to the Middle Ages."—(Pos. Pol., Pref. to 2d vol.)

In the same Preface, he speaks of his Course of Lectures of 1847. "in which," says he, "I directly adopted the whole Catholic Program of the Middle Ages, and proved that the Positive basis was better suited to it than any theological basis."

Freethinkers will be astonished to learn that the "scientific teaching" of Catholicism "during the Middle Age was one of admirable breadth."—(Positive Polity, Vol. II., p. 100.)

Also that "it (Catholicism) concentrated intellectual effort upon science."—(Ibidem.)

Also that the Positive spirit "was long under the special guardianship of Catholicism."—(Ibidem.)

Comte claims to have passed through the metaphysical state. But he has a metaphysical Supreme Being. Living humanity might, in one sense, be considered a being; but the humanity of the past, present, and future—the Deity of the Positive Polity—is a purely metaphysical abstraction.

Without undertaking to furnish a comprehensive statement of the entire system of Positive Religion, some further points will be given, as indicative of its general character.

"The whole spiritual hierarchy is immediately and unintermittingly under the High Priest of Humanity; he names, transfers, suspends, and even discards, on his sole responsibility, any of its members."—Pos. Pol., Vol. IV., p. 224.)

This "Pontiff," as he is called, is to choose his successor, but his choice may be "influenced or corrected" by an eminent branch of the priesthood, consisting of seven members, to be afterward increased to forty-nine.—(Ibid., p. 225.)

When the husband dies, the widow is to take a vow of eternal widowhood, unless a dispensation be granted by the Pontiff or High Priest of Humanity.

The temporal government is to consist of a supreme triumvirate, emanating from thirty bankers.—(Ibid., p. 301.)

The spiritual as well as temporal rulers are to be paid from the public treasury.—(P. 300.)

All the details are prescribed by Comte himself, even to the titles of the books which are to be in the Positivist's library, the number being 150.

"It is in the proletary class especially that the priesthood will repress ambition; for in that class it is as fatal to happiness as to duty; allowing for cases of an exceptional aptitude for the patriciate. Habitual submission in all cases ennobled by respect, and often originating in attachment—this is the fundamental condition of its service to society and of its self-respect."—(Ibid., p. 290.)

Thus, the lower classes are to be kept in a condition of endless inferiority.

4. The system of Civil Polity consigns woman to perpetual inferiority, subordination, and servility to the opposite sex. The following is Comte's decree on this subject:

"Woman cannot, without forfeiting her proper nature, acquire the knowledge of real life, public and private, which is indispensable to the spiritual power. Her true civic influence is only an indirect continuation of her home influence, fostering everywhere the higher inspirations. The loving sex, therefore, in spite of its beauty of feeling, which every priesthood worthy of the name will ever duly respect, can never enter into any competition of social influence with the contemplative class.

"This will always be the only systematic organ of the power which controls society. The priesthood, however, must reach a moral standard, such that it can speak to man in the name of woman."—(Pos. Pol., Vol. II., p. 256.)

Not only is woman to be thus debarred from all participation in the control of society, but, under the old plea of tender affection and chivalrous respect, she is to be excluded from all the active pursuits of life.

"Effectually to perform their mission of controlling and guiding our affections, they must abstain altogether from the practical pursuits of the stronger sex."—(Ibid., Vol. I., p. 197.)

Such is the system for the benefits of which the citizen is expected to surrender his political, civil, and personal liberty.

It is a remarkable illustration of the fact that sometimes even the greatest and most gifted writers do not know when to stop writing. Milton should have stopped when he wrote "Paradise Lost," and before he wrote "Paradise Regained." Herbert Spencer should have stopped before passing the limits of Science, and attempting to establish his metaphysico-theological doctrine of the Unknowable. We had already had enough of metaphysics, and more than enough of theology.

And Auguste Comte should have stopped after having framed his admirable system of Positive Philosophy, and before composing his system of Positive Polity; a system which repudiates entirely the principle of self-government; a system which proposes to repress the freedom of speech and of the press, and even free thought itself; a system which undertakes to establish a new religion that is to retain all the worst features of the Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages; a system which not only puts woman in an inferior position, but places her in subjection to a priesthood of the opposite sex, one of whose special functions shall be to see that she does not "forfeit her proper nature," and thus get out of the sphere to which she has been assigned by those who have assumed to be her intellectual superiors.

"LINCOLN IS LOST."

—Rev. M. J. Savage, in his sermon recently preached on Abraham Lincoln, says:

Was Lincoln a religious man? If we are to judge by the standards asserted and reasserted every day in the year by the Vatican, judged from the point of view of the great Roman Catholic Church, Lincoln was not a Christian or a religious man; and to-day he is tasting the cup of torment pressed to the lips of the lost. If the teaching of the infallible church is true, Lincoln has never been saved and never can be saved. Judged by the standards of the Anglican Church and the Episcopal Church of this country, Lincoln is lost; and there is no hope for him in any period of the future. Measured by the standards of the Pres-

byterian confession of faith, which is being published still all over Europe and America, Lincoln is lost. He never complied with one single condition of the Presbyterian Church for being saved. Judged by the standards of the great Methodist churches of England and America, Lincoln is lost. Judged by the standards of the great Baptist churches of Europe and America, Lincoln is lost. Judged by the standards of the Congregational churches as affirmed in their great national council at Plymouth Rock a few years ago, Lincoln is lost.

And if orthodoxy is true it is well that "Lincoln is lost," for he would not be at home in an orthodox heaven, in sight of an orthodox hell, where he could offer the poor sufferers no relief.

CONSTRUCTIVE MORALITY.*

BY MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

THE battle of science and reason against faith has been won, so far as the civilized world is concerned. There are, to be sure, here and there groups of people who cling to the old faiths; but the attitude of reasonable persons toward such is and ought to be that of patient and amused commiseration. They are vestiges.



MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

The church no longer has authority in matters of science. Indeed, the church no longer claims such authority. It cannot. The chairs of science even in schools which are under the church's dominion have either been wholly given over to teaching the truth, which is so repugnant to the church's authoritative teaching on the same subject, or to harmonizing which means haggling about terms of surrender.

As an antagonist of Free Thought, to promote which this club was organized and long flourished, the church is powerless. On subjects which were a few years ago considered sacred, a man may nowadays think as he pleases with-

out arousing even the interest of his pious neighbor, much less his antipathy. The fact is that the neighbor thinks much as he does, if he thinks freely, but his respect for the established institution, the church, causes him to be inconsistent.

Only a generation ago the man who did not believe in eternal punishment was in the United States a wonder and a consternation. To-day the man, even in the most orthodox churches, who does believe that horrible libel upon a god whom men are asked to worship, is a curiosity.

The church no longer speaks authoritatively, if at all, on astronomy, on geology, on biology, on the origin of species, on human history and

*An address delivered before the Manhattan, Liberal Club of New York.

destiny, on the hereafter, although in the field last-mentioned it yet plays upon the hopes rather than the actual and confident belief of the people.

Apparently, then, the church possesses no authority at all. But woe to him who proceeds as if that were the case!

It has been said that even in its own schools the church has abandoned the chairs of science to its quondam enemy. But the chairs of mental and moral philosophy, or, as it is now more commonly called, ethics, are quite another matter. Science has not yet fully made good its claim to have so far conquered this field that the church's position in it is untenable. And, so fearful is the church of losing this last, and, as we shall see, also best protected stronghold, that the fact that he is not a professing Christian, recognizing the authority of the church in matters of morality, will disqualify one for the chief chair in ethics, I am told, in any university in the land, not excepting Cornell, over which Freethinker Andrew D. White once presided, and which was founded by a Freethinker as a Free Thought school, nor Michigan University, which was founded by a State with the intention of making it wholly unsectarian in character.

The last struggle of the church must be made on this field of morals.

Although it will certainly be ultimately demonstrated that the claim of the church to be the custodian of a perfected system of morality is as false as its other claims, which are now known to have been preposterous, a frank consideration of the subject in the light of what we already know about ethics will show that it is better entrenched here than in any other of the fields which have been one after the other taken by advancing human reason.

There are several explanations of this. In the first place, the church does not rest its system of morality upon the Bible, although it does pretend to do so, and that it does not do so will no doubt surprise many church adherents. But the fact is that in very many important particulars, Christian morals are at variance with the Bible and in other cases are inventions after the canon was complete, as to things which, by its silence, the Bible seemed to hold innocent.

Thus, for instance, as to polygamy, which the entire orthodox Christian world now condemns, the Bible contains not a single word in condemnation of it, and much evidence that, if the book is to be regarded as of God, He must have approved that sort of thing. In this matter, the Mormons really put the Christians hors du combat; but they do not win the battle for polygamy, notwithstanding. For the fact is that, unconsciously, it may be, the persons who control Christian opinion, while de-

sirous that theoretically the Bible be regarded as the guide of faith and practice, are practically only concerned that the church shall not lose its place as the authority as to practice. Therefore, the church has in times past adapted itself to the requirements of the most advanced ethics of the nations which it has rendered subject to it, and in this way it took its ethics of marriage from Rome, instead of Asia.

Persons who attack the church as an authority in ethics should remember this peculiarity; for, while it is very effective as a means of discrediting the authority of the Bible, to point out such inconsistencies, it also shows that attacks which are directed at the Bible as an unerring rule of practice, may fail to make any impression upon the church itself.

Another explanation of the hold which the church has upon people in the matter of morals is that, so long as a scientific basis of morality is not apprehended and a system worked out upon it, the church offers a reasonably satisfactory substitute for true morality, having at least as much claim to authority as any other, and the advantage of being generally accepted. Moreover, the moral teachings of the church have, on the whole, been at least well-intentioned, at least until its supremacy was threatened. During many centuries, most men, though never all, whose aspirations for righteousness and all men's welfare were strong, co-operated to map out church morals. These largely abandoned the field of faith and dogma to the less benevolent of the religious of their day, but they softened and beautified the morals of the church wonderfully.

As an empirical or rule of thumb system, which was until very recently all that we either had or could hope for, the church system, based upon the doctrine which the Chinese followers of Confucius call "reciprocity"—doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you—is in its fundamental lines about as good as we could expect. There are, of course, many excrescences, such as Sabbath observance, extreme views of conjugal obligations and the like, which mar the picture; but a great deal has been done to create a right disposition toward one's neighbor by the church in its inculcation of moral principles.

But all such rules of action are evidently empirical. The church recognizes this and laments the disappearance of the "sanctions" through the decay of faith in its dogmas. Indeed, for a long time it was deemed certain that no man would continue to be of good moral character who had ceased to believe these doctrines.

The reasoning was simple and apparently inevitable. To do wicked things was a pleasure. If one believed that to do them would incur for

him damnation, of course he might desist, although it would seem that the easy road out of danger through divine forgiveness might remove that sanction. But, if he did not believe that he would be punished for his misconduct, and if he did not fear such punishment, then he would surely, in pursuit of his own happiness, do these guilty and immoral but highly agreeable things.

But, to the consternation of these logicians, this did not prove to be the case in many celebrated instances, and the reasoning has fallen to the ground. The church greatly lamented this, but, now that it has had time to recover its equanimity, it finds that it has reason to congratulate itself that the things were not so closely bound together as it fancied. For, if they had been, its morality must have gone down with the fall of its dogmas, while now the very fact of the compliance with its moral tenets on the part of these distinguished infidels has strengthened its authority in the field of morality. The excellent moral character from a church standpoint of Ingersoll in this country, of Bradlaugh in England and of Bjornson in Norway, as well as of thousands of others in these and other lands, has given the church new strength and courage to fight to the last ditch to preserve its position.

Such conformity, however, with the established standards of morality has not always and everywhere accompanied Freethinking, not because the fear of punishment has been removed but because the disturbance of the faith in the church as an authority upon other questions led to a distrust of its dictum in matters of morals, and so to speculations upon right and wrong on the part of individuals. Newly-acquired freedom is likely to be somewhat licentious. Having let go of one thing, it is easier for one to let go of others.

In the earlier stages of freedom of opinion, it could not fairly be expected that persons who had with much tribulation emancipated themselves from the superstitions of the church, which was at war with them in consequence, should have much respect for it as a moral leader. They were by the very nature of their own experience compelled to recognize that the church leaders, their adversaries, sought constantly in their blindness to commit that most frightful of all immoralities, the suppression of truth and even of the possibility of finding truth or instituting an inquiry for it.

So they did not reflect that the morality which the church taught, so far as it dealt with the relations of man to man, was not at all a revelation as it pretended, but, instead, an evolution from the necessities of civil

society which was becoming more and more complex and exacting as the world grew older.

This stage of revolt against the church as a moral authority is interesting, but not especially edifying. It instructs more by the warnings which it gives us than by the sound arguments it furnishes us wherewith to overthrow the false standards or makeshift standards with which the church asks men to comply. For that period was one of unrestrained experiment, so far as that can be unrestrained against which the whole influence of society is set. What I mean is that the individual was not restrained by anything within himself excepting standards of conduct, made by himself.

The freedom or license which these persons who were certainly misguided as to what was moral under the then conditions, and probably misguided as to what is moral anyhow, consisted not in disregarding any of the other important standards of conduct, but in making a law for themselves concerning marriage and sexual relations. They of course discarded some of the purely ceremonial morality, inculcated by the church; but the main features, based on "Do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto you," were retained. "Not to be injurious" was still their aim. But, as to relations between the sexes, they taught and practiced a license which indicated that they saw no real light upon the manner in which the monogamous standard became a part of church morals.

However one may sympathize with these persons and even concur in their views, the historical facts compel him to recognize the great evil repute into which their conduct, deemed shameless by most people, plunged Free Thought; for it has not emerged from that stigma at this time.

The difficulty, it seems to me, was that these persons made the mistake of supposing that mere negation of the authority of existing standards, however discredited that authority was in other regards, could destroy it. Before the scientific authority of the Christian church could in any of its departments be destroyed, it was necessary, not merely to show that it might be mistaken, and, indeed, probably was mistaken, in its view, but also to show conclusively what was true. No demonstration that one statement is untrue compares with merely clearly proving what is true. Hundreds of instances might be quoted to show this, but it must be instantly evident to my hearers.

Up to the date of this revolt of Freethinkers against the authority of the church in morals, all ethics had been empirical. The best ethical productions had been a number of shrewd observations by a few men which

had become proverbs. In addition to this, there had been a wilderness of philosophical speculations, some of them very deep, learned and ingenious. Even at this day most of the ethical teaching in the universities is of this character.

No rational statement of the purpose of human existence had been arrived at, so no fair understanding of what tended to fulfill that design and what tended to thwart it could be formulated. The church practically gave it up by asserting that "the chief end of man is to glorify God and to keep his commandments." This is clearly begging the question. The old philosophers were but little better. They took an utterly individualistic view of the subject, without comprehending that morality was a social matter solely, and that if there were but one man in the world right and wrong would be a very different affair. Their view was that morality was such conduct as tended to procure for one the "summum bonum" which opened the door to a deal of discussion to to what was the summum bonum, which discussion has never really disclosed any tangible individual satisfaction which is not included in the word happiness.

It was reserved for this age to demonstrate that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Never until the facts of natural and sexual selection came to light in the study of species was it at all possible to posit a foundation for rules of human conduct with confidence that one was upon solid ground. These discoveries disclosed a purpose in life which gives more hope to the human race than all the alleged spoken and written promises of all the gods which men have superstitiously worshipped. For the god who speaks through the mute records of the earlier life upon this earth is unmistakably the god who dominates this world. No elaborate argument is needed to establish that, and it is only necessary to attentively study the records to ascertain his will.

The infinite perfectibility of the species shows it to be man's duty, first, to develop himself to the highest possible, because only that which is in him can be transmitted, and, second, to forward directly and collaterally the development of the species, directly by the perfection of his own progeny and indirectly or collaterally by helping to make conditions which will favor the speedy progress of mankind.

This foundation for a system of morals is simple enough, and still it will be found upon examination to be solid and comprehensive. All the social duties group themselves about it, social duties of a far loftier sort than those which are inculcated by the mere sentiment: "My brother as myself."

For instance, this fundamental conception of ethics arraigns all social conditions which retard the development of the highest possibilities of every person or the breeding of the highest possible types of men. Judged by such a standard, all of our present standards of human conduct seem pitifully inadequate.

It is possible that an entirely new terminology may be one result of this important discovery. The old terminology is derived from the idea that morals are matters of custom, manners or habit. The very word morals means customs. No doubt, too, customs which were insensibly formed were the original sanction for most acts, afterward deemed moral; and the religious sanction which came later was only an approval by the national deity or deities of what the people had already by custom determined to regard the proper rules of behavior.

An appreciation of this derivation of the terminology and of the thing as well will help one to understand that Confucius, the Chinese moralist, knew whereof he spake when he made the study of morals be the study of propriety. He was not deceived as to its origin nor was he willing to enforce his teachings by false claims to divine authority.

Moreover, to understand that the moral code which prevails among primitive peoples and which develops under civilizing influences into a complex and exacting system, is nothing more at bottom than the conventions which, in the experience of men, have been found, or at least thought to be necessary, in order that they could associate, is at once to lay bare once more the true basis of morals, namely, the social nature and needs of men, and to illustrate what is deemed an anomaly by many persons, that the gods of the earliest peoples apparently concerned themselves not at all, or very little, with morality. The reason for this is that the religious sanction for the code of morals came later, after it was pretty fully developed and their origin was forgotten. Then, it seemed very natural that the gods should enjoin what everybody knew to be good.

The study of the moral systems of the world under the impetus of the principles of evolution, takes on an entirely new phase. Hitherto this study has been speculative, in the air. What was done in the way of historical research was mainly for the purpose of contrasting our perfect and divinely appointed system with their imperfect codes, quite as they or such of them as still live, at least, compare our imperfect and sinful codes with their own, sanctioned by their gods.

It will be quite another matter to study the subject on the basis of seeking the cause for the adoption of this or that principle, in the changed

habits and pursuits of men. For instance, to study the slow building up of a prohibition of murder among peoples who were at first warlike and bloodthirsty and made murder a profession. Then, to study the evolution of the prohibition of theft among the peoples when their pursuits changed from pillage to tilling the soil. By this means, no doubt, the derivation of each of the principles of morals which is nowadays widely accepted could be traced, and it could be shown what varieties the practices accepted of men in this regard had exhibited, influences by the variety of their pursuits and habits of life.

Would it not be interesting and instructive, for instance, to analyze and account for the refinements of moral rules concerning taking human life which prevailed during the days of chivalry?

The study of this subject, in general, from the standpoint which I have mentioned, has scarcely begun. The new College of Social Science which was founded this year for the study of many things that are now either shut out of the colleges or half suppressed in them, is to start a course in the study of the origin of morals, which ought to be valuable.

The old terminology, "moral" and "immoral," may perhaps be left to the old systems which have been developed as makeshifts and which must still serve until the true rules of human conduct shall have been determined by long and close study of man and his functions and relations. It might be well to have nothing to do with the old words and to commend a deed which is social and condemn a deed which is anti-social by using these words, or better words, leaving the old to die with its entire terminology if it will, quite as theology is dying with its terminology of sinful and the like.

But the old must stand until the new is ready. Men must have some rules of association which must be respected. The rules which now exist have been found by experience to be tolerable and they will continue until men will no longer tolerate them. Conformity with them is a virtue and one should only refuse to conform when to do so is to fail to obey a higher law, is to do an anti-social thing.

There are two reasons why he should thus conform; first, on personal grounds because he will be punished by want of respect if he does not, and, second, because to give any force to the refusal to conform in some important particular in which conformity would be anti-social, one must not have habitually disregarded and trampled upon the customs of men when there was no reason to do so. General conformity emphasizes the

departure while general refusal to conform merely confuses one with the persons who are lax anyhow and careless of performing their duties.

Constructive morality, then, or sociology, as it may perhaps come ultimately to be known, will start with a clear grasp of the fact that man exists on this earth to bring himself to the highest development possible to him and then to aid in producing a higher type of men. Thus informed and enlightened, it will be necessary, first, to study the existing codes, trace each principle back to its origin and determine to what degree, if at all, it is applicable to the needs of modern society.

It was, of course, hardly my intention to attempt to do all this to-night. My talents and accomplishments would not reach so far, and, if they did, I fear that even the great tolerance and patience of this club would not avail to hear me out. All that I can hope to do will be to rapidly and cursorily sketch some of the examples of this sort of work.

For instance, the newly-found basis for morality shows at once why sexual conduct has, as peoples became more civilized, received a larger and larger measure of attention in moral codes. Before, this was a mystery because all knew that sexual passions are implanted in men by nature and with the strongest impulse for expression; and it seemed to be a denial of the beneficence of nature to assert that this expression was immoral. Besides, as the deed seemed to be a thing which interested only the immediate parties, injuring nobody, and therefore seemed also to fall within the lines of the golden rule, the ground for its condemnation was not clear.

Notwithstanding which, the very necessities of the case in the development of society have brought it about that persons who conduct themselves irregularly in sexual matters have almost a monopoly of the word "immoral," while persons who conform to the accepted rules of sexual conduct are called "moral," without much regard to how wicked their conduct may be in other respects.

None of the old theories of morality could explain this. The thing dealt with seemed at best to be one of the most trivial and venial, an amiable weakness at most. But the very foundation of the new system inevitably emphasizes sexual conduct as a thing of moral import, because both the development of personal character and the development of a higher type of men must necessarily depend to a very great degree upon a man's sexual associations. Thus, as it has been my privilege to point out in these rooms before, one of the first rules of the new code must be to choose for the mother or father of one's child only that person who seems to be the highest, so that to be his or her father or mother would be an achievement.

On the new foundation must be built a code of sexual laws which shall be more exacting by far than the old code, but which will command respect and obedience, not by authority, although eventually of course the force of society will be exercised to require compliance, but by almost axiomatic reasonableness.

Let us consider a few phases of this new code: First, contrast the rule of the prevailing code when two married persons cannot love one another. The prevailing code requires that they shall continue together, and it favors this by giving respect to such an union and punishes noncompliance by total or partial ostracism. One of the cardinal principles of the new code will unquestionably be that there is no greater wrong possible than for one to beget or bear a child for a mate whom he or she cannot love.

Take marriage, for instance, and consider what diverse and sometimes conflicting rules our hypothesis and the accepted canons of behavior give. The accepted canon is that persons not within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, may marry. About the only other prohibitions are that one must not already be married, that one must be above a certain age, and that one must be of sound mind, though to judge from some of the matches that are made, the last-mentioned condition is not very well enforced.

Sociology will make many other conditions, not merely to legal marriage but also to the propagation of children in or out of marriage. For sociology will declare it to be anti-social and wrong to marry without the impulse of love, by which is meant that excessive admiration which makes one to feel that to reproduce the loved object would be an achievement to be proud of. Sociology will also demand that the chosen mate shall be free from taint, from fatal constitutional weakness and vicious habit. Sociology will demand also that there be a reasonable certainty that the children can be cared for and educated, with a fair chance at least of developing the best of which they are capable.

Already these ideas are accepted by more people in their own secret consciences than accept the code which is still openly upheld by the majority. The education and emancipation of women is rapidly bringing it about that they are unwilling to be anti-social in these things. They no longer accept the commandment to increase and multiply as a positive rule of conduct. They feel in their hearts that it is limited by many other rules which are often paramount to this reproductive passion. As the very first of the new principles, they are warmly espousing the proposition that it is wrong to bear children unwillingly or for a husband whom one

does not fully love and respect. And they rebel against bearing children for whom adequate provision has not been made, so that they may be educated, cared for and developed. They sincerely avow this to be a crime. So also do they say concerning bearing children when one is enfeebled or diseased, or for a feeble or diseased husband.

In their hearts they know that the act of the abortionist is often more commendable than the priest's ceremony of marriage, and the divorce court a holier spot than the marriage altar.

They recognize the degradation of living with a man for a support and without love, whether held there by matrimonial chains or there by shameful choice; but they also recognize that to bear children for him and under such circumstances is not a palliation of the offense but an aggravation of it.

It is not too much to say that sociology, being concerned about the type of the race and about the development of the individual, will not condemn as anti-social either preventives or abortives; and that the new morality will, on the other hand, condemn unsparingly all propagation that is not intended and desired.

You will have observed, I assume, that the new morality is here and building. It could not be otherwise, for the idea of the social duties of men has taken firm hold upon even the humblest. Therefore, it is noteworthy that the new code is already coming into vogue and even in families where the superstition of churches yet lingers, it is slowly but surely displacing the old.

There are some considerations, however, which need to be mentioned just because we are in this stage of transition. For there are certain duties which sociology at this time must enforce which may not be duties at all when the new code is fully accepted.

To illustrate, the new code says with the greatest distinctness that fatherhood and motherhood should be theirs alone who truly and singly love one another. There is no doubt about that law, and there is also no doubt that the code does not further stipulate as a part of fundamental and ultimate ethics that these persons must publicly assume relations through a ceremony, religious or otherwise.

Reasoning from this perfectly sound premise, many persons have at various times and places concluded that they were warranted in doing as they pleased about wedlock.

Such persons confuse the old and the new. They have correctly apprehended the fundamental rule of the new code. They they have neg-

lected the still more fundamental rule of the new code that conduct shall be judged by its consequences and not by its intent, primarily. You will have observed that, while intent is important because men are likely to accomplish what they intend, sociology judges conduct entirely by its consequences.

Now let us consider these persons' conduct and its consequences. First of all, they lose the respect of most persons who are conscientious and are by them confused, as I have already said, with the much larger number of persons who are merely lax in conduct.

Then, if they dare to propagate, their children start out in life under the worst of auspices, with a stigma upon them which, though utterly undeserved, can never be removed. Judged by the just rules of sociology the parents have been anti-social in their conduct.

And so far as one can see, no good can come of it. No good ever has come of it. Instead of inclining men on the whole to think more seriously of what constitutes true morality, it merely repels them and disposes them to be more settled in their prejudices. A tremendous amount of suffering and bitterness must be borne by the persons who choose this sort of martyrdom, and without any benefit to anybody.

So far as the present conditions are concerned, the new morality also teaches the duty of fidelity to one mate. If a serious mistake has been made in choosing that mate, or if afterward he or she become so unworthy as to forfeit the love once bestowed, the new code inculcates not merely that divorce is permissible but that divorce is the only right thing, and this, not merely a separation, but a complete release of both parties. But within marriage the new morality will insist upon fidelity.

Consider the case of the infidelity of a wife, for instance, and its consequences in casting a doubt in the mind of the husband as to the paternity of the children who bear his name. Under existing conditions, where so many men would be entirely willing to be the fathers of children of whom they should never hear or know, the perils to the human race, if women were to be promiscuous sexually, are so manifest and serious that one cannot think of the matter without being aghast at the possibilities. For in the present stage of society, the burden of the support and education of children rests mainly, if not wholly, upon the father or putative father, and doubt of his paternity would make this an intolerable burden to almost any man.

Fortunately the conjugal fidelity of our wives and mothers is generally beyond question. But one may see what frightful consequences follow

laxity in such matters on the part of women, when one recalls the frequency of complete desertion of the woman who becomes a mother outside of wedlock. The wretch who thus deserts his own flesh and blood customarily excuses himself to the world and his own conscience by expressing a doubt whether it be his child. Under existing conditions that doubt is almost always solved by the man in favor of himself and against the child and its mother, largely because that course involves no financial burdens and onerous obligations.

To be sure, it should be a point of honor for a man to resolve the doubt in favor of the babe and to fulfill his obligations on the basis that it is right to run the risk of doing more than his part rather than shirk what may have been his part. That is another of the new moral lessons, also, which social duties must inculcate; and it is being learned. But, even at best, the performance of the duty by a man who harbors such a doubt will be unpleasant and attended with little satisfaction.

When the new social code shall have been fully developed and learned, it may be that there will be no such risk, because the joy of parenthood will be mutual and the consciousness that any admirer of a woman would be proud if she were to grant him the privilege of fatherhood of her child might metamorphose the conditions. But this is not the case now, in any event, and, moreover, the woman who so loves a man will not during her affection for him lay herself open even to the suspicion of unfaithfulness.

Nature has laid a foundation for the offensive double standard of sexual morals which has so long endured, in the circumstance that no amount of infidelity on the part of the husband can ever make his wife the putative mother of children whom she did not herself bear. But it is as certain as anything can be that the new morality will overthrow that double standard. For, with the greater emancipation of woman, the time is coming when her standard of manhood will be too high to admit of her accepting less than the undivided attentions of the man whom she honors by reproducing. She would have a poor spirit, indeed, who would be willing to mate on so unequal terms. Even now, when the financial status of the female portion of humanity is so inferior, and when to leave a husband often means penury and semi-starvation, women indignantly refuse to endure this. And promiscuity on the part of their husbands is practiced only by systematically deceiving their wives, which life of deception and untruth cannot be considered moral from any standpoint.

It is too early in the development of the new morality to forecast with any certitude what the ultimate conditions will be. It is confidently ex-

pected, however, that the financial question will be settled as soon as the new code is fully understood, by such adjustment of the conditions of labor that a support will inevitably be given as a reward for effort. It is also expected that society will so divide the burden of misfortune which now crushes individuals that no man will be left to suffer through no fault of his own. When such conditions of economic independence have been attained for all, there may be great changes in the relations of men and women. There are those who think that polygamy or complete sexual freedom will result.

This is not my own view, and I have seen little to support it, excepting possibly to warrant the word "freedom," but in quite another sense from that in which I understand it to be here employed. Everything does certainly point to this: that society is going to demand that no person be required to remain in marriage bonds when they are galling. But it is scarcely credible that the freedom will go further than this.

There is also apparently little reason to suppose that there is to be a system of marriages for limited periods or entered upon with the idea that they are to endure for a less time, though indeterminate, than life itself. The infancy of children, their care and nurture, their love and instruction call for so long a period out of a man's life that it would be as wise to talk about birds mating for less than the season. Besides, what woman is going to make a hero whom it would be an achievement to reproduce, out of a man who frankly says that she is a passing fancy, and that many more will doubtless pass.

No, it may be true that the marriage will not be for life—indeed, so imperfect are men and so imperfect one's knowledge of another, that it often must be true, especially in the chaotic social conditions of our life—but it is hardly to be imagined that the time should ever come when marriages will be entered upon with the actual expectation that they will not endure.

Moreover, in cases where very philosophic persons have tried this, it has usually been found that one at least desired it to endure forever and entered upon it and continued in it with that desperate hope. Rousseau, who was the great apostle of free relations, found that the relations which he entered upon as a temporary convenience proved, after he had sacrificed all the joy and pride of conscious fatherhood to that view, to be life-long after all.

If we may judge from the evolution of the ethics of marriage in the past, monogamy, the marriage of one man and one woman, has come to

stay unless the world becomes less democratic instead of more so. Under the sort of social conditions which are demanded for the evolution of the highest type of men, there will be a greater leveling of conditions among men. I am not prepared to assert, as some do, that there will be absolutely equal conditions, but the adventitious poverty of some and luxurious affluence of others will have passed away. All the glitter and false glamour which now attends mere wealth will have passed away also. Men will be seen for what they are. It would be singular, indeed, if the result of this were not monogamy of a severer type than we have ever seen, or heard of, an uncompromising monogamy which would mean that neither the old choice nor the new would be satisfied with a divided allegiance.

It has not been possible for me to do more than scratch the surface of this great and absorbingly interesting subject. We shall hear more of it in the next decade than in the last century if I mistake not. And certainly it must be conceded that we have made some progress since the days of Cato, the censor, who was famous in his day for his strict morality, but who was wroth in his old age at his daughter-in-law for objecting to his receiving a courtesan in her house.

THE (UNITARIAN) CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

—The Christian Register, the organ of Unitarianism, published at 272 Congress street, Boston, we consider the ablest paper bearing the Christian name in this country. We have had it on our exchange list for fifteen years, and although it often quotes from the most orthodox journals, either to criticize or approve, we never remember of seeing this Magazine mentioned in its pages. We do not think its course in this respect is on account of our inferior literary merit, but we judge it is fearful of being classed, where it really belongs, with "Infidel" publications. For some ten years we were a member of the Rev. Samuel J. May's church in Syracuse. He had no such fears, and often came over and spoke in our "Infidel" club, as did also his successor, Rev. Dr. Calthrop. And our friends sometimes said that they thought Dr. Calthrop hurried his ser-

vices at his church to get over to our club to give us a talk on astronomy. To show Mr. May's liberality and generosity we will state the following incident: We were going around the city trying to raise funds for what was known as an "Infidel" lecture, and met Mr. May on the street. We informed Mr. May what we were doing. He said, "Put me down for \$5." We replied in a laughing way, "How dare you, a Christian, contribute to such a lecture?" He replied: "If a Calvinist was trying to get money to pay for a lecture of one of his persuasion I would help him, and why should I not help this man whose views are not half as abhorrent to me as those of the Calvinist. I believe in giving every honest man a hearing. I will attend the lecture if not otherwise engaged." Mr. May was one of the very best men we ever knew.

IS THIS YOUR GOD?

LURANA W. SHELDON.

THERE is a growing tendency on the part of the "up-to-date" religious person to ignore the God of the Old Testament completely. They, quite naturally, prefer to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior and "divine example," forgetting in this preference that, if the Bible be true, God and

Christ are one and the same person, both integral parts of the triune divinity, with no individuality apart from each other.

Christ, according to Scripture, was merely the human personification of God, the materialized spirit of the Holy Ghost, the tangible evidence of the Trinity—thus, being God as well as Christ, he demonstrated each attribute and endorsed each sentiment of the "three in one" Godhead as per Old and New Testament, from Alpha to Omega.

If he did not do this he had no claim on divinity!

If he is not the God of the Old Testament he is not

the Christ of the New. To be one or the other he must be both.

"Thou shalt have no other God before me." "I only, I am God," says Jehovah. "I and my Father are one." "The Father is in me and I in him," asserts Jesus of Nazareth.

Who and what, then, is this God whose materialized essence Christ was? Let us turn to the only authentic source of information.

The orthodox belief admits but one God, regardless of His capacity for division and subdivision, and recognizes the Bible as the only source



LURANA W. SHELDON.

of knowledge regarding His attributes, His character and His dealings with His people.

To know this God we are told to "Search the Scriptures," and it is only after diligent searching of the "inspired Word of God" that this article is written or could have been written.

For who of himself could describe the appearance of God or conceive the length and breadth of his extraordinary nature? Man, whom the Bible states, was "created in His likeness," must listen in wonder to the personal description of the model, as given "by the mouth of His holy prophets." There went up a smoke out of his nostrils and fire out of his mouth. II. Samuel 22: 9. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him. Dan, 7: 10. Therefore I will wail and howl; I will go stripped and naked. I will make a wailing like the dragon and mourning as the owls. Micah, 1: 8. His eyes were as a flame of fire * * * and he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood and his name is called the Word of God. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword that with it he should smite the nations, and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Rev. 19: 15, 16. For Tophet is ordained. * * * The breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it. Isa. 30: 33.

Regarding his past dealings with his people, men created by him and in "his own image," it is written:

Cursed be the ground for thy sake. In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Gen. 3: 17. And he found a new jawbone of an ass and he slew a thousand men therewith. Judges 15: 15. I have removed the bonds of the people and have robbed their treasure. Isa. 10: 13. He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts; that they should not see with their eyes nor understand with their heart, and be converted. John 12: 40. For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel. I have put a yoke upon the neck of all these nations. Jer. 28: 14. And God spake in this wise, That his seed should sojourn in a strange land and they should bring them into bondage and entreat them evil four hundred years. Ex. 12: 40. He smote of the people fifty thousand and three score and ten men. I. Sam. 6: 19. And Er, Judah's firstborn, was wicked in the sight of the Lord and the Lord slew him. Gen. 38: 7. And the thing which he (Onan) did displeased the Lord and he slew him also. Gen. 38: 10. Thou knowest that I reap where I sowed not and gather where I have not strewed—thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchanges, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Matt. 25: 26-27.

Thou shalt eat it as barley cakes and thou shalt bake it with the dung that cometh out of man, in their sight. Ezek. 4: 12. Therefore the fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee and the sons shall eat the fathers; and I will execute judgments in thee; and the whole remnant of thee will I scatter unto all the winds, Ezek. 5: 10. Whithersoever they went out the hand of the Lord was against them for evil. Judges 11: 15. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah and God smote him for his error and there he died by the ark of God. II. Sam. 6: 7. He poured out his fury like fire. Lam. 11: 4. And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first born in the land of Egypt. * * * There was not a house where there was not one dead. Ex. 12: 29, 30. Then did I beat them as small as the dust of the earth. I did stamp them as the mire of the street. II. Sam. 22: 43. Wherefore I gave them also statutes that were not good and judgments whereby they should not live. Ezek. 20: 25. And the Lord spake unto Moses saying, Vex the Midianites and smite them. Num. 25: 16. Therefore he brought upon them the King of the Chaldees, who slew their young men with the sword in the house of their sanctuary and had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man or him who stooped for age. II. Chron. 36: 17. And nation was destroyed of nation for God did vex them with all adversity. II. Chron. 15: 6. The attributes of God, which taken in toto must of necessity form the "Godly" character, are mentioned throughout the "inspired word." Of his justice and unchangeableness it is written: "And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, both man and beast and the creeping things and the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them. Gen. 6: 7. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy and whom he will he hardeneth. Rom. 9: 17, 18. I abhor the excellency of Jacob. Amos 6: 8. For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. Ex. 20: 5. And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David * * * and the child died. II. Sam. 12: 15-18. For the Lord had fast closed up all the wombs of the house of Abimelech because of Sarah, Abraham's wife. Gen. 22: 18. The anger of the Lord shall not return until he have executed and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart. Jer. 23: 20. And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people. Ex. 32: 14. The Lord repented him of the evil. II. Sam. 24: 16. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth. Gen. 6: 6. And the Lord repented him of the evil which he had pronounced against them. Jer. 26: 19. The promises of God

and their fulfillment form a large part of Bible literature and are expressions of the sentiment with which he regarded his people. A third part of thee shall die with the pestilence and with famine shall they be consumed in the midst of thee; and a third part shall fall by the sword round about thee, and I will scatter a third part unto all the winds and I will draw out a sword after them. Ezek. 5: 12. And I will bring an everlasting reproach upon you. Jer. 23: 40. God shall likewise destroy thee forever. Lev. 25: 46. The Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt and with the emerolds and with the scab and with itch whereof thou canst not be healed. Deut. 28: 27. And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their daughters and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend. Jer. 19: 9. I will appoint over them four kinds, saith the Lord; the sword to slay and the dogs to tear and the fowls of the heaven and the beasts of the earth to devour and destroy. Jer. 15: 3. Wait upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey, for my determination is to gather the nations that I may assemble the kingdoms to pour upon them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger. Zeph. 3: 8. And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth, even unto the other end of the earth; they shall not be lamented, neither gathered nor buried; they shall be dung upon the ground. Jer. 25: 33. Now therefore know certainly that ye shall die by the sword, by the famine and by the pestilence. Jer. 42: 22. Fear and the pit and the snare shall be upon thee * * * saith the Lord. He that fleeth from the fear shall fall into the pit, and he that getteth up out of the pit shall be taken in the snare. Jer. 48: 43. So will I send upon you famine and evil beasts and they shall bereave thee and pestilence and blood shall pass through thee and I will bring the sword upon thee. I the Lord have spoken it. Ez. 5: 17. The "loving kindness and tender mercy" of God is further depicted in the following passages: But those of mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them bring hither and slay before me. Luke 19: 27. As I live, saith the Lord God, surely with a mighty hand and with a stretched out arm and with fury poured out will I rule over you. Ezek. 20: 33. A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord; even to his tenth generation. Deut. 23: 2. Bring upon them the day of evil and destroy them with double destruction. Jer. 17: 18. I will bring them down like lambs to the slaughter. Jer. 51: 40. Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood. Jer. 48: 10. Therefore thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Behold I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever heareth it both his ears shall tingle. II. Kings 21: 12. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her

whelps and will rend the caul of their hearts and then will I devour them like a lion. Hos. 13: 8. And I will tread down the people in mine anger and make them drunk in my fury. Isa. 63: 3. The Lord hath opened his armory and hath brought forth the weapons of his indignation. Jer. 50: 25. The anger of the Lord and his jealousy shall smoke against that man and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot out his name under heaven. Deut. 29: 20. I will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh. Prov. 1: 26. Therefore will I also deal in fury; mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity, and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them. Ezek. 8: 18. And I will pour out my indignation upon them. I will blow against them in the fire of my wrath and deliver them into the hand of brutish men and skillful to destroy. Ezek. 21: 31. The wrath of the Lord rose against his people till there was no remedy. II. Chron. 36: 16. He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one. Luke 22: 36. I will not pity nor spare nor have mercy but destroy them. Jer. 13: 14. Then saith the Lord, pray not for the people for their good. When they fast I will not hear their cry; and when they offer burnt offerings and an oblation I will not accept them, but I will consume them by the sword and by the famine and by the pestilence. Jer. 14: 12. Therefore behold, I, even I, will utterly forget you. I will forsake you * * * and cast you out of my presence. And I will bring an everlasting reproach upon you and a perpetual shame which shall not be forgotten. Jer. 23: 39, 40. Then shall mine anger be accomplished and I will cause my fury to rest upon them and I will be comforted, and they shall know that I the Lord have spoken it in my zeal when I have accomplished my fury in them. Ezek. 5: 13. As silver is melted in the midst of a furnace so shall ye be melted in the midst thereof, and he shall know that I the Lord have poured out my fury upon you. Ezek. 22: 22. And I will execute great vengeance upon them with furious rebukes and they shall know that I am the Lord when I shall lay my vengeance upon them. Ez. 25: 17.

These, then, are a few of the authentic facts regarding the Christian's God, the Being whom we, his "images," are commanded to worship. This is the God of the New Testament as well as the Old, whose will, according to the Gospels, Christ came upon earth to do. This is the God of the Martyr, of the Hypocrite, and of the Fool. We ask you, oh, man of reason and understanding, is this your God?

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE SACRED TRINITY.

BY PROF. CHARLES G. BROWN.



CHARLES G. BROWN.

THE Good, the Beautiful, the True!
These are the honored ones;
The sacred Three,
To whom we bend the knee.

Thou Good! We bend the knee to thee,
For Goodness in, and of
Itself, is good;
A Fetich not of wood.

Thou Beautiful! We bend to thee,
For Beauty is its own
Excuse for being;
An Idol served by seeing.

Thou True! We bend to thee the knee,
For Truth is just and right,
And Right is brave;
A Totem that does save.

The Good, the Beautiful, the True!
These are the honored ones;
The only Three,
To whom we bend the knee.

Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AN OCCULT SCIENCE.

BY FREDERICK MAINS.

A CHICAGO CLERGYMAN, in a recent sermon, said: The religion of ghosts, amulets, fetiches, demons, hobgoblins, sirens, apparitions, specters, spooks, evil eyes, shadows and visions has made a great gospel truth the center of Satanic trickeries. This statement seems to imply a law of gravitation. It raises a logical inference that this "great gospel truth" is, by natural law, the "center of Satanic trickeries." Of course in the midst of these creatures of speculative theology stands the doctor of divinity, tenaciously clinging to that "great gospel truth," and quoting the

Scripture, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost shall come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me," he proclaims, "Instead of a mob of dishonest spiritualistic impostors we have one great mediator, Jesus Christ himself."

What is this "religion of ghosts" which has made this "great gospel truth" the "one great medium," Jesus Christ the "center of Satanic trickeries?" We answer that it is but one form of the occult science which has fought the progress of true science in every age of the past, and to-day stands as the greatest deterrent force to the onward march of civilization. The supernatural alone furnishes the differentiating characteristics of Christianity. It is an evolution of occult science. It is founded on the supposed action or influence of occult qualities, or supernatural powers. Strip the Christian religion of that which is occult—the invisible, secret, concealed, and unknown—that which is hidden from the eye and the understanding, and its substance is gone. It is the alleged existence and operation of that which is without or beyond sense perception which distinguishes religion from rationalism. The supernatural is its foundation and structure.

Since the Bible became an authority in occult science, Jesus has been the center of the deceptions of the black art. This may seem harsh to those who have been taught that Jesus came into the world but to save and to bless. But history informs us that in his name millions have been put to death because of the persecutor's belief in his teachings and those of the Old Testament Scriptures which he sanctioned. The object of this article is to assist in a humble way in rescuing the man Jesus from that stupendous system of mythology centered in the belief that he was and is God and the Son of God. Error, no matter how pious, if accepted by mankind as the truth, must ultimately bring self-inflicted damnation. He is the best friend of Jesus who will in the cause of truth assist in destroying the power which in his name teaches the sacredness of biblical error and in the name of religion sanctifies ignorance. Could the man Jesus now exercise the supernatural power he once claimed to possess, he would destroy the stamp of infallibility which the church has placed upon the Scriptures, and in the light of true science invite the Christian nations into the liberty of truth. The persecutions of the innocent by those who have believed in his teachings would certainly turn him from the error of his way.

Jesus was a magician—a master of all those pretended arts which produce effects by the assistance of supernatural agencies. His alleged mastery of the secret forces in nature has been the envy of every occult scientist in christendom. Who but an unbeliever can deny the existence of a personal devil operating on the conduct of men when the Scriptures inform us that he took Jesus up into an exceeding high mountain and offered him "all the kingdoms of the world" if he would bow down and worship His Satanic Majesty. But at this critical stage of the temptation Jesus spoke the magical words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and the theological Son of God was saved from the worship of the devil and the world was rescued from the dominion of one sorely tempted to rule as the bribed vassal of the

Genius of Evil. It is alleged in proof of his skill in occult science that he turned water into wine, blessed and multiplied the loaves and fishes, blasted the fig tree, cleansed the lepers, restored the withered hand, cured the deaf and dumb, healed the sick, raised the dead, calmed the tempest, walked on the sea, gave to the world divine authority for belief in witchcraft by casting out devils, conferred on his disciples the same power, and thousands of his followers since are alleged to have exercised control over the forces of nature by means of the same supernatural agencies.

But these supposed miracles are examples of occult science on a small scale only. The creation, the fall, the deluge, the selection and guidance of the Israelites as a chosen people, their subjugation, captivity and prophesied deliverance, and finally the salvation or damnation of the race through the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus "predestined according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," are the principal features which make up this great compendium of occult science—the Holy Bible.

Modern science began with the rejection of biblical science. It has progressed in spite of the opposition of Scriptural authority. Rejecting miracles for facts, true science promises the triumphant deliverance of the entire race from the superstitions of an ignorant past. Men refuse to longer believe in the spiritualism of the "one great medium." The revelations of science compel a rejection of the great magician. He must rest on his merits as a man. The good which he taught, and which antedated his career of discipleship in the false philosophy of antiquity, must be separated from the bad. The man must be rescued from his theology. The processes of evolution, of growth, of life will go on. The medical profession will not discard the certain cure of known disease for the "laying on of hands." We no longer welcome the invasion of the germ armies of pestilence and death and in prayerful mood trust to miraculous deliverance by the man-gods. For a thousand years christendom trusted in the remedies prescribed by the Great Physician while contagion and death stilled the lips of millions who breathed his name in prayer. We cannot give up the telescope and our knowledge of the universe to peer with the unaided eye of faith into the night of biblical superstitions. The Bible can never displace in our secular schools the text books on geology and physics. The story of creation as found in the occult science of Genesis, is now taught in the theological seminary, only, where it promises a lucrative salary for the future prostration of reason and truth. The New Testament religion of signs and wonders is giving way to scientific knowledge of the laws which govern the suns and the stars in their circuits through the illimitable depths of space. The authority of the Bible as an antiquated treatise on witchcraft, possession, the devil and the "Prince of the Power of the Air," received a deathblow when for all time the infidel, Ben Franklin, by a simple device bottled and corked the Big Thunder of Christian theology and converted this satanic power to the utilitarian methods of electrical science. The Christian religion made its supreme argument when it destroyed the alleged victims of witchcraft and murdered the

heretics. Mankind cannot afford to retrace its steps from the laboratories of physics, chemistry and electricity along the painful journey of centuries to become students in Jesus' school of magic. It is the boast of Christians that the gospel of the Bible will yet be carried into all lands, but a book which teaches that the world is flat can never circumnavigate the globe as the inerrant word of truth. The simplest native must discern that it is self-condemned.

The essence of the Christian religion in faith, worship and practice must be determined by those outward acts and forms by which the Christians indicate their recognition of the existence of a power superior to nature exercising special control over their destiny, and by which they evince that obedience, service and honor which they conceive to be due to the same, together with such conduct and expressions as make plain their love, fear and awe of the supernatural. All these distinguishing features relate to that which is occult. Christ as the "great gospel truth" is an untruth, and the sacred error perpetuated in his name cursed the Christian nations with strife, hate, persecutions and every conceivable sin of ignorance and superstition, until the light of science revealed its crimes and destroyed its power. Christ—the magician, the spiritualistic medium—as the central figure in the Christian religion, is the logical center about which circle the ghosts and other apparitions of Christian spiritualism. These are the witnesses to this occult power of the Holy Ghost. Jesus gave a true test by which we are to judge the religion which bears his name. "Every tree is known by his own fruit." "For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes," is the revealed truth of observation and experience. The martyred heretics are in historical evidence of this. Of the thorns of occult science planted by Jesus and nourished by the church, Christianity has reaped a harvest of judicial murders for alleged witchcraft and heresy, while the fruit of the fig tree perished ungathered. And still the multitude wanders 'mid the brambles of religious error while the laborers are few in the vineyard of truth.

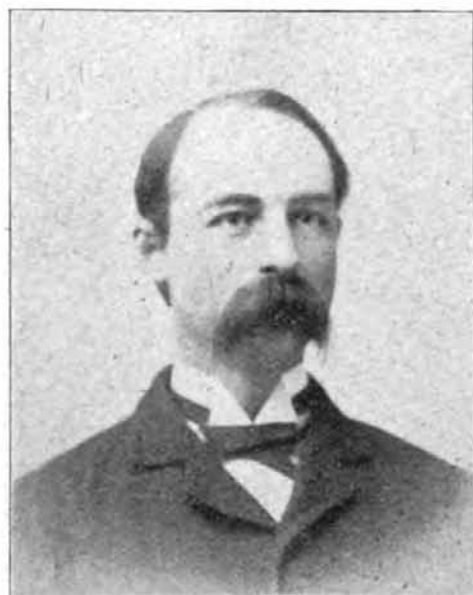
Slowly but surely men are coming to believe their own senses. Through their exercise such a fund of knowledge has been brought to the aid of reason that men prefer to live in the light of day rather than grope in the night of ignorant faith. The natural horizon is broadening. That of the supernatural is vanishing. The earth is but a part of the heavens, and here we would live our dream of bliss. The present is ever insecure, but we are trustful. With no ignorant fear of the future, we hope for the best. We must work for the overthrow of the gospel of visions, and spread the good news of science and truth. Let us cheerfully labor for the inauguration of that universal liberty wherein every man shall say to his brother, "I will listen to reason;" dispel the mysticism of Christian theology that would obscure goodness in the "great mystery of godliness;" banish the ghosts of superstition; and meet these solemnly ordained dispensers of sacred error with the sentiment:

"I'd rather be the least of those who stand for truth alone,
Than be a salaried clergyman and sit on error's throne."

TRUTH IS REALITY—SOMETHING THAT ACTUALLY EXISTS.

BY S. LAFAYETTE WILLARD.

TRUTH is harmonious with natural principles; whatever is antagonistic to the plan of nature is properly consigned to the domain of falsehood. The foregoing propositions, according to demonstration in Natural Science and the light of intellectual research, need no argument to sustain them.



S. LAFAYETTE WILLARD.

The scope of this article is not to produce arguments in favor of truths which are already established, but to disprove the validity of dogmas which are generally accepted as truths but lack rational evidence to sustain them. In treating of this subject, it is just to give precedence to no commentator—to acknowledge no man as superior, but let the light of truth shine in the glorious refulgence of its splendor.

The ancient and venerated volume, the Bible, must be placed side by side with other sources of information; its moral precepts are by no means disparaged; its code of laws founded upon the experience of ages is worthy of indulgence; its historical data are, with some exceptions, valuable; but, the mythological characteristics, the sacred origin, the deistical revelations attributed to it, and the inspiration of its authors are points in question.

Though many have prophesied, the nearest approach to foreknowledge comes from past experience or sequences of natural cause. Of all who profess to believe the gospel that Jesus is said to have sent his disciples into the world to preach immediately preceding his flight to higher realms, not one is followed by the necessary signs, not one has faith to take the dead'y draught without consequences of natural harm.

Let us depart from the incredible doctrine which is inculcated into the pates of hundreds and thousands around us Sunday after Sunday and consider for a moment that which, according to the terms of this writing, would partly be out of its scope. If we travel from any given point in the same direction through space we will always be surrounded by an infinite abyss in every direction; in other words, we will never reach a point without distance beyond it; therefore, the conclusion is evident that space is infinite and without limit. The universe of material substance is subject to homogeneous forces which, analogically, must operate upon all matter

alike, the result being suns, planets, and organic life unlimited. We inquire what is this model of wisdom and accuracy on which the intricate workings of the universe can be constructed without a flaw or possibility of collision; what is the design of this change which is reducing the crude material to the organic, and the organic to mental products? We can conceive of the ultimate being reached in the individualized spiritual existence, but the proof of such an existence awaiting with open arms to receive us is absolutely lacking to the materialist. We discern an active, intelligent principle pervading the universe producing the primal germs of organic life and continuing up to our highest mental developments. Here the light is eclipsed and we are permitted to meditate and revel in the solace that our existence is eternal, though, perhaps, only in the material condition.

Weddington, Ark.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

BY IRVING H. PALMER.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

It has become the fashion to inveigh against divorces and to deprecate the frequency and facility with which they are granted, instead of removing the causes from which they result.



IRVING H. PALMER.

There are two practical measures for diminishing the number of divorces:

1. To lessen the number of marriages.
2. To remove the causes for divorces by reforming mankind.

The churches will oppose the first measure because marriages are a source of income, which would be diminished by lessening the number of marriages; nor can the churches be expected to render any practical assistance in removing the causes which produce divorces.

While they are perfunctorily pretending to reform mankind, divorces and the causes from which they result are not diminishing from any effort of the churches. If vice,

misery and debauchery were eradicated, revivalists and evangelists, so-called, would have no occupation. Without slums there would be no enemy and no battlefield for the Salvation Army, which would soon have to disband for want of occupation. The sources of supply and demand

for this business are substantially the same. The one is complement of the other, therefore the churches are not in favor of the extinction of the causes from which divorces result, however much they may pretend to be; so the pretense is insincere.

Unlike other civil contracts, marriages cannot be rescinded or annulled by the consent of the parties by whom the contract was made. The State insists upon giving or withholding its consent to every divorce, thereby becoming a party thereto. Would it not be well if the State also insisted on being made a party to every contract of marriage, by requiring that its consent to every marriage should be first obtained and witnessed by a license; and that before such license shall be granted the parties contemplating matrimony should each submit to a crucial physical, legal, moral and mental examination by a competent board of experts appointed for that purpose, and only granted in case both parties are found to be fitted for the married state and qualified to discharge all of the duties and functions growing out of the domestic relations incident to marriage. By this means the race could be greatly improved in process of time and the increase of criminals and degenerates would be checked or prevented.

The civil action, for breach of promise of marriage, ought to be abolished, at least until after the fitness of the parties has been demonstrated by the proposed examination and the license to marry has been issued. The existence of anything which would serve to disqualify either party should constitute a complete defense to the action for breach of promise of marriage.

As this action has never served any very useful purpose and has often served as the basest of means to accomplish an unjust end, it ought to be abolished entirely.

If, after marriage, either party becomes incapacitated for performing the express and implied terms and provisions of the contract, a re-examination should be had before the board authorized to examine either or both upon a proper petition; the court should direct the examination and act upon its results; and in a proper case and for sufficient cause the marriage should be annulled. Sentiment and prejudice should yield to science and common sense, and the race would improve and develop more rapidly and soon attain to a degree of perfection never attainable under present conditions.

To make men better they must be provided with better parents and better environments. Accomplish this and every other good will follow as an incident, and soon a race will result which will have no need of either a "redeemer" or "salvation."

Cortland, N. Y.

THE REV. DR. MANN AND HIS STARS.

BY JOHN PECK.

"Who Shall Decide When Doctors Disagree?"

WHY should men dispute about matters which in the nature of things no human being can know anything about? Before the reverend gentleman attempts to correct another he should be very sure that he stands on safe ground himself. He takes Mr. Tenney to task for stating in an offhand way that there are 10,000,000,000 stars. But this statement is far below, and probably only a fraction of the number which really exists. The reverend puts the actual number at 100,000,000. He says that Mr. Tenney made a mistake of 9,900,000,000 stars. Has the gentleman ever calculated how long it would take to count 100,000,000 stars? Counting at a very rapid rate it would take over twenty years. Will the reverend gentleman please inform us who spent twenty years in counting stars, and counted until there were no more to count, and found out that 100,000,000 was the "outside number?"

If it is only guess work, which it really is, one man's guess is about as good as another's. The number of stars in our own cluster is probably not known by many millions. The cluster of stars or nebulae in which our sun is situated has been sounded, and its shape or contour ascertained with considerable exactness. It is shaped something like a double convex lens. If two saucers be placed together with the bottoms outward they will fairly well represent the shape of our cluster of stars.

All the stars seen with the naked eye and all stars visible through telescopes of moderate power belong to our cluster. Our sun, which is one of the stars, is situated near the center of the nebulae. In looking from our position to that part of the cluster which would be represented by the edges of the saucers, so many stars are in the field of view that each star cannot be seen separately. They seem to be compacted and wedged together, and their combined light produces the curdled belt which surrounds the heavens, which we call the "milky way." The great reflector of the elder Herschel would separate those stars, which to the naked eye appear like an agglomeration. He found in the densest part of the milky way five hundred stars ranged nearly one behind the other, and the distance intervening between them was as great as that which intervened between our sun and the nearest fixed star.

Now will the Rev. Mr. Mann please give us the exact number of stars in our cluster? The most noted astronomers do not and never can agree as to the exact number. It is a matter of calculation, and not of exact count. The estimates of Herschel, Struve and other astronomers do not agree, and nothing short of infinite wisdom can determine the exact number. And to say that Mr. Tenney made a mistake of just 9,900,000,000 stars is simply "straining a gnat."

Let us take another step. There are certain fleecy or misty appearing patches observed in the heavens which are called nebulae. A large num-

ber of them have been noted. A powerful telescope shows the most of these to be aggregations of stars, but not all. But it is believed by most astronomers that instruments of sufficient power would resolve all of them into stars.

The distance of these nebulae is past comprehension. Light which travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second would be millions of years in reaching us. The space penetrating power of the Lick telescope I do not know, but doubtless it would resolve nebulae so far distant that light would be myriads of years in passing through the interval.

Now let us suppose that we direct the Lick telescope to one of those nebulae sunk in the depths of space to such a distance that the instrument will just be able to show that it is composed of stars. This distance would be so great that if expressed in figures no mind could comprehend them. Let us suppose again that we could be transported to this nebulae and that we could take the telescope with us, and that we point the instrument in the same direction as before; and away in the dim distance we descry another nebulae as far removed from the first as that is from us. This experiment might be repeated a hundred, a thousand, times with the same result. There is no limit—boundary there is none. All space is filled with stars, suns and worlds. For the expression of this idea Bruno met death at the stake, at the hands of those who put the Bible above Science.

Now we would like to have the reverend gentleman tell us how many stars there are, and he ought to be very particular lest he "arouse suspicion as to the trustworthiness" of the Free Thought Magazine. Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Mann may be able to set a limit to space, but unless he can he cannot set a limit to the number of stars.

He scores Mr. Tenney on account of his blunder in regard to the planet Saturn, and then makes a greater blunder himself. He says there are 439 planets between Saturn and the sun. How does he know that? There is not a man in the world who knows how many planets there are between Saturn and the sun. No one is surprised any day to hear that a new asteroid has been discovered. I do not pretend to keep track of them.

Instead of one large planet between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, there is doubtless a belt of planets so small that their number can never be known. Then how can the Rev. Mr. Mann say there are just 439 planets between Saturn and the sun, when three or four new ones are liable to be discovered every year? He might as well assay to tell us how many comets there are.

Again he takes Mr. Tenney to do for stating that some of the stars are thousands of times larger than our sun. Then he states that Sirius, the brightest of all the stars, has a mass of only three and one-fourth that of the sun, and quotes his own authority to prove it.

The American Cyclopedia states that Sirius shines with a splendor 224 times greater than the sun, and I put this authority over against that of the Rev. Dr. Mann.

Moreover, when he digs deeper he will find that as the centuries come

and go new suns are being formed and old ones are blotted out. Not that a particle of matter was ever created or destroyed, but that eternal change in the forms of matter is the law of nature. This article was not written in defense of Mr. Tenney; of all the men that I know anything about he least needs a defender. He is a man of clear mind, and endowed with the faculty of expressing his thoughts in clear and forcible language.

If the reverend gentleman's article had been written in the interest of science this would not have appeared, but it was written to score Mr. Tenney, and I am inclined to think he used a boomerang.

Naples, N. Y.

PROF. MIVART'S HERESY.

—Prof. St. George Mivart, the prominent Roman Catholic scientist, has made himself persona non grata to that hierarchy on account of articles recently printed in English reviews. For a few years past Mivart has attracted much attention by the adroit manner in which he has made it appear that the dogmas of the church and the dogmas of science are in harmony, and that the church does not deny the right of private judgment or assume to repress scientific investigation. The champion of Catholic intellectual freedom, however, evidently has overstepped the bounds of his freedom by his audacious criticism of traditional theology, as well as his openly avowed contempt for "impertinent ecclesiastics" and the Roman Curia in general. The authorities have not been able to reconcile his loyalty to the church with such utterances, and it will not be strange if he is soon summoned to Rome to give an account of himself and his writings. The Tablet, which is the leading English organ of Catholicism, says: "There is no alternative but to regard Prof. Mivart as an outsider and an opponent of the Catholic faith."

There is no more dangerous enthusiasm than that of science to a man trying at the same time to conform to matters of faith and to matters of actual knowledge. If a man pursues scientific

investigation long enough it is sure to bring him to that point where he will only accept what is capable of demonstration. The more he is grounded in facts the weaker becomes his attachment to theories. He at last refuses to take anything on faith. His beliefs must be susceptible of proof. It was inevitable that a scientist like Mivart sooner or later should run foul of the dogmas of his church and find it impossible to reconcile them with the demonstrations of science. Such men also, when they once break loose, are not overcareful in their form of expression. In the days of Galileo they spoke under their breath while ostensibly accepting the dogmas of the church. In these days they speak out aloud and with much impatience. The same would have been true had Mivart belonged to any other form of faith and reached that point where he could not make science square with dogma. But in the Roman Catholic faith he will not find that toleration in the higher criticisms of science that Prof. Briggs, for instance, has found in the higher criticisms of history as applied to faith. The alternative will be sternly presented to him to accept the teachings of the church without criticism or withdraw from it. He cannot serve two masters. He must render absolute submission to the church or withdraw from it.—Chicago Tribune.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES B. WAITE.

CHARLES B. WAITE, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this Magazine, was born in Wayne County, New York, in the year 1824. His father was Daniel D. Waite, an eminent physician.

Charles' boyhood and early youth were spent in Cayuga County, New York. In 1840 the family removed to Illinois, and settled on a small farm ten miles from Chicago, then a town of less than 5,000 inhabitants.

At the age of 19 young Waite was a law student at Joliet, Ill. In 1844 he entered Knox College, at Galesburg. Although he never finished his college course, the faculty, ten years afterward, without any application on his part, conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

In 1845 he continued his law studies at Rock Island, Ill., and in 1846 he there published, in a strong pro-slavery community, an anti-slavery paper called "The Liberty Banner."

In 1847 he was admitted to the bar, and soon after entered into a large and lucrative practice. In 1848 he was candidate for State's Attorney, and notwithstanding the unpopularity of his political views, he carried two of the five counties, with a large vote in the others, but failed of election.

In 1853 he removed to Chicago, where he had previously resided. Here in a short time he was recognized as one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in the city.

In the spring of 1854 he was married to Catharine Van Valkenburg, a graduate of Oberlin College. Mrs. Waite is widely known as a successful business woman, and as a prominent advocate of the social reforms of the day.

In 1862 Mr. Waite was appointed by President Lincoln Associate Justice for Utah Territory, and in the summer of that year removed with his family to Salt Lake. Here he was firm in his efforts to enforce the laws, even at the risk of his life; but could accomplish nothing.

While residing in Salt Lake, Mrs. Waite wrote and published "The Mormon Prophet and His Harem," the best and most authentic work on Mormonism ever published.

In 1864 Judge Waite resigned and removed with his family to Idaho City, where he remained two years and a half. Here he had an extensive practice, and during one year of the time was District Attorney. In this

capacity he encountered a vigilance committee and again risked his life in endeavoring to enforce the laws.

In 1866 he returned to Chicago and resumed the practice of his profession. About this time he became a prominent advocate of woman suffrage, and made addresses upon the subject all over the West. He has ever since remained steadfast to the cause, and it has had much aid from his powerful pen. His articles in the *Chicago Law Times*, entitled "Suffrage a Right of Citizenship;" "Who Were Voters in the Early History of This Country?" etc., attracted wide attention. They were afterward published in pamphlet form, and circulated all over the country.

The winter of 1872-73 he passed in the Sandwich Islands. Since then he has spent his time almost exclusively in literary pursuits.

In 1881 he gave to the world his "History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred," a work well known to the readers of this Magazine. It is safe to say that no work of a historical character has ever made such a sensation, or attracted so much attention among thinking people. The author has an album made up of nearly 200 notices from the leading newspapers of this country, nearly all of a very favorable character.

In Europe it was indorsed by such eminent scholars as Prof. Gustav Volkmar, of Zurich; Rev. Dr. Samuel Davidson, of London; Dr. Hooykaas, of the "Dutch Doctors," etc.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the renowned Norwegian poet and scholar, translated it, somewhat condensed, into the Danish-Norwegian language, and published an edition which was speedily sold among his countrymen.

In this country the sale was large, the work going speedily through four editions. It has been a long time out of print. The author is now preparing for the press the fifth edition, which will appear before many months.

It is needless to say that the "History of the Christian Religion" is not written from an orthodox standpoint. But it has stood the test of all adverse criticism. The work has not been and cannot be answered. In fact, such were the time and labor that had manifestly been bestowed upon it that no serious attempt has been made to contradict any of its statements.

The work has generally been accepted as authority, and the prophecy of Bjornson that the book would give rise to a thousand has already been fulfilled to the extent of several hundred, the authors of which have taken much from this history, sometimes with and sometimes without credit. Of course historical facts are common property, but conclusions which are the special result of laborious investigation are the author's own.

After publishing his history, Judge Waite spent three years, 1884-1887, in foreign travel. During that time he became personally acquainted with Volkmar, Davidson and Bjornson. With the latter he formed a close friendship. This resulted in a correspondence which has been maintained ever since. The fact that this correspondence has been in Bjornson's own language is but one of many evidences of the attainments of Judge Waite as a linguist. His knowledge of the languages is very extensive, and was put to good use in his travels, besides being much increased during the time.

While in Zurich he attended the lectures of Prof. Volkmar, in the University, and was, during his stay in that city, given a dinner, and made an honorary member of the Society of Critical Historical Theology, of which Volkmar was President. Theretofore every member of the Society had been a graduate of the University of Zurich. Judge Waite was the first honorary member. He made an after-dinner speech in German, which was received with much applause and commendation. He attended the meetings of the Society, and participated in the discussions in the German tongue.

Since his return from Europe he has led a quiet life, devoting his time partly to business and partly to literary pursuits, writing a good deal for Free Thought publications.

While sojourning in Washington, preparing his history, he assisted in the formation of the Historical Society of that city, of which President Garfield, then a Congressman, and his wife, were members. Many years ago he was President of the Philosophical Society of this city, and since his return from Europe has several times been elected President of the American Secular Union.

About a year ago he published a 100-page pamphlet, entitled "Conspiracy Against the Republic." It contains a condensed and complete statement of the efforts which have been made from time to time to obtain ecclesiastical control of the government, tracing those efforts, step by step, for a hundred years.

He has now ready for the press a work entitled "Herbert Spencer and His Critics." It will be a handsomely-bound book of about 200 pages. It will contain a large number of extracts from the most eminent writers who have criticised Spencer, and in many cases Spencer's replies. The author then follows, with criticisms of his own, directed against the doctrine of the Unknowable. He has great admiration for Spencer as a scientist. But he thinks he should have been satisfied to let his fame rest upon

his elaboration of the doctrine of Evolution, and that he should not have undertaken going outside of science to establish what Spencer himself calls a "metaphysico-theological" doctrine.

Judge Waite's ability as a writer is well known to the Freethinkers of this country, and especially to the readers of this Magazine. He is not only able but he is bold and fearless. While he does not court personalities, but rather seeks to avoid them, yet he seldom allows to go unchallenged any attack on account of the views which he may express or entertain. When struck at he hits back, and sometimes hits hard. He claims for himself the same right of free thought and free expression which he accords to others.

He has five children, two sons and three daughters, all of whom are well situated in life. His three daughters have married professional men. His oldest daughter is the wife of Dr. George H. Wright, of Washington, D. C. The second daughter is Dr. Lucy Waite, Chief Operating Surgeon of the Mary Thompson Hospital for Women and Children of Chicago. Her husband, Dr. Byron Robinson, is a surgeon of international reputation. Dr. Waite retained her maiden name at the request of her husband. The youngest daughter is the wife of William P. Thornton, a prominent lawyer of this city. His two sons are successful business men, residing, the one in Denver, and the other in Chicago.

At the age of 76 Judge Waite is still pursuing the life of a student. His reading and researches are carried on in several languages.

Having had quite a career, in various ways, being well known, and having decided opinions on most questions, he finds himself frequently called upon by the interviewer. His health is good and he has a fair prospect of ten years more, at least.

Judge Waite, through his long and eventful life, has been conspicuous as a friend of all reforms that have for their object the betterment of humanity. At the early age of 22 years he published an anti-slavery paper in a pro-slavery community. As we have often said of Col. Ingersoll, although he accomplished, by his writings and addresses, so much for the Free Thought cause, he accomplished still more by the example of his high, moral and unblemished character. There may be people so constituted that they need the fear of an endless hell to keep them honest, but Judge Waite is not one of them. He is so constituted that it would be impossible for him to swerve from the path of rectitude. Honesty is an inherent part of his nature; he could under no circumstances be a hypocrite, and he has always and everywhere the courage of his convictions, and

could not be tempted to be false to them, for any consideration, by public, political or social favors. When he speaks he utters his honest thought; for that reason he is compelled to be an Agnostic, for he cannot pretend to know what he does not know. It would be well for humanity if there were more men of the noble character of Judge C. B. Waite.

LOCAL FREE THOUGHT SOCIETIES AND SETTLED LECTURERS.

THE day of public itinerant lecturing seems to have passed. Forty years ago it was a great success. Then there were in the lecture field such eloquent men as Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Thomas Starr King, Horace Mann, George William Curtis, Frederick Douglass, Prof. Youmans, and also some dozen others, both men and women, on the anti-slavery platform, equally as eloquent as the noted men above named. But about the only two public lecturers that have made a success lecturing, for the last few years, are Robert G. Ingersoll and Dwight L. Moody, and now death has taken them from the public platform.

There were besides Col. Ingersoll a number of men and women, a few years ago, on the Free Thought platform, engaged in itinerant lecturing, who were meeting with a tolerable degree of success. B. F. Underwood was one of the first Free Thought lecturers in this country, and one of the ablest and most successful. Remsburg, still in the field, received steady employment. Dr. York was very popular with the Liberal public; Miss Helen H. Gardener was known as the female Ingersoll of the platform for a number of years; Mrs. Judge Krekel was kept busy preaching the gospel of Free Thought; Putnam spoke from the Atlantic to the Pacific; Burnam, Bell and Reynolds, three ex-reverends, were in the Liberal lecture field, and many others, and everywhere there was a call for the service of these speakers, but there appears to be very little employment for them at the present time.

What the times demand now is Agnostic churches, with located preachers, lecturers, or teachers. The Chicago Liberal Society, that we designate an Agnostic church, is a good sample of what every town needs at present, with a local lecturer to address them every Sunday, and who should be prepared to lecture in the neighboring towns when invited to do so. There are a number of such churches or societies in existence, we are glad to say, at the present time. One in Chicago, with Dr. Gregory as its leader; one in New York City, with Rev. Henry Frank as its preacher;

one in Kansas City, presided over by Rev. J. E. Roberts; one, in fact, in Boston at the Paine Hall, of which the editor of the Boston Investigator, L. K. Washburn, might properly be called the pastor, and the same can be said of our friends in Silverton, who have really constituted Prof. Wakeman their settled preacher and "spiritual adviser." There are probably other such societies that we do not think of just now. Let the number be multiplied by twenty-five before the commencement of the twentieth century. If the societies are properly organized, as the Christians say, "God will send a preacher." If not God, the progressive spirit of this age will. Underwood, Remsburg, G. W. Turrell, W. S. Bell, Mrs. Krekel, Nettie Olds Haight, and a number of others ought to be "settled" over some "Agnostic church," at a living salary. Then let them go out in the neighboring towns, as before said, and lecture on week-day evenings and procure subscribers for the liberal journals.

Freethinkers have done a great amount of talking during the nineteenth century; they should commence working to some purpose at the commencement of the next century. These local organizations will not injure in the least the American Secular Union, but will greatly aid it.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE "HIGHER CRITICISM," OR, ROME AND REASON.

THERE has not been so much excitement in the Christian world as there is to-day since the sixteenth century, which was then caused by what was known as the Martin Luther reformation, and what caused that excitement was that Luther declared that every person had the right to use his own reason in the interpretation of the Bible. To us, of this age, that looks like a very little affair—a very insignificant heresy, but it was the first, and a very long step towards "Infidelity." In fact, it was infidelity, at that day, of the most dire character to the Christian church.

If what Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, claim, be true, that the Bible is divinely inspired, and is the word of God, then in that controversy the Catholic church was in the right and Luther was in the wrong.

The doctrine of the Catholic church, as we understand it, is this: That God established his church on the earth and put into its hands His Word, the Bible, and authorized the church to interpret it under His divine guidance. We have heard an intelligent Catholic explain it in this manner: The State Legislature passes a law, and the Governor signs it, but the common citizen does not know what the law really means until the highest court of the State has passed upon it, or interpreted it. That it would

bring nothing but confusion and anarchy to allow every citizen to interpret it for himself. That is sound reasoning from the Christian standpoint, that the Bible is the Word of God, and in the Lutheran controversy the Catholics had much the best of the argument. For what nonsense it would be to allow every ignoramus to put his own construction upon a book, that the God of the universe was the author of. And if the Bible be the Word of God, the Catholics are right, and the Protestants are wrong to-day, as they were in Luther's time, for there are but two sides to this question. It is either all Rome or all Reason. There is no logical middle ground.

It is a fact as plain as that two and two are four that the Bible is all the Word of God, or all the word of man. It is the most absurd view that could be imagined to claim that the Bible, as we have it, is partly the Word of God, and partly the word of man, as our "higher critics" seem to think. If the God of this universe, if there be such a being, attempted to place in the hands of His human family his laws and statutes for their guidance, would He allow them to be interspersed with the writings of men, and not indicate which was His word and which was man's word? And then, as Christians all claim, and as Christ taught, that man's eternal destiny depends on his believing God's Word, such an arrangement would be the most perfect scheme imaginable to land the whole human family in hell. It is strange these learned professors of colleges and universities, who are engaged in the "higher criticism" of what they call "God's Word," do not see this. We think they do, but it will not answer to admit it, and as good policy we think it is best for them to not express that opinion, but as honest men we cannot see how they can help doing so, for they must know they are doing the same work that Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll were engaged in—undermining the Bible and the Christian religion. The Catholic church clearly perceives this, and therefore they do not intend to have any "higher criticism" in theirs, to use rather a slangy phrase, and therefore, from the Catholic standpoint, which is the true Christian position, according to all the orthodox creeds, the following article, that we clip from the "Catholic Union and Times," of Buffalo, N. Y., is sound and reasonable, and our Catholic friends to be consistent, ought to cast out of their communion, and consign to perdition, Prof. St. George Mivart, for his heretical opinions. He has no right to claim to be a Christian or to longer remain in any Christian church. We shall be glad to give him the right hand of fellowship in the Agnostic church, where he belongs.

Here is the Catholic editorial that we are sure will be read with interest by all Freethinkers:

MIVART'S SCIENCE VS. GOD'S AUTHORITY.

It is sad to see a man, like Mivart, standing on the verge of the grave, compelling the church to throw him overboard from the Bark of Peter, in which he has ridden the waves of life's tempestuous sea in safety so long. Is this another instance of pride going before a fall? We know not. God knoweth.

It appears that the so-called "Higher Criticism," which has so honey-combed the Protestant pulpit with infidelity, is the siren that has lured Mivart to his doom. He cannot harmonize certain biblical statements with science, as he comprehends science, and he therefore rejects those statements.

If Mivart ever accepted Catholic doctrine, he must have known that the church's teachings now, and always, rest entirely on the authority of God. The divine injunction to the Apostles and their successors for all time, was to preach to the world the doctrines which He, the Master, had taught them—neither more nor less—and the proof that thus teaching in His name they could never teach error is contained in the promise of Christ's abiding presence with them forever. This promise is further supplemented by the other promise of the permanent indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the church, who would ever illumine her decisions with the Divine Light and never permit the gates of hell (error) to prevail against her.

The church, thus divinely guarded, is necessarily infallible, and teaches with the power and authority of God. We are therefore commanded to hear the church under eternal anathema, and to accept her teachings as we would the teachings of Christ Himself, because she is His mouthpiece and representative on earth; and this fact He emphasized when He declared "He who hears you, hears Me; and he who despises you, despises Me."

Mivart knows well that the scriptures derive their value from the authoritative stamp which the church has placed upon them. It was she who sifted the pseudo books from the true, who collected them, who testified to their authenticity and inspiration; and from the moment that, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, she declared the accepted scriptures divinely inspired and therefore the Word of God, she spoke with Divine authority, which tolerates neither doubt nor debate.

All this Mr. Mivart knows as well as we, and yet he has dared to put in the balance against the authority of God the often-changing authority

of "science" as perceived by his limited mind. Far more illustrious names in the scientific world than Mivart's have humbly bowed to the church's teachings on this as well as on all other questions. The best thing that Dr. Mivart's friends can do now is to pray for him, that the demon of pride may not prevail, that the blinding film may be removed from the eyes of his soul, and that before his death he may become reconciled to the church.

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS FROM THE CHICAGO LIBERAL SOCIETY.

WE have received from the Chicago Liberal Society the following communication, for which we are very grateful, but we must express the opinion that it is altogether too flattering, considering the small amount of aid we have rendered the Society.

"Chicago, March 5, 1900.

Mr. H. L. Green, 213 East Indiana Street:

Dear Friend: I have the pleasure of communicating to you the following resolutions passed by the unanimous vote of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Liberal Society, at its regular meeting on the 3d instant:

Whereas, Mr. H. L. Green, the editor and publisher of the Free Thought Magazine, has shown his kind sympathy and interest in the welfare of the Chicago Liberal Society, and has rendered it a great service by publishing in the March number of the magazine an extended notice concerning our organization and its objects, an excellent biographical sketch and portrait of our leader, Dr. Thomas B. Gregory, together with Dr. Gregory lecture, "The Universalism of Science and Reason;" and

Whereas, we recognize in the Free Thought Magazine a fearless champion of the cause of Free Thought, and consider it a great influence for good in the inculcation of truth and the exposure and overthrow of error and superstition; and

Whereas, We learn through the columns of the Magazine that it is in need of financial assistance, and knowing that Mr. Green has been long engaged in a valiant struggle in behalf of truth and liberty; it is hereby

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the Chicago Liberal Society that we hereby extend to Mr. Green our gratitude for his said kindness and assistance, and pledge the Free Thought Magazine the liberal sup-

port which its excellence so well merits. We also extend to him our sincere wish that he may yet fight long and well in the cause which our society has so recently espoused, and that with the assurance that we are ambitious to accomplish the complete triumph of the cause with which he has been so long identified. Be it further

Resolved, That the secretary communicate this resolution to Mr. Green, and extend to him a word of good cheer.

I can extend to you no better word of encouragement than to say that the members of our society are enthusiastic in their efforts to make it the most influential force for good in the city. Yours truly,

Frederick Mains, Secretary C. L. S."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ASSISTING TO CLOSE THE PARIS EXPOSITION ON SUNDAY.

(Special cable to the Chicago Daily News.)

PARIS, March 19.—The French Society for Promoting the Observance of the Sabbath was greatly delighted by the news that President McKinley had cabled from Washington to the United States Commission for the Paris Exposition to do everything in its power to see that the Sabbath is respected in the American section of the great fair.

The society has been trying to call attention to the subject of Sunday closing of the exposition for some time, but without any great success.

M. Thurer, president of the society, said this morning: "We naturally counted on the aid of the United States in this direction. We work against such fearful odds here that we have no hope of forcing the exposition authorities to respect the first day, by closing even the theaters in the grounds, or the noisier attractions, but if the countries where Protestantism has a strong lead, as in the United States, would only press their desire for some control of the usual disregard for the Sabbath, that day would certainly be made somewhat quieter than an ordinary week day.

M. Chardon, Secretary General of the Exposition, said this morning: "We discourage as much as possible this idea of Sunday closing. It is against the interests of the exposition and also against the visitors themselves.

"It is not likely that American visitors will be any more content than other people to come to the exposition and find their national exhibits closed on Sunday.

"In 1889, when the English section was closed on Sundays, more protests came from Englishmen than from all other quarters. There is nothing wrong in keeping a dignified national exposition open on Sundays,

but of course I shall make no objections if the American section is closed. That is not our business."

Our readers have probably noticed that no political articles appear in this Magazine. Good Freethinkers are found in all the political parties, and there are in this country thousands of great sheets devoted most entirely to politics, so we have thought best not to encumber our pages with subjects that would only divide Freethinkers and damage our cause. As to President McKinley, we have personally been inclined to judge his political actions more favorably than have some of our Liberal contemporaries, and radicals generally. Some months since, during the Cuban war, when he was meeting with much opposition, we stated in one of our city papers that, although we did not vote for him when he ran for President before, if he was then running for a second term we should vote for him, as we believed he was doing the best he could under the circumstances, and we thought much of the fault-finding about him was unjust. But if what we publish above from the Chicago News be true, he has committed "the unpardonable sin," that cannot be forgiven by Freethinkers, Agnostics, Liberals and anti-Sabitarians. This is his great crime. Just as the anti-Sabitarians and Freethinkers of France have about achieved a victory in favor of keeping the Paris Exposition open on Sunday, the only day that laboring people have for themselves in which they can visit the Exposition, the President of this Republic, a democratic nation, steps in and throws his whole influence in favor of the despots of France and against the friends of liberty of that nation—in favor of the union of Church and State as against the doctrine of the entire separation of Church and State. If this article from the Chicago News states the truth in this matter, as to the action of President McKinley, there should be an organized party formed of all Liberal people of this country to oppose his reelection, for no such traitor to the principles of this government has ever before sat in the Presidential chair, not excepting James Buchanan.

But we hope and trust the report is not true. We shall send this article to Secretary Gage, of the President's Cabinet, whom we know personally, and who is Liberal in his religious views, and ask the Secretary to ascertain whether or not the report be true, and we will publish the Secretary's statement in full, if he makes one, in these pages. And if the President has been misrepresented we will take back, in this Magazine, every word that we have said above, for we would do no man an injustice, whether he be a President or the most humble member of the human family.

It appears from the statement made by M. Chardon, Secretary General of the Exposition, that appears at the end of the above article, that the Secretary General has about the correct opinion of the situation, and we hope he has the firmness to maintain that position, even against the advice of the President of this nation.

THE "PENNSYLVANIA METHODIST" ON PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

—The "Pennsylvania Methodist" "goes for" Brother McKinley as follows:

The man who owned and received revenue from a saloon; accepts the hospitality of the great Brewer Cox, and of the president of the National Liquor Trust, Greenhut of Peoria; tempts the young men sitting at his own table with five kinds of liquors, which in their presence he drinks, or pretends to drink; keeps the saloon in every regiment of the army where not driven out by his inferior officers, and that in defiance of a plain act of Congress; permits 430 saloons to be established in military ruled Manila, where there were but three before he introduced his kind of Christian civilization, and that, too, when a scratch of his pen would banish them all—that such a man should be held up as "a Christian gentleman," "a broad-minded patriot" and "a God-fearing American statesman" is abhorrent to every mind and heart not hypnotized by the glare and glamour of a little brief authority.

But this "Pennsylvania Methodist" worships as a God, and calls on every person in the world to take him as a master and leader, a man who manufactures wine, as below described:

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples to the marriage. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus said unto him, They have no wine. His mother said unto the servants, whatsoever he saith unto you do it. And there was set there six water pots of stone containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus said unto them, fill the water pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he said to them draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bore it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew) the governors of the feast called the bridegroom. And said unto him, every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now.—St. John ii. 1 to 8.

President McKinley never was gullty of manufacturing some eighteen firkins of wine for a wedding party, which were "well drunk" already. That much we can say for the President.

DONATION DAY—APRIL 12, 1900.

OUR readers will remember that, following a custom that the ministers have religiously observed "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as the law books say, we last year appointed April 12, of that year, our "Donation day," and invited each of our good friends on that day or some day very near it to donate such sum as they were inclined to give for the benefit of this Magazine. The request was quite generally complied with, and we realized quite a sum of money, which greatly assisted us through the dull season of the year. And as we were educated as a lawyer to follow precedents (when they were advantageous to our cause), we have concluded to make April 12 our annual donation day, so long as this magazine requires financial assistance.

To quote from our last year's proclamation:

"Every publisher understands that it is during the summer months that the receipts fall behind, and that the expense of publishing a periodical is just the same as during the winter, when most of the receipts come in."

And this year, 1900, is to be what is known as "Presidential year," when two-thirds of the people of the United States—the male portion, at least—get crazy over who shall for the next four years be their special agent at Washington, D. C., to sign or veto bills passed by Congress; appoint men to office; issue Thanksgiving proclamations, for which he receives the praise or abuse of his constituencies as they may view his actions, and what is much more important to him than either, receives from the United States Treasury fifty thousand dollars a year, in monthly payments for his services, whether duly performed or not. And this political epidemic often strikes Freethinkers as well as Christians, and when under its influence good Freethinkers never think of aiding the Free Thought cause, or the Free Thought journals, so we have to take that matter into account when considering the prospects for the Magazine for the present year.

Now we desire to provide for those dark days, when the expenses are pretty sure to be more than the receipts. And we earnestly request each one of our friends to help us to a small amount for that purpose.

If each person who reads this article, who really desires to see the Free Thought Magazine prosper, will send something, however small, the total sum realized will be quite large, and we shall not be obliged to call for further financial aid until April 12, the first year of the twentieth century, 1901. To quote again from our last year's manifesto:

"Please mark at the head of the letter in which you send your contribution: 'For Donation Day.' In the May magazine we will duly acknowledge all the receipts that are sent in these 'Donation Day' letters. For once, friends, startle the postoffice letter carrier with the number of letters he has to deliver to the office of the Free Thought Magazine. And as we are confident nearly every one of our subscribers will willingly respond to this call, we will thank you each and all in advance for your valuable assistance. Before you forget it, mark down in your diary at the date of April 12, 'The Free Thought Magazine Donation Day.'"

BOOK REVIEW.

MAN—WHENCE AND WHITHER. By Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. D., author of "Marriage and Divorce," "The Bible," and "Whence and What?" Peter Eckler, New York. Pp. 224. Price, 50 cents.

There are eight chapters in this book, entitled as follows: "Is Man a Mere Animal?" "Common Dogma of Man's Origin," "The Evolution Hypothesis," "Answer of Theism to Man's Origin," "Is Death the End of Man?" "The Foundation of Faith in a Future Life," "After Death, What?" "Science and Theology."

SINAI AND OLYMPUS. Parallels in heathen myth and Hebrew Scriptures. By a Texas Pagan. Truth Seeker Company, New York. Pp. 115. Price, 50 cents.

This book, so it is stated, "is dedicated to the commercial travelers of the United States, a splendid army of enlightened men, who, in carrying far and wide the conquests of trade, have been torchbearers of civilization, and whose efforts, more than all others, have tended to bring the American people into bonds of indissoluble union this is dedicated."

We take it the author of this book was a "drummer," and as his portrait appears as the frontispiece of the volume, seated on a barrel marked "whisky," we suspect that was the special line of goods he carried in his "gripsack," and, also, we judge, by his countenance, internally.

Nearly every page of this splendidly printed volume is superbly illustrated with all manner and devices of pictures, indescribable by word or

pen, and must be seen to be properly appreciated. On page 27 is the portrait of a lady, whose acquaintance this drummer made on a train, dressed after the style in vogue in Mother Eve's day, in the Garden of Eden, before figleaves came in fashion, that would greatly distress Brother Comstock, who has a great aversion to God's image—so great that he feels compelled to bandage his eyes when he takes a bath.

We have not had time to critically read this lecture, but as it was given by one of those truthful drummer missionaries, we judge it is full of side-splitting stories, as true as holy writ—just as true, for we traveled a few years in company with that class of evangelists, and know how it is ourselves. If any of our readers should desire this book they will please order it of "The Truth Seeker Company," No. 28 Lafayette place, New York City, for at our advanced age we would not like to have that good Christian, Comstock, who "loves his enemies," on our track. If angels, in heaven, dress in the style we generally see them pictured, we do not see how Brother Comstock could feel at home there. But possibly it might increase the attractions of the golden paved city for him.

THE TRUTH SEEKERS' COLLECTION OF THE FORMS AND CEREMONIES FOR THE USE OF LIBERALS. Pp. 119. Price, 25 cents.

This book, as the title indicates, is a most valuable collection of forms and ceremonies for the use of Freethinkers and Spiritualists, and in the short space we have to devote to it we can best give the reader an idea of its valuable contents by publishing its various department titles, which are as follows: "Demands of Liberalism," "Thirteen Principles," "Invocations," "Marriage Services," "The Naming of Infants," "Funeral Services," "Funeral Services, Spiritualistic," "Obituary Notices."

This little book has a number of the funeral addresses delivered by Col. Ingersoll at funerals that of themselves are worth much more than the price of the volume. Every Freethinker should own a copy.

ALL SORTS.

—Read the advertisement of our 6-cent pamphlet and order and circulate a few of them.

—The congregation at the Agnostic church (as we call it), we are glad to say, is constantly increasing.

—Last year many forgot our "Donation Day." We hope no friend of the Magazine will forget it this year. It is April 12.

—Pearl W. Geer has come East again looking after the interest of the Silver-

ton Liberal University. We hope the Free Thinkers will everywhere give him aid and comfort.

Grace Before Meat.—The Deacon—Oh, Lord, ef dis yere chicken be stolen, we hope you will oberlook de fact, fo' it's almighty small, almighty tough, an' almighty inadequate ter go 'round.—Life.

—A gentleman in the East pays us for the Magazine to be sent, during this year, to the libraries of fifteen colleges and universities. He does not care to

have his name mentioned in connection with the gift.

—"I don't care for your poem, 'The Song of the Lark,'" remarked the editor. The poet sighed wearily. "To tell the truth," he replied, "I myself much prefer the lay of the hen."—*Philadelphia Record*.

—Rev. Dr. Gregory, the preacher of the Agnostic church of this city, is prepared to lecture week-day evenings for Liberal societies within a half day's ride from Chicago. Letters will reach him addressed to this office.

—Gilbert Lincoln, of Hartford, Conn., orders \$2 worth of D. K. Tenney's pamphlets and writes: "I hope Mr. Tenney will live a long life. I consider him one of the strongest and best reasoners in the Free Thought ranks."

—With the Christian the important thing is to die right. They sing:

"As long as the light holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."
With the Free Thinker the important thing is to live right. It matters very little how you die.

—Sister Jackson—"Stead ob 'sperlin'-sin' religion so of'en, Mose, yo' mought spend some ob yo time gettin' odd jobs ter help suppo't de family. Mose—What yo' 'spec', Tilda? We all on us has different talents. Yo' has yo's, and I has mine.—Puck.

—Johnny Cracker—Deacon Beuregarde jes' shot pap through the leg! They wuz argifyin' on religion, and—Mrs. Cracker—Drat his fool hide! It do seem like yo'd fool pap wuz laid up all the time with either rheumatism, republicanism or religion.—Judge.

—"De trouble wif dis hyah church," said the deacon, "is de contributory negligence ob de congregation." "De contributory negligence ob de congregation?" repeated the pastor; "what yo mean by dat?" "I mean jes' what I sez," replied the deacon. "W'en de

plate am passed around, nearly all ob dem neglects ter contribute."

—We are told that Cain got married,
When he tired of single life;
But the mystery still remains unsolved
As to where he got his wife.
—*Chicago News*.

—John Lewellen, of Kokomo, Ind., ought to feel safer about his future existence. While passing hymn-books in the First Baptist Church he fell into the baptismal tank.—*Chicago Journal*.

He ought to have drowned to have made his "calling an election" sure.

—It should not be understood that the Agnostics do not believe in hell. But their hell is here in this life. They have no knowledge of any future hell. And there is no way of avoiding the Agnostic's hell by a death bed repentance, or by loading their sins on a scapegoat.

—Feb. 17, 1600, Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake by the inquisition at Rome. Last month, the three hundredth anniversary of his death, memorial meetings were held in many cities throughout Germany, in spite of the protests of the clerical members of the German Reichstag.

—The preachers are trying to invent some scheme to get the "working man" into the church so that they can get a portion of his wages. When the church had the power it compelled the working man to pay one-tenth of his income to the church. They promised him, for this one-tenth, a mansion in the skies after death and a gold harp and many other things.

—The Rev. J. Allen Viney, president of Wilberforce University, Toledo, Ohio, has applied for a divorce from his wife, who is now in New Orleans.—*Chicago Journal*.

This good man has probably found some sister of his flock that he prefers to his old wife, and will soon proceed to

install her as mistress of his family. His church will be filled with pious old maids until he makes his second choice.

—The tendency of most doctrines is to be very narrow, and the loyalty for a particular church is "bred in the bone," as a certain little boy bears witness. His mother was telling him of the childhood of Christ, and in the course of her story said that Christ was a Jew. The little fellow looked up at her in wide-eyed astonishment and said in an awed voice: "Why, mother, I always thought that the Lord was a Presbyterian."

—We were pleased to receive the following letter:

Chicago, March 5, 1900.

H. L. Green:

Dear Sir—For the enclosed kindly send me the lecture, "Thomas Paine," by R. G. Ingersoll, and four copies of the Free Thought Magazine. I am a member of a Methodist church, but attend Dr. Gregory's meeting, where I received a copy of your magazine. I think it is splendid.

Yours truly, ————

—Rio Janeiro, March 5.—The Brazilian bishops have issued a collective pastoral to the clergy and laity demanding the union of church and state and the suppression of liberty of conscience, civil marriages and secular cemeteries. The pastoral also proposes a program to combat the existing state of affairs.—Buffalo Express.

Does "his Holiness" approve the Brazilian holiness scheme? Why not the same good things for us?

—The Freethinker of London has this to say:

The Free Thought Magazine (Chicago); edited by H. L. Green, is one of our most welcome exchanges. The February number opens with a portrait of Dr. E. B. Foote, junior, the worthy son of the veteran Dr. E. B. Foote, who is one of the best known and most highly respected Free Thinkers in America. Dr. Ned, as they sometimes call him, is a true chip of the old block. He is clever, accom-

plished, and modest, though firm enough in his convictions; and is in every way a liberal supporter of the Free Thought movement in his great and wonderful country.

—Charles C. Moore, the editor of the Blue Grass Blade, we see has been arrested again. This time on the charge of saying something disrespectful of Mary, the mother of Jesus. We can hardly believe this, as Brother Moore is a very polite man, and has great respect for the female's sex, and, like all Free Thinkers, denies the vile charges that the Christian world makes against this good woman. We trust he may be acquitted.

—Six thousand pilgrims from Sicily and Naples have arrived in Rome to pay their Holy Year devotion at the Vatican. The Pope Thursday receives at St. Peter's 10,000 pilgrims.—Chicago Tribune.

We readily understand why Sicily sends so many pious pilgrims to Rome to pay their devotions and their Peter's pence to the Pope. In proportion to its population Sicily produces a larger criminal population than any other country of Europe.

—A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money, and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church and said to him: "Oh, by the by, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well. He didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church member, very calmly; "it was na him; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

—L. P. Maxam, of Waterford, Mich., writes in a private letter:

I would be glad to have every person read the article by D. K. Tenney in the February Magazine. But very few orthodox dare read anything that they do not agree with. I wish I had the wealth of a Rockefeller. I would endow and establish a "Liberal University" in every State of the Union, as I can see

it is only through education that the emancipation of the mind from supernaturalism can be brought about.

—Rev. W. W. Molr, rector of St. Eustace Church, takes the offertory every Sunday to a hotel, and receives a check therefor. The hotels are glad of the small change. One week Mr. Molr was counting out the money, and observed a small boy watching him with curiosity. "Well, my boy, what is it?" said the reverend gentleman, in his usual kindly way. "Oh, nothing, sir," said the boy, glancing again at the pile of silver and nickels. "Only are you the gentleman what runs the slot-machine downstairs?"

—Senator Vest, of Missouri, has a grandson he is proud of. The other night his mother went into the nursery to kiss him good-night. "I have come to hear you say your prayers, Harry." "I've done said 'em, mamma." "Why, you can't say them by yourself." "Yes, I can. I said, 'God bless grandpa and make him well and fat again; God bless mamma and papa, and make 'em give me everything I want. And please, God, bless and take care of yourself, for you are the boss of us all!'"—*Brooklyn Life*.

—An evangelical alliance which recently held a meeting at Cincinnati, Ohio, addressed a letter to the Board of Trustees of the University of Cincinnati urging the need of securing professors and teachers who will not antagonize the Christian sentiment of the community or assail directly or indirectly the religious convictions of their students.

Poor Christians! They will have a hard time to find an intelligent professor who is at the same time an orthodox Christian.

—Dr. Wetmore, being a pretty good judge of Liberal journals, we are pleased to receive the following indorsement of the Magazine from him:

My Dear Green—I want to congratu-

late you on the continued improvement of the Magazine. Taking it all in all, I think it is the most interesting and satisfactory Free Thought paper published at home or abroad. The Rev. Gregory's article has the ring of the true metal of liberalism, rationalism, independent thought and the religion of humanity. Everybody should read it and fasten the facts portrayed. Now, fearing I may forget "donation day," I enclose my mite with this letter.

—Rev. M. J. Savage, in a sermon on "Some Lessons from the Life of Abraham Lincoln," says this:

When he was a young man, he wrote a book which would have been called an infidel publication, which would be now if it were in existence. His friends got hold of it, and destroyed it, because they were afraid that it would ruin his political future. Undoubtedly it would have done it. Let me say, in passing, there is not an office in the gift of the American people that might not have been in the reach of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll if he had been dishonest enough to conceal his opinions. If Lincoln's opinions had been known when he was a young man, they would have ruined his political future.

—Here is some good advice from "Our Dumb Animals" to those who have the care of horses:

Dip the bridle bits in water in winter weather before putting them in the horses' mouths. If you doubt the necessity put your tongue to a frosty nail.

Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle grease stiffens in cold weather—becomes dry and hard. Uncheck while standing, and blanket in cold weather. Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them. Horses get tired and nervous and hungry and thirsty. Give them good beds to sleep on. Don't make the load too heavy. Sharpen their shoes in icy weather. Give them always a lunch at noon.

—A movement is to be started in this city to relieve the Roman Catholic part of the population of the burden of supporting their own parochial schools. Catholics object to the present public

school system on the ground that school children should receive religious as well as secular instruction.—The Sun.

Our public schools should be entirely free from religious teaching, and then, for the safety of the country, every parent should be, by law, compelled to send his children to them for a certain number of years. A child who has received his entire education in a Catholic parochial school is not fitted for a democratic government, for he has more reverence for the Pope's manifestoes than for the Constitution and laws of the United States.

—New York, March 2.—Archbishop Corrigan was a witness for the defense in the contest of Mrs. Mary Johnson's will before Justice Stover in the Supreme Court. To the surprise of all, the prelate declined the proffered Bible in the outstretched hand of the court officer, and, lifting his right hand, he affirmed instead of taking the oath by kissing the book.

It is presumed that, like many others, for reasons of cleanliness and health, he preferred to affirm rather than to kiss the Bible which so many other lips have touched, some affected by disease.

It is rather hard on the "word of God" when an archbishop refuses to kiss it on account of its filthiness. But then the Catholics never held the Bible in very high esteem. It is the church they bow down to.

—Like a raging lion Samson charged upon the foe, and ere he had made an end of the slaughter a thousand dead Philistines lay heaped on the gory field.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked of the maiden who came to his tent a few hours later to ask a favor.

"Is it true, O, mighty Samson," she said, "that you slew all those wicked men with the jawbone of an ass?"

"It is."

"Then I fain would beg, illustrious warrior, for that jawbone."

"Why askest thou that?"

"Because," she rejoined, her artistic soul shining through her eyes, "I want

to trim it with ribbons and hang it on the wall in our front parlor. Methinks, with the hard usage it hath undergone, it must look already like a veritable antique."

Even thus early did the craze for bizarre decoration begin faintly to manifest itself.—Chicago Tribune.

—Col. Ingersoll went into a short order restaurant in Peoria and called for an egg.

"You are an agnostic, I think?" said the waiter, who was also a college student in the winter, and had just associated himself with the restaurant business.

"Your habit of thinking has not betrayed you this time—I am," replied Ingersoll.

"Then you do not have faith in the integrity of this egg," quoth the waiter.

"I have no faith in its int-egg-rity," replied Bob. "I have no faith in anything. I believe only in what I see, or in what is proved to me."

"I have faith in the egg," said the student, and he regarded the Colonel with sad eyes. "My faith tells me that it contains a yolk."

"My doubt admits nothing of the kind," said the Agnostic.

So the student broke the egg, and lo! it contained a chicken!—Exchange.

"Saladin" says in the Agnostic (London) Journal of Prof. Mivart, the heretic Catholic:

St. George, having been brought up "a good Catholic," should have liked to have gone on swallowing his "maker"; but he finds to his chagrin that he cannot be permitted to swallow Jesus unless he swallow also Jonah and the Whale. St. George's mouth is not big enough for this; and so what is to become of his poor soul I know not; or, rather, alas, I do know, and I tremble. You can, St. George finds, take Lot's wife with a pillar, but not with a pinch, of salt. Now, it is a question whether you do well to take Lot's wife, or any other body's wife—or even to have a wife of your own. But that is a digression. St.

George finds that he cannot swim in Noah's Ark. If he cannot swim, he must sink; and I shudder to think where he must sink to. If you have a very light brain, and a very badly trained one, you can, with comfort, get on board Noah's Ark; but if, like St. George, you have rather a weighty brain, and a fairly well disciplined one, Noah's poor, silly old ark will not carry you—you capsize it.

The Catholic Union and Times has this to say:

The long fight over the meaning of sectarian institutions has at last been brought to a close by a very important decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. This decision maintains that institutions which exist under a charter and are incorporated for humanitarian purposes, though they be conducted by sisters in a religious garb, are not sectarian institutions. No decision of the Supreme Court is so far-reaching in its consequences to Catholic institutions as the one given in the case of the Providence hospital in Washington. The decision is a long one, and is printed in full in the Catholic World for March.

We remember very well when the "Dred Scott decision" of the Supreme Court of the United States "settled" the slavery question. But it did not stay settled. Generals Grant and Sherman paid no attention to it, and old Abe Lincoln "settled" that decision with his emancipation proclamation. To use a Christian phrase, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

—Bishop L. W. Joyce of Minneapolis was at the Sherman House yesterday on his way to Wabash, Ind., where to-morrow he will dedicate a new Methodist Episcopal church. He talked freely concerning the decrease in the membership of the church during the last year, which he said was a condition that did not obtain alone in the Methodist Church.

"I do not attribute this falling off in membership to any growth of agnosticism among the people," said the bishop, "but rather to a spirit of general carelessness and an undue absorption in social

and business affairs to the exclusion of religious matters.

"Another thing which undoubtedly has contributed to the present condition is the continued and widespread attacks in certain quarters on what people have thought to be fundamental principles of the Bible, but this is passing away and there is a swinging back to the old foundation doctrines."—Chicago Tribune.

Bishop Joyce seems to be whistling to keep his courage up. We have heard of the man who failed to get aboard of Noah's ark saying, "Go to — with your old ark. I think there will not be much of a shower."

—A Toronto paper brings forward the story of a hero of the new type which it well says "is too little appreciated by the Christian world that eulogizes those who shed the blood of others in battle and for this are called heroes." A hard working artisan of Montreal, desiring to start in business, proposed to sell the home which he had built out of his hard earned money. A widow's seven hundred dollars was agreed upon as the purchase price, but pending the preparation of the necessary legal papers, he declined to accept the money and advised her placing the same in a bank. The bank closed two days after. The artisan was under no legal obligation to the widow, but he executed the papers, delivered the house and began life's struggle over again. Who cares to ask to what church this artisan belonged or whether or not he went to church at all?—Unity.

Fifty years ago the clergy would have told us if this man was not a Christian, and did not attend church, he was more dangerous than a thief or a robber or a drunkard, because people would be taught by his conduct that it was not necessary to "get religion" to be good; that this man's goodness, in the sight of God, was filthy rags.

—One is not surprised when such noble animals as the dog and horse become fond of each other, nor the equally interesting cat and monkey, for they have much in common; but that Tabby and a chicken should fraternize with the utmost good will is surely worthy

of remark. A woman, living in the country, had a pet hen, who, mounting into her lap with cackles of delight, would deposit its morning offering, a fresh egg, in the improvised nest. The creature was finally set in a special box in the carriage house, and the family waited with interest for the coming brood. One morning they noticed the hen at breakfast; and, again, half an hour later, the fowl was strutting about in apparent indifference to her cooling eggs. "She'll make no setter," was the disgusted comment. "She's been too pampered." Following her to the carriage house, the woman was just in time to see a fluffy mass leap from the box and the hen serenely take its place on the nest. This continued throughout the three weeks. When Madame Hen took her morning constitutional, Tabby Cat would obligingly keep house and look after her interests, leaving the moment the little lady returned.—New York Herald.

—Muncie, Ind., Feb. 11.—A riot occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cormack to-night. Lewis Stout and Ollie Perch of Reed Station were in the church, and persisted in talking.

Finally the pastor, N. Vice, Constable W. F. McKinley, John Howell and David Myers decided to arrest Stout and Perch, who backed up in a corner and resisted. The preacher was twice knocked down, but finally landed on Stout, and then held him while the other men took charge of Perch, who escaped later.

In the fight the preacher and constable were cut and scarred, and sent telephone messages for help from the Muncie police.

The fight stopped the services, and a stampede resulted, some escaping from the building through the windows, frightened by threats to shoot.—Chicago Tribune.

Rev. N. Vice, it seems, wanted to do all the talking. If the Rev. Vice could

assure the public that such a fight would come off regularly every Sunday he would be sure of a large attendance. It would be a drawing card. "If they smite you on one cheek, turn the other," is not the practice at the Muncie church.

—Dr. J. M. Peebles, probably now the most distinguished Spiritualist living, we heard preach some fifty years ago. It was one of the first sermons he preached as a Universalist minister, and we distinctly remember one thing that he then said: "Our orthodox friends sing that

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there.
Narrow the path that leads to life,
With here and there a traveler.

But Universalism declares that

Broad is the road that leads to life,
And millions walk together there.
The road to death is a fancy path,
With not a single traveler.

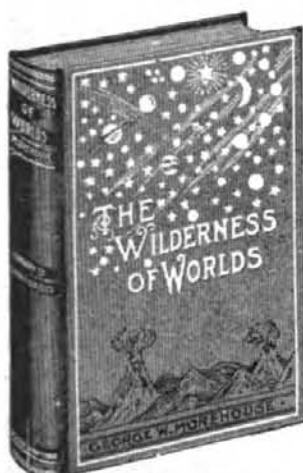
Friend Peebles is now publishing *The Temple of Health* at Battle Creek, Mich., at the low price of 25 cents a year, worth more to any sick person than all the *Christian Science* in America. *The Temple of Health* has this to say of this Magazine:

The January *Free Thought Magazine*, so ably edited by our old friend, H. L. Green, is a magnificent number. The articles by Elizabeth Cady Stanton on "Gerrit Smith"; "Harriet Martineau," by Mrs. Sarah A. Underwood, are alone worth thrice the price of the *Free Thought Magazine*. Patronize it, oh, Free Thinkers, as the church people patronize their journals, and so prove the sincerity of your professions.

—"Is This Your God?" The article in this number of the Magazine by Lurana W. Sheldon has been put into pamphlet form and sells for 25 cents a dozen copies. Friends, help us scatter it. It is an orthodox eye-opener.

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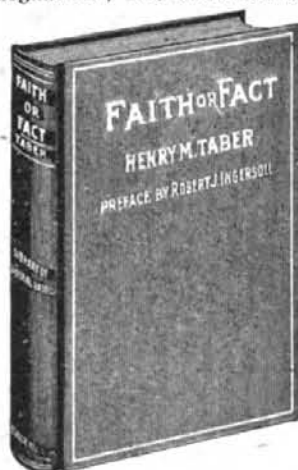
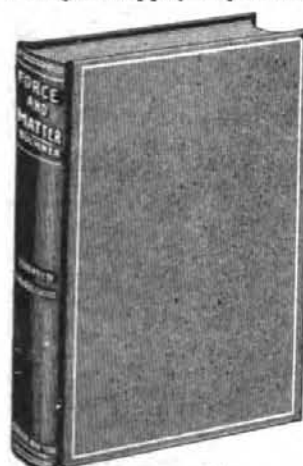
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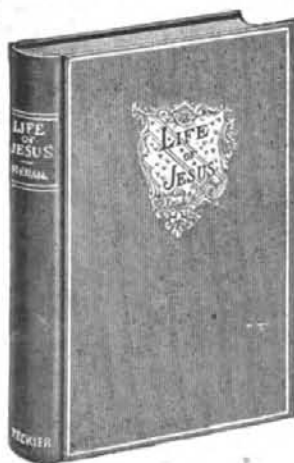
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THE STORY OF THE CRUCIFIXION.*

BY RABBI LOUIS G. REYNOLDS.

Ego verum amo, verum volo mihi dici, mendacem odi.—*Plantus*.

WITHIN the last few decades of this our truly marvelous century the progress of higher biblical criticism has reached the milestone which few, if any, of the earlier theologians could have possibly foreseen. The small, insignificant beginnings, inaugurated about one and a half centuries ago, by Jean Astruc, and which, at that time, caused but the tiniest rip-



LOUIS G. REYNOLDS.

ple on the smooth, unruffled surface of the orthodox Lethe, had grown since into a strong, formidable movement, headed by such names as Reuss, Noldeke, Harnack, Colenso, Wellhausen and Keunen, and promises to absorb the best and most scholarly forces in the great European and American universities. This revolutionary attitude known to fame as "the higher criticism," did not originally appear in the form of a voluntary, free and spontaneous contribution; it was started in its course by the great revival of classical learning and the rise of that school of inductive reasoning, which now completely invades all departments of human speculation. It was

really a side stream of the great advancing tide of objective speculation which, under the impetus imparted by the regenerated thought of antiquity, gained in strength and velocity, until one fine day it unexpectedly found itself invading forbidden precincts of theology, and finding retreat im-

*Inscribed to the sacred memory of Robert G. Ingersoll, the model man and brave thinker.

possible, began—as the next best thing—to eat into the hitherto sacred and inviolable soil. The church at first manifested spasmodic signs of serious resistance. Like unto the days of old it was ready to hurl its anathemas and excommunications in the face of any newcomer ; but finding its power already on the wane and the people no more fearing it, it began to relax and to even go so far as to express a semi-official desire to meet half-way, by instituting a sort of “diplomatic relations” between Scripture and Science. For a time this “truce,” or “cessation of hostilities,” thrived under the well-known misnomer of “rationalism,” which was a sort of theologico-scientific leg-pulling, but its regime was exceedingly shortlived. Science becoming more and more conscious of its growing strength and solidarity, of the logic and legitimacy of its claims, began to make further inroads, until to-day, freed from almost every artificial and imaginary restraint, it boldly treats Scripture in exactly the same manner as it would any other collection of human literature.

True as this is, it is, however, interesting to observe that this brave and unquestionably just procedure on the part of the higher critics, is with but a few exceptions, principally, if not wholly, confined to the Old Testament. When it comes to a consideration of the New Testament, one can easily distinguish a manifest spirit of diffidence and awkwardness, a ring of solicitous apology, as it were, in the words of even the bravest of the brave. This change of front is the more remarkable, if not the most inexplicable, when we consider that any objection which could successfully be raised against the absolute truthfulness and historical accuracy of the Old Testament would prove doubly effective when raised against the similar attributes of the New Testament. In making this statement I am under the impression that I address myself to men and women whose minds had already undergone some broadening under the expansive influences of our time, and whose reason, though tinged here and there with the mystic dyes of preternatural conception, can, nevertheless, in moments of deep scientific reflection, cut loose from all the restraints of nursery myths and traditional legends. To such who still insist upon the absolute truthfulness and infallibility of their favorite dogmas, all internal and external evidence to the contrary, I have only to say that though fully privileged to do so, the hope that their individual stiff-neckedness will in any way impede the rapid progress of science will be nothing but a snare and a delusion. Science as it vigorously advances gathers in every one who voluntarily joins its great and glorious march, and passes by such who prefer to remain behind. As I said, any objec-

tions raised against the Old Testament would prove doubly effective if raised against the New Testament. This contention would hold good if supported by no other reason than that the New Testament, according to its own irrefragable testimony, is nothing but the fulfillment, the estuary, as it were, of the older dispensation; if the source then be mythical or questionable, how can the estuary be real or certain? But, indeed, when we consider the nature of the aforesaid objections, we will soon find that there is something more to it than this. These objections, when carefully analyzed, must be classified under at least two headings, naturalistic and textual. Under the first heading we contend that all the quasi scientific theories and many of the historical incidents of the Old Testament are untrue because naturally impossible, and, unless we are ready to premise that an actual interference with the established laws of nature is possible, we must reject them as pure inventions or explain them away as the attempts of a young, inexperienced mind to deal with problems, the manifold relations of which it is as yet unable to fathom. Again, under the second heading, we are confronted with the difficulty that many of the texts are so contradictory in their statements and present such an incongruity of style and conception as to clearly betray their composite authorship as well as the different times and conditions under which they were written, a thing utterly impossible if divinely inspired. If these, then, be the objections, I claim that my aforesaid contention becomes self-evident, for the unbiased student must soon find that the supernaturalism of the New Testament is of a much grosser kind than that of the Old Testament; that when placed in juxtaposition their relation will be as that of arbitrary, unreasonable dogmatism to shallow, defective reasoning, and (2) that the texts of the New Testament present a greater medley of contradictions than men can ever hope to reconcile, as attested by the hundreds of sects into which the great body of Christian believers is so finely split.

The deference and consideration, therefore, shown by the higher critics to the New Testament is not at all based upon a well-defined and determinate superiority of the book in question over its older parent, but rather upon the deep-rooted hereditary predispositions of the critics themselves in favor of that book, and perhaps also upon a dim consciousness that Christianity, though shorn of most of its secular powers, is as yet a strong and well-preserved organization, whom to antagonize would be both dangerous and impolitic. True enough, the Old Testament is just as necessary a part of the fabric of Christianity as the New Testament is,

but to realize this it is needful to follow out the scheme to its remoter antecedents, which is usually left undone by the popular mind, gravitating, as it does, to the more immediate elements of a complicated idea. The keynote to this peculiarity of the popular mind was very cleverly struck by George Eliot in her *Daniel Deronda*, where Gwendolyn, being warned by her mother of the charms of Miss Armstrong, replies with characteristic insight: "True enough, Miss Armstrong is very charming, but in order to appreciate her charms one must think."

Thus it was that the New Testament, despite its manifold shortcomings, has, owing to the causes aforementioned, escaped the bitterest and most destructive attacks that have fallen to the lot of the older book. The preternatural elements of no book have been the object of so much ridiculous flirtation at the hands of scientific criticism as were those of the New Testament. Why, those bold, fearless critics went even out of the way to do some esoteric patchwork, which consisted mostly in physicking the etymology of words to make them discharge meanings which they do not naturally contain. If so much has been done for the metaphysical portions of the book, one can easily imagine how other portions which do not in themselves betray any elements of natural impossibility would be scrupulously passed over without even so much as an approach to analysis. It is one of these portions, namely, the crucifixion, that I want to expose to the test of a historical criticism, and see whether such an occurrence, if viewed in the light of contemporary events, could at all have taken place. The reason why I chose this single item, in the whole web of Christian tradition, as the especial object of my criticism, is, because of my deep and well-founded conviction of its having been a more prolific source of disturbance to the peace and well-being of society than any other metaphysical delusion of its kind. It is a fact well known to all students of history, except such who read through ecclesiastical spectacles, that all the cruelties, atrocities and persecutions to which the Jew has, through nearly all the centuries of our era, been so unjustly and undeservedly subjected, are principally, if not wholly, due to the role which their forefathers are alleged to have played in the story of the crucifixion. I do not deny but that other causes may, in the course of time, have contributed to the formation of this maudlin anti-Jewish feeling, as, for instance, the quasi economic allegations of that school of Christian socialism of which Stoecker is the mouthpiece, yet it must remain an indisputable fact that the crucifixion story is the primary cause of which all the other causes are mere outgrowths or amplifications. To such who, like

myself, have had the misfortune to be born and reared in a strictly Catholic country (being a native of Poland), there can be no shadow of a doubt as to the reality and truth of my statement. There the priest propounds it every Sunday from the pulpit; the parochial teacher, astoundingly ignorant of all other knowledge, emphasizes it in the schoolroom, so that when the child reaches the estate of manhood his mind is irrevocably poisoned against an innocent and harmless portion of his fellow-compatriots. Almost the first thing that greeted my ears when I awoke to a sense of association with my Gentile companions, was, Christ-killer, infidel and many other humiliating and hateful epithets. There was no trick mean enough, no insult sufficiently bitter that they would not play me or throw at me, unless restrained by the fear with which my fists at times inspired them, and this coming from even such, who otherwise liked me and eagerly sought my company. At school the same regime prevailed. The public teacher, not at all put out by the presence of many Jewish pupils, most of whom were the brightest in the school, would maliciously repeat the same slanderous story which the priest dished up every Sunday at church, and the boys, even such as were gratuitously assisted in their lessons by their Jewish schoolmates, would taunt us, in and out of season, by this everlastingly sickening story of the crucifixion. Now, I believe that a story able to produce effects such as would force an experienced alienist to identify as the unmistakable stigmata of intellectual degeneration, deserves to be inquired into, confirmed if found true and exposed if proven to be a myth. I claim that the story of the crucifixion inserted as a proportionate member between the antecedents and consequent of either Roman or Jewish history, will not satisfy the proportion, and therefore, according to the infallible principle of "reduction ad absurdum" can never have taken place. Let me proceed to prove it.

Leaving out, for the present, all the numerous contradictions in detail, the story of the apprehension, condemnation and crucifixion of Christ, as given in the four gospels (Matt. 26: 57, 27: 31; Mark 14: 53, 15: 20; Luke 22: 54, 23: 25; John 18: 12, 19: 16), is as follows: The chief priests and scribes, alarmed over the teachings of Jesus, hold counsel and seek how they may take him by craft and put him to death (Mark 14: 1). He must indeed have been a very popular and well-known enemy if he could create so great an alarm and yet, among all these scribes, there was not one who knew him by sight. They had to bribe one of his disciples to point him out to them, despite the fact of his having formerly been in the temple, astonishing the doctors by his questions and answers

(Luke 2: 46 and 47). Not being able to trump up a real charge against Jesus, the elders or scribes, as they are indifferently called in the different gospels, hired some false witnesses, who at first contradict each other and thus invalidate their testimony; but at last two are found who do the job acceptably. Their "false" witness consists in charging him with having said that he could raise the temple, if destroyed, within three days, just the very words John himself explicitly attributes to Jesus (John 2: 19). The council over which the high-priest Caiaphas presides finds him guilty of the charge, condemns him to death, then submits the verdict to the procurator, Pontius Pilate, for confirmation and execution. The procurator, however, after a short cross-examination, becomes virtually convinced of Christ's innocence and does his very best to save him from death and disgrace, but finding it impossible to override the obstinacy of the Jews, washes his hands of it, and unwillingly delivers him to execution. At first glance there seems to be nothing improbable about this story; the various details are so nicely put together as to make it appear a logical and consistent whole; but a more thorough historical scrutiny will at once destroy the artificial cohesion between the parts and show it to be a loose conglomerate of genuine ignorance on one side and intentional prevarication on the other. To demonstrate this it will be necessary to devote a little time to a consideration of the constitution and government of a province in the early days of the Roman empire.

Under the republic, when a conquered country was to be formed into a province, the Senate appointed ten officials called "legati," whose business it was to take an official census in order to determine the taxable capacity of the country, divide it into as many fiscal and judicial districts as seemed most convenient to them, and agree upon the framing of an administrative constitution conformable to the spirit and genius of Roman law, which constitution was afterwards known under the name of "lex provinciae" (Livy 33: 43, 43: 16-18; Cic. Phillip 12: 12). The governor was appointed by the Senate from the consular or praetorian body and clothed with "imperium" and "potestas," which made him the supreme military and civil authority of the country, from whose decisions an appeal could only be taken by a Roman citizen. Associated with, but subordinate to the governor, was another officer called "quaestor," whose business it was to attend to the finances of the province and to see that the necessary taxes be properly collected and remitted to the "aerarium." After the establishment of the empire this system underwent only one important change, namely, the provinces which were supposed to be not

sufficiently pacified were withdrawn from the authority of the Senate and placed under the immediate control of the emperor (Suet. Aug. 47; Strabo 17: 3; Dio 53: 12). The governor of an imperial province was also selected from the consuls or praetors, and assumed, in his new official capacity, the title, *legatus Augusti propraetor*. Answering to the "quaestor" the financial agent of the Senatorial provinces was the imperial "procurator" subordinate, like the former to the governor of the province. In provinces of the second grade like Judea, a procurator was often sent with the full powers of a legate, but in cases of importance he could always be held to account by the regular governor of a neighboring province (Zumpt Comm. Epigraph 2: 127, 133). Tacitus in his *Annals* 14: 15, cites the case of Lucilius Capito, procurator of Asia, who was accused before Emperor Tiberius of having usurped the powers of a legate; the provincials were heard and the accused was condemned, the emperor on this occasion delivering himself of the following: "*Si vim praetoris usurpasset manibusque militum usus foret spreta in eo mandata sua.*" It was in 5 C. E. that Judea, at the request of the people themselves, was turned from a vassal kingdom into a full-fledged Roman province, and under Tiberius that Pontius Pilate became its procurator. Already under Augustus a reformation of administration and a restoration of prosperity to the distracted provinces were begun. The governor was held strictly accountable to the emperor and a most effective check on the latter's maladministration lay in the appeal to Caesar from his decisions, which was open to every provincial, and in the right of petition (Marquardt 1: 557-8; *Encyc. Brit.*, vol. 20, p. 774). Tiberius, under whose reign the crucifixion is supposed to have taken place, was especially noted as the stanch friend of the provinces (Suet. Tib. 26: 32; Tacit Ann. 4: 6), and under him the governors were "under the strict control of a man, who detested misgovernment and disorder and was sure to punish such with the greatest severity" (Philo ad Flaccum, p. 965; Duruy, vol. 3, 489, note 4). It seems absolutely impossible that Jesus, convicted as he was on such a flimsy charge, and still flimsier evidence, should not have personally, or through his friends, taken advantage of his right of appeal to the legate of Syria or to Caesar himself, instead of silently submitting to ignominious death. The infliction of capital punishment for blasphemy against the Jewish god could never have been countenanced by a Roman magistrate, since the same offense, even against the Roman gods, was not punishable by death, as can be seen from the cases of Falanius and Rubrius, who, charged with a similar crime, were acquitted by Tiberius himself with the characteristic

remark, "wrongs done to the gods were the gods' own concern" (*deorum iniuriæ dis curiæ*, Tac. Ann. 1 : 73). Even if, as some of the gospels say, this charge of blasphemy was superseded by another charge of treason, such summary proceedings could not have been possible, for the emperor himself in such cases laid down the maxim, which he set to practice in the case Granius Marcellus proconsul of Bythinia, accused of treason by his quaestor, Caepio Crispinus, that "deeds only were liable to accusation ; words went unfinished" (*facta arguebantur, dicta impune erant*, Tac. Ann. 1 : 72).

But this, indeed, is not the greatest nor most objectionable flaw in the story of the crucifixion ; there is another one much greater than this. Pontius Pilate, as is well known, was the most violent, the most rabid antisemite of his time ; he hated the Jews with a venom that almost bordered on insanity ; he never let an opportunity slip to wound their deepest and tenderest sensibilities ; he more than once went out of his way to show them his unmitigated hatred and contempt (Philo, *legatio ad Caium* 38), and continued in this manner until the whole of Judea trembled before his cruelties and atrocities. G. Volkmar in his "*Jahrbucher für Protestantische Theologie*" (1885, p. 142), thus speaks of him : "From all that can be gathered he became from the very beginning, out of mere revengeful aversion toward the Jewish people, the religious persecutor of Judea, which he remained up to the very end." Now, if the account in the gospels be true, namely, that he became immediately convinced of Christ's innocence, and that it was his inmost wish to save him (Luke 23 : 13, 26), what in the world could have hindered him from carrying out his wishes ? He was not in the very least bound to obey the mandate of the priest or the elders ; he could remove the one and abrogate the rights of the others at will. Did he forego his own pleasure in order to gratify the Jews, whom he hated, or to vindicate the honor of their God, whom he detested ? Had the case of Christ been devoid of even one single extenuating circumstance, his alleged blasphemy of the god of Israel, and the fact of his being a thorn in the eyes of his co-religionists, would alone, if nothing else, have recommended him to the mercy and consideration of Pilate. Even Morrison, a "Christian" historian and a firm believer in the story of the crucifixion, in his book "*The Jews Under the Romans*" (Putnam, 1890, p. 149) mentions this difficulty and frankly admits his inability to explain it.

But let us consider another interesting and important point. According to the very best chronological authorities the birth of Christ could not

have taken place any earlier than 4 C. E., and since Christ was 30 years old at the beginning of his ministry (Luke 3: 23) and lived to see at least three passovers after than (John 2: 13, 6: 4, 11: 55), his crucifixion could not, therefore, have occurred before March, 37 C. E. Such being the case, it is difficult to conceive how Pilate could have figured, at all, in the trial of Christ, since already, at the end of the year 35, a special edict of the emperor Tiberius deprived the procurator of Judea of his judicial and military powers, and reduced him to the status of a mere fiscal agent to the Syrian legate Vitellius, who alone would have had jurisdiction in a case like Christ's (Tac. Ann. 6: 32. *Et cuius quae apud orientum parabuntur L. Vitellium praefecit*).

Before I dismiss the Roman part of my argument, I think it will not be amiss to draw the attention of the readers to the significant and inexplicable silence of the heathen and Jewish writers about the whole proceedings. Leaving out the now universally acknowledged interpolation in Josephus, I know I will yet, with some show of reason, be referred to the well-known passage in Tacitus (Ann 15: 44), where he is alleged to say that Jesus suffered the penalty of death under Pilate. The truth is that he says nothing of the kind; this passage was, in my estimation, intentionally mistranslated, for ecclesiastical purposes. The original words he uses are: "*Per procuratorem nostrum Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*" which merely means that he suffered punishment, but not such as would involve loss of life. Whenever capital punishment is to be understood, unless it clearly appears so from the context, the word "*mors*," which is the Latin equivalent for "death," with the verb "*exsequor*" are used (Plaut. Pseud. 4, 2, 38), so that the last three words in Tacitus' text, if death was to be understood, would accordingly have to be changed to "*executus mortem erat.*" Moreover, we have every reason to believe that this slight allusion of Tacitus to Christ's fate did not at all originate from official documents and well-authenticated sources, but that it emanated instead from hearsay rumors, current among the Christians of Rome, which had reached the writer second-hand. This is made evident by the fact that in his "*history*," which was written some time before his "*annals*," not the slightest mention is made of the subject under consideration, nay, more, in one of the chapters where he mentions the various disturbances, which had occurred in Judea under Roman rule, he explicitly says that under Tiberius all was quiet (Hist. 5: 9. *Sub Tiberio quies*). To a man of the nineteenth century it is of course almost unintelligible how an incident like the crucifixion could already, at so early a stage, have been obscured

by mythical elements; for, as things stand now, an occurrence could not slip beyond the limits of authenticity, even within a period of a hundred or two hundred years, but things were quite different then. If something happens now, it is immediately written down by the historian and circulated all over the world with lightning-like rapidity, thus at the very outset being rendered immune against all the shifting vagaries of rumor; not so then, when printing was unknown and the writing and circulation of books a most difficult task; then literature was the servant and rumor was queen, and she ran riot with all the prerogative and extravagance characteristic of crowned persons. How easy it was, then, for a thing to shift from the real into the mythical is well illustrated by the controversy that had already arisen at so early a date as the times of Clement, Origen and Tertulian, as to the length of Christ's ministry (Clem. Strom. 1, p. 147; Origen, Princip. 4: 5; Tertull. adv. Jud. 4: 5), and the still earlier tradition based upon John 8: 57, that Christ was 50 years old at the time he died, oblivious of the fact that Pilate left Judea in the year 37 and Caiaphas ceased to be high priest immediately afterwards.

The Jewish part of the gospel story can be dismissed by calling attention to the fact that the court before which Christ was tried, since it was presided over by Caiaphas, the high-priest, and not a member of the house of Hillel, was the lesser Synhedrion or the court of 23, whose jurisdiction in criminal offenses involving capital punishment was not final and from which an appeal could easily be taken to the higher Synhedrion or court of 71 (See Graetz, *Geschich. der Juden*, 3, p. 243; Whiston's *Joseph Antiquit.* 14, 9, 3, footnote).

The only question that now remains to be answered is, how a story like this, if it be a mere fiction, could have gained such widespread attention among and such absolute control over the minds of so many millions of people. To one who has a true insight into the legendary proclivities of that age, who understands the laws by and the circumstances under which myths grow, this will be very easy of comprehension. He will know that it was born under what may be rightly called a transition period in philosophy and religion; that it rose upon the sad ruins of Greek thought debauched by the opium of oriental mysticism; that it was woven of the warp and woof of hysterical speculation and unbridled credulity; that it stimulated and gratified the wildest imagination of ego-maniacs; that it was merely a spiritualization of the myths and legends of old. It was the result of metaphysicism run riot, venturing beyond the natural limitations of the human mind and the bounds of objective experience,

and then rebounding upon itself. It gained in strength during the dark ages, when the mind of Europe was almost a blank; it was fed by the sanction of centuries and the unbroken influences of oral transmission. When Europe at last woke from its protracted lethargy this story was already a well formed and strongly organized tradition. You know the hardest thing to dislodge is a belief in something that has never taken place, especially if it supports deeply-rooted prejudices and shrewdly-executed schemes. The story of the crucifixion is the corner-stone of all the theological niceties of a strong and powerful church, which without its support would crumble into dust. It breathes life into the dry skeleton of the doctrines of total depravity, vicarious atonement, and gives prestige to a long list of popes, vicars, bishops and priests. To give up that story is to give up the fond conceit of centuries, the cherished dream of the ego-maniac; it involves the dissolution of countless hierarchies, political ambitions and diplomatic schemes. Expressed in the words of Churchill it runs thus :

“When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.”

But what of the thousands that suffered and still suffer innumerable agonies because of this story; what of the thousands that are still hounded and driven because of this fiction; what of the men and women still mobbed and shamed in Russia, Roumania and parts of Austria because of this fable? Why, nothing. When did you ever see superstition and priestcraft take notice of their victims? The redemption of these unfortunates lays only in a firmer and more aggressive attitude on the part of criticism and science. Already do I see them advance, these mighty leaders crowned with the glorious wreaths of intellectual sovereignty, to lead man to justice and truth. At their advance the fogs of mediaevalism take flight, myths and legends vanish into nothingness and a crystalline clearness takes their place. If humanity advances at the same rate as it does to-day, I predict that before the next century is gone not a shred of all the phantasms, which now delude the brain of man, will be left, and that truth—nothing but truth—will reign alone and supreme.

Bradford, Pa.

UNRELIABILITY OF THE GOSPELS.

BY D. B. STEDMAN.

ONE who, in arguing with an orthodox Christian, concedes the probable greatness and nobility of Jesus as a man, while refusing to credit the gospel claims concerning his superhuman nature and miraculous works, is quite sure to be accused of inconsistency. "For," says the champion of the gospels, "if Jesus was a noble and pure man, as you acknowledge,



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it is entirely unreasonable to suppose that he was surrounded by a set of liars and deliberate deceivers, who have given us these accounts of him; base men do not follow after such as he. And if they were honest men, we cannot doubt what they tell us."

This argument sounds very reasonable, and would have some force were it not for the false implication which it contains, that these accounts of Jesus have come down to us direct from certain of his original disciples and companions, who were knowing to the incidents of his career.

Now, if there is any fact which the biblical criticism of the present century has developed beyond dispute, it

is that neither of the four gospels, as we have them, can be ascribed to an apostle or companion of Jesus, or even to a contemporary; but that all are of comparatively late date and uncertain authorship. "The biblical scholarship of our century," says Rev. Dr. Sunderland in his very candid work entitled, "The Bible, Its Origin, Growth and Character," "has settled it beyond question that at least three of our gospels—namely, the synoptics, Matthew, Mark and Luke—are compilations which reached their present form after several redactions." And John is admitted by all to be a still later production. Indeed, there is much significance in the manifest happiness with which the forces of conservatism hailed the recent announcement that Prof. Harnack, a leading biblical critic of Germany, had taken a reactionary attitude upon the question of New Testament authorship. It proves, however, that the revised views of the professor give no

material support to the old orthodox claims; for he dates Mark, our earliest gospel (supposedly based upon the records of Mark, the companion of Peter) at 65 to 70 A. D.; Matthew (of unknown authorship as a whole) at 70 to 75; Luke (authorship doubtful) at 78 to 93; and John (probably by John the Presbyter, certainly not by John the Apostle, as generally supposed) between 89 and 110 A. D. Such consolation as orthodoxy can get from these conclusions it is welcome to.

Naturally these disturbing decisions of the scholars are slow in winning acceptance among the preachers; and the preachers, even when convinced of their truth, are fearful of imparting them to their congregations. It was not long ago that I heard from a doctor of divinity in the pulpit that same old argument to which allusion was made at the beginning: "Would Jesus, an honest, pure man, have drawn about him a set of liars to record his acts and sayings?" If the gospel writers were honest men of average intelligence, argued the preacher, we are in reason bound to accept their statements as true, miracles and all. He carried the idea, of course, that the writers of the several gospels had all been eye-witnesses of the events which they narrate; but he was discreet enough to cite only Luke, whose introductory words he quoted in proof of the originality and value of his testimony.

Now, had not only Luke, but all the gospel writers, made positive claim to having been eye-witnesses of the acts and incidents which they record, and were it proved to us that they were companions of Jesus, we would not be justified in believing their stories, any more than we would if four persons were to come forward to-day and affirm that they had met the angel Gabriel and seen him cast out devils and bring dead people to life. However, let us pause and note what the writer of "Luke" really says as to his knowledge of Jesus. These are his words: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses," etc.

Does this show the writer himself to have been an eye witness? On the contrary, it shows distinctly that he was not, and did not claim to be, but took his information on trust. True, he claims to have "traced the course of all things accurately from the first;" but the result of his "tracing" throws discredit, not only upon the previous "many" writers to whom he alludes, but upon himself, as witness the plainly legendary story of the birth of John the Baptist, with which he launches out, and that of the childhood of Jesus, so at variance with the account given in Matthew. Did

he obtain his knowledge of Jesus from Paul, whose companion he is said to have been? Paul did not know Jesus "after the flesh," as he himself tells us. A close comparison of Luke's language with that of Matthew and Mark seems to show that in many passages he drew from the same source that they did (doubtless one of the "many" writers to whom he alludes), adding such material, traditional or otherwise, as he deemed best.

On the strength of this showing are we justified in pronouncing Luke a competent witness for the Jesus of the gospels?

When we turn to the other synoptic writers, do we find the case for the traditional view of Jesus any stronger? The critics tell us that the writer of Matthew is some unknown person who "built up" his work around a nucleus comprising some of the sayings of Jesus as reported by Matthew the apostle; while our book of Mark, if mainly "cooked up" from crumbs which fell from Peter's table during his ministry, as alleged, has been seriously tampered with by copyists.

Where, then, are the original accounts of the eye-witnesses and participants of Jesus' ministry? Nowhere, save as portions of them have sifted down to us through the writings of other men, subject to their mistakes and embellishments.

Is not the traditionary, second-handed formation of the gospels plainly indicated by their fragmentary, loosely constructed character, their disagreements, and the air of myth that pervades them? I think so. Many ingenious and plausible attempts have been made to harmonize the several gospels and explain away their disagreements; but what explanation so readily and adequately solves the problem of these discrepancies as this, namely, that the writers were not personally knowing to the facts, but depended upon hearsay and other sources of information? Thus only can be reasonably explained the two irreconcilable stories of the childhood; thus only can we account for Matthew's monopoly of the "Sermon on the Mount," the complete "Lord's Prayer," the alleged opening of the graves and resurrection of the bodies of the saints, which "appeared unto many," etc.; only so can we explain John's monopoly of the remarkable (if genuine) prayer of Jesus recorded in chapter 17; only so can we explain the variations in the story of the crucified thieves; in the inscriptions placed above the cross; in the details of the resurrection and subsequent appearances of Jesus; in the final fate of Judas, etc.

But if we credit Luke, Matthew and Mark with at least an attempt to "trace all things accurately," and to give us the facts as far as they could learn them, what shall we say of the writer of "John?" He is so indiscreet

as to end his message by saying: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written."

Is not this a remarkable statement for an "inspired" biographer of Jesus to make? However imperfect may have been his notion of the size of the planet on which we live; however deficient may have been his schooling, such a statement can only be characterized as willful exaggeration. Consider that he was writing concerning one whom he regarded as a divine being, his Lord and Master, whose every act and word was of surpassing moment to his followers, and to the world in general; and yet his record of the brief earthly career of this being is dismissed in this curt, trivial, irreverent manner! If "John" really knew as much about Jesus' career as he pretended, he deserves the execration of all good Christians for not giving his knowledge to the world.

However, it is not alone in the fragmentary make-up of the gospels, their general flavor of myth and miracle, and their numerous discrepancies, that we find evidence of the distance which separated the gospel writers from the scenes which they purport to describe. We find it also in the fact, before alluded to, that the writers, in certain parts of their narratives, make use of an identity or striking similarity of language, to an extent that can only be explained on the theory that the later writers copied from the earlier, or that all copied from a common earlier source. This fact (and it is acknowledged as such to-day by all critics of standing, orthodox as well as liberal) is of itself the strongest kind of proof that the several writers are not so many independent witnesses to the truth of the common story. Who furnished the original story is unknown, and probably always will be.

Here, then, are a number of facts concerning the gospels which have an important bearing upon their credibility:

1. Neither of the gospels was written by an eye-witness of the events which it narrates.
2. They are largely made up of marvelous tales which, if occurring in non-biblical writings, would at once stamp them as unhistorical.
3. They bear strong internal evidence of having been in part copied from a single and unknown source.
4. Although learned attempts have been made to harmonize their circumstantial statements, the fact remains that they do not harmonize as to many important details—details in regard to which it is impossible to believe bona fide eye-witnesses, or even careful chroniclers, would fail to agree.

5. The writings all bear evidence of having been revised, altered or added to by copyists.

6. The period from which the gospels date was one in which—to use the language of Rev. Dr. Hedge—"the science of criticism as developed by the moderns—the science which scrutinizes statements, balances evidence for and against, and sifts the true from the false—did not exist; an age when a boundless credulity disposed men to believe in wonders as readily as in ordinary events, requiring no stronger proof in the case of the former than sufficed to establish the latter, namely, hearsay and vulgar report; an age when literary honesty was a virtue almost unknown, and when literary forgeries were as common as genuine productions, and transcribers of sacred books did not scruple to alter the text in the interest of personal views and doctrinal prepossessions."

Now, here are so many indisputable facts going to prove that the gospel accounts of Jesus are not what orthodoxy claims them to be; that they are not reliable history. And yet our orthodox friends deem it strange that a man like Renan or Theodore Parker, while acknowledging Jesus' high character as a man, fails to credit all the marvelous things that the gospel writers tell about him. I see no inconsistency here. They simply read New Testament history as they read other history—with reasonable caution as to the reliability of the writers, their intelligence, their possible motives and prejudices. They realize that age does not add credibility to ghost and wonder stories. They realize, too, that not only is Christianity to be accounted for, but many other religions, each having a vast and devoted following, and each laying claim to a miraculous origin.

Andrew D. White, in his "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," gives an account of St. Francis Xavier, a Jesuit Father, who in the sixteenth century labored in India with great success, and who, although himself disclaiming power to work miracles, or speak with "tongues," was, even during his lifetime, accredited with such power; and on his death, his biographers, one after another, told marvelous stories of his supernatural deeds, such as raising the dead, casting out devils, stilling the tempest, etc., the marvels narrated by early biographers increasing in an almost regular ratio under the facile pens of successive writers, with the result that the humble but successful proselyter was at length canonized by the Pope! That the Christ of our gospels is the product of a similar pseudo "development" is not merely a plausible supposition; such a theory, it seems to me, is abundantly sustained by the facts brought to light by our modern investigators.

A young and ardent reformer arises in Judea. He is an enemy to formalism and hypocrisy; no doubt he is something of an anchorite and vision-

ary. Like others before and after him, he in time comes to believe in himself and his mission as the fulfillment of messianic prophecy. He proclaims a loving heavenly Father, who demands of his children, not sacrifices and empty rites, but righteousness and brotherly kindness. He is received, as all reformers are received, with gladness and devotion by some; with derision, hatred and persecution on the part of others; and at length suffers a martyr's death. Then the stories of marvelous things he was said to have done—of diseases healed by a word or a touch of his garment; of dead persons restored by him to life and friends; of his being ministered to by angels; of his holding converse with departed spirits, and being saluted by voices from the heavens; of miraculously feeding the multitudes who flocked to hear him, and causing the elements to obey his voice (tales many of which, doubtless, began to be whispered among his ignorant devotees during his lifetime), were more and more dwelt upon and circulated, at length to be taken up and enlarged upon by successive biographers, who also collected his many reported sayings, and worked in alleged confirmatory texts from ancient scriptures, and other material, until the story of his life culminated in our gospels and the still more apocryphal productions which have in part come down to us, and which even the gullibility of the Christian fathers could not accept.

This, I am convinced, is substantially the way in which the Christian movement had its inception, to be afterward developed by Paul and other pseudo-philosophers into one of the great religions of the world.

Springfield, Mass.

EXCERPT FROM LUCRETIIUS.

BY GEORGE W. MOREHOUSE.

I FIND in "Public Opinion" an excerpt taken from the "London Academy," which is well worth a place in a free thought magazine. The "Academy" says: "Mr. W. H. Mallock, impressed by the resemblance between the philosophy of Omar Khayyam and that of Lucretius, has versified parts of Lucretius in the same metre used by FitzGerald in the 'Rubaiyat.'"



G. W. MOREHOUSE.

Here is given part of Mr. Mallock's poem:

"Globed from the atoms falling slow
or swift

I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems
and the suns

Shall go back slowly to the eternal
drift.

*

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"Where is the coolness when no
cool winds blow?

Where is the music when the lute
lies low?

Are not the redness and the red rose one,
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?

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"Death is for us, then, nothing—a mere name
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.
It hurts us not, for there is nothing left
To hurt; and as of old, when Carthage came

"To battle, we and ours felt naught of all,
Nor quailed to see the invading ruin fall
On all our quiet homes, nor heard our fields
Shaken beneath the hordes of Hannibal,

"But slumbered, on and on, nor cared a jot,
Death to the stress, and tumult, though the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The rule of all—but we, heeded not—

"So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,
And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,

"Even as our past was shall our future be.
Others may start and tremble, but not we,
Though heaven be darkened with the dust of earth
Or all the earth be sunk beneath the sea."

The ancients lacked knowledge of the fundamental facts of nature, which has been supplied, mainly in the last half of this century, by science; and, moreover, the men of to-day are no more hopelessly bound to their idols than were they. Yet, seldom has even the modern philosopher come so closely in touch with the most robust and advanced scientific thought, as did this Roman poet of the century preceding the Christian era.

Civilization has been, and is, delayed, not so much by lack of mental capacity as by the fear and prejudice born of the self-sufficient crystallizing intolerance of creeds. Organized creeds block individual effort.

103 West Muskegon Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan.

ASTRONOMICAL.

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

THE present year, that will close the nineteenth century of our vulgar era, will be more than usually prolific in interesting heavenly phenomena. On the forenoon of May 28th there will be a total eclipse of the sun. The shadow will move along a line drawn from New Orleans, through



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

Mobile and Raleigh, to Norfolk, Virginia, and enter the Atlantic Ocean at that point. To the people who live north or south of that line the eclipse will be partial. The cause of an eclipse is now so well known among mundane dwellers, at least where the English language is used, that we fail to be frightened by the phenomenon, as our progenitors were, only as late as one or two centuries ago. And yet, although we know there is nothing supernatural in the occurrence, in those who witness it as the light begins to fade, it begets weird and peculiar feelings. The coming darkness seems un-

natural, and the twilight has a somber appearance. The cattle and fowls make preparation to retire, as if evening had come; and all nature wears a dreary aspect, as of some portending evil.

To those in the line of totality the moon will cover the sun so as to appear a perfectly round, black disc, in the blue vault, surrounded by flames known as Corona, shooting from the sun. Many of the stars, the Twins, the Great and Little Dog, and others, and the planets Venus, Mercury and Mars will be visible by the unaided eye. To us upon the banks of the Mississippi Venus will appear nearly due east, near the horizon, three hours behind the Sun. Mercury will be one hour west of the Sun, and Mars will be also west of the Sun, one and a half hours, and if atmospheric conditions are favorable, the planets will be visible in the semi-darkness, to the inhabitants of Illinois and Iowa.

On such occasions, in India, the natives run to the river to bathe,

where they submerge themselves up to the chin, as a religious rite, believing such ceremonies will exorcise the influence of evil spirits who are trying to steal the Sun from the heavens. Such actions were observed by some Europeans at a total eclipse on August 18th, 1868. And again we find that at a total eclipse in the United States on July 29th, 1878, a negro, believing the world coming to an end, killed his wife and children. But as knowledge spreads its benign influence over the earth, Ignorance, and its twin offspring, Superstition and Prejudice, are relegated into oblivion; and we lift our heads higher, and breathe with greater freedom.

The next total eclipse of the Sun after the above, visible in North America, will take place on August 30th, 1905.

On the coming 12th of June there will be a partial eclipse of the moon, visible to the inhabitants of North America.

Another uncommon event of interest will be the occultation of the planet Saturn by the moon, on the evening of July 10th. The moon will occult the planet when nearly on the meridian, at a quarter to ten o'clock in the evening. It will be very interesting to watch the moon stealing slowly eastward toward the planet. Our satellite will not have reached to its full, so that it will contact the planet with its dark side. It will hide the planet from our view for one hour and twenty minutes. The occultation of a planet, or of a star of the first magnitude by the moon, is of very rare occurrence. The smaller stars in the moon's path are very numerous, and in its monthly journey round the earth it occults from 140 to 150. Many of the occultations are visible in the telescope, when the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

If there were atmosphere of any perceptible density about the moon, in contacting a star it would cause distortion or agitation of the star's ray. Nothing, however, of the kind is observable. The moment its edge touches the star, the disappearance takes place; so that if there be any atmosphere round our satellite, it is very attenuated.

It is a very natural inference for us to draw, that where no atmosphere exists there can be no water, and in consequence no life; at least, no life such as we have any knowledge of. At the same time, seeing we have not arrived to a knowledge of everything, it would be assuming great boldness to assert an entire absence of life in those valleys. There may be living beings there of which we have no conception. Certain it is, its topography shows that thousands of years ago conditions on its surface were very different from what they now are. It is covered on much of its surface with large plains that appear to have been the beds of seas. At

other places, large, long, deep fissures, as if made by some terrible agitations and upheavals. And it is difficult to conceive of much disturbance of that kind, where no fire or water exist. So that if not now, at least in ages passed, it is possible it was peopled with beings who probably were well enough civilized to war with each other, without knowing for what; similar to the nations on our earth to-day, who claim the highest civilization, and who spend much time, ingenuity and treasure in manufacturing destructive instruments with which to murder one another wholesale, and few know for what reason.

On October 26th an occultation of the planet Uranus by the moon will take place. But, although the immersion will be above our horizon, we will not be able to see it, as the contact will be at half-past four in the afternoon, and the daylight will be too bright. The emersion at 5:45 may be seen by the aid of a small telescope, or good field glass. Ocular aid of some kind is necessary, as the planet cannot be seen at any time by the unaided eye, unless the atmosphere be free from clouds or moisture of any kind. Its light is equal to a star of the sixth magnitude, and the atmosphere is seldom clear enough for stars below the fifth magnitude being visible by the unaided eye.

But, although a view of the occultation of Uranus may be somewhat disappointing, a very pleasing sight of the moon advancing to meet Jupiter at the same time will pay the observer for his time spent in watching. Soon after sundown the moon and planet will be seen apparently in close proximity to each other; the moon advancing as if to devour the planet. The immersion of the Major will take place two hours after the emersion of Uranus. The moon being very young will set soon after sundown, and the immersion of Jupiter will take place after they have disappeared from our view in the West, but will be visible from the Pacific Ocean, and Asia.

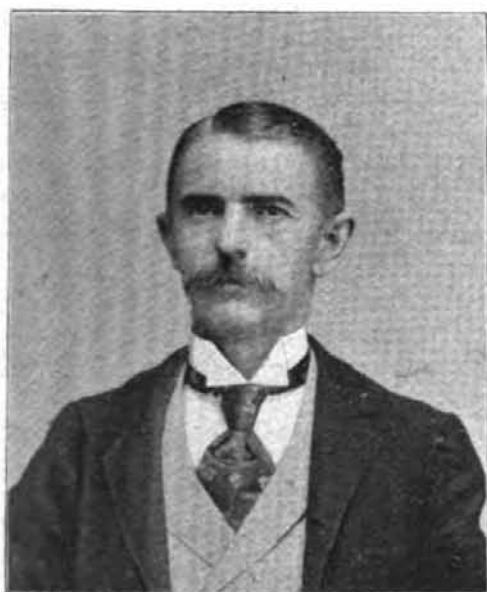
On November 21st there will be an annular eclipse of the Sun, beginning in the Atlantic Ocean north of the island of St. Helena, crossing South Africa, the Indian Ocean, and ending in Australia. At this season the Earth being nearer to the sun, and the moon more distant from the earth than they were in May, the moon will not cover the sun as in a total eclipse. At the middle of the eclipse the outer edge of the sun will be visible all around the moon, forming a clear, bright ring, from which the name of "Annular Eclipse," is derived. In the path of the Annulus the semi-darkness will be very pronounced.

Clinton, Iowa, March 22 1900.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

REQUIEM FOR THE DEVIL.

BY GEORGE W. TURRELL.



GEORGE W. TURRELL.

THE devil's dead, that measly
soul,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to have a great long tail
With which he swiped the
floor.

With horny head and cloven feet,
And green and scaly skin,
To dare to doubt he's round
about
Was called a deadly sin.

He argued with our Mother
Eve*
Where apples they grew
small,

Which Adam took from her fair hand
And ate them, cores and all.

He used to roam about the world,
And like a lion roar,**
But reason smashed his pumpkin head,
And now he is no more.

On him salvation all depends,***
For him all hell was made,****
But now he's gone, what will they do?
The preacher won't get paid.

Oh! devil rest, we need thee not,
Nor priests of mythic lore,
For reason's light dispels the night,
Free Thought forevermore.

Philadelphia Pa.

*Gen. 3: 1 to 6. **1 Pet. 5, 8. ***1 John 3, 8. ****Matt. 25, 41.

EDUCATION THE REAL SAVIOR OF HUMANITY.

BY MRS. AGNES L. DAVIS.

EDUCATION is the only real savior of mankind. By it we are saved from ignorance, superstition and fear. Through its mighty agency comes the development of all the powers of the human being and an ever-increasing knowledge of nature's laws. It saves from disease and all forms of degradation, and will create for us a heaven in this life which will far surpass any visionary city of golden streets and gates of pearl.



MRS. AGNES L. DAVIS.

Ascending the heights in our imagination, let us look down the past to the very beginning of education, then back through each successive step, advancing upward to the present day, carefully surveying the educational ideals of this generation. The history of the human race is the story of a long and endless struggle for mental liberty, and we can appreciate the heights to which we have risen when we see the depths from whence we come.

To know the educational ideals of a period is to know what the people of that time were.

The first schools, those of Judea and Egypt, were schools for the priests. The Jews did little to advance science, but we owe something to the priests of the Val-

ley of the Nile. Much of their learning is obscure, but we have evidence that they were scientific and the schools of Alexandria influenced learning in Greece and Rome at a later day.

The Greeks were the first to develop secular education. To them we owe many of the educational truths of value to-day.

They gave equal importance to mental and physical development. Symmetry of form, strength and power of endurance were held in high esteem. Socrates, by his peculiar method of teaching, encouraged independence of thought and the use of the reasoning faculties, but they depended on theory rather than scientific research for truth. They argued for the sake of argument alone, rather than to teach or defend some law of nature. The products of this system were the philosopher, the Spartan and the gladiator.

We find the same educational ideals in Rome, with something added. Here much time and thought were given to politics. The statesman was pre-eminently the highest. The Romans were more practical and were trained to spare neither themselves nor others.

The Moors in Spain contributed largely to education because they

were scientific. Their investigations were along the lines of mathematics and astronomy. Our Arabic notation of numbers we owe to them.

With the rise of the Catholic Religion in the ninth century we enter the shadow of the dark ages, when the masses were kept in subjection through their ignorance and superstition. An ecclesiastical and feudal despotism prevailed throughout the so-called civilized world. The only schools were those of the cloister and the castle. All knowledge of the sciences, art and literature was buried in the monasteries. The people were mental slaves and we turn with a shudder from the thought of the degradation and horror which filled the lives of those whom destiny compelled to play this part in the development of the human race.

The priesthood, with all its cunning, however, could not crush out the innate desire of the mind for knowledge. Nature's law is growth, development. Here and there, as time passed, some grew strong enough to rebel, but it required more than five hundred years for the people to arrive at the point of a realization of their mental bondage.

The Renaissance began first in Italy, and with the revival of learning the people began questioning the authority of the church. Bruno, born in Italy in 1548, and educated for the priesthood, soon found its restraints intolerable and left the church. Persecuted in Rome he fled, going from city to city, everywhere giving free expression to the new thoughts which were beginning to effect a revolution in the thinking world. The discovery of Copernicus was accepted and taught by Bruno. Before his death at the stake in 1600 he started the ball of liberal thought rolling.

Erasmus advanced the cause of education in Holland, Germany, France and England. He has been called the "Voltaire of the Renaissance." The principle that reason is the only guide in life, the supreme arbiter of all questions, politics and religion included, has its earliest and most complete exemplar in him. He had influence with the rich and powerful of several countries, which made it possible for him to do much toward renewing the interest in learning.

The Reformation, led by Martin Luther, marks an epoch in the history of education from the fact that Luther, teaching his followers that they should read and interpret the Bible for themselves, created a desire among the masses to learn to read. The art of printing and the manufacture of paper coming into use about this time, encouraged the learning of reading and writing.

The years immediately following are too harrowing to dwell upon. The most bloody and relentless wars were waged in the name of religion, but in spite of the cruelties of the Inquisition the cause of the Protestant church grew. It was a step in advance of the Catholic religion, inasmuch as it allowed more mental liberty, but we of to-day can see that it was only one step in advance, and that the most progressive of to-day have taken another step upward by casting aside the dogmas and superstition of the Protestant church for the religion of science and humanity.

The church of the Reformation did much in fostering the education of the people, although the schools which sprang up everywhere were

very inferior in their methods. The teacher was the "schoolmaster," with the full meaning of the word master, forcing the pupil to commit to memory the text of his books and to recite it parrot fashion. Education at that time meant storing the mind with facts, acquiring the thoughts of others and the product of such a system naturally was good material for the church. One so taught readily accepting any doctrine or idea presented by it.

There are always, however, a few men who are ahead of the time in which they live. In the latter part of the seventeenth and in the eighteenth century we find a long list of philosophers, writers and educators who championed the cause of greater mental liberty and who stood for higher educational ideals. Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine, Herbart, Froebel, Pestalozzi and several others. They were misunderstood and scoffed at by the people of their day and it has remained for the people of the latter half of this century to put their teachings into practice. The eighteenth century was the great seed-sowing period of Free Thought, and we now begin to reap the harvest.

The latter half of this century has brought a reformation in education and science has gone forward with great bounds.

With the mind of man once entirely free from superstition and his energy and thought turned toward the investigation of nature's laws, we can set no limit to what he may accomplish.

Science has traced the formation and development of the earth and all animal and vegetable life upon it; harnessed the very elements, making them the servants of man's will. The time has passed for wasting time trying to reconcile scientific truth with the superstitious ideas set forth by the race in its infancy, as recorded in the Bible.

As a result of thirty-five years of public schools the people are beginning to do their own thinking instead of leaving that important duty to the preacher and the politician.

With all trained, up-to-date teachers the methods of the cramming system are obsolete. Education has become a systematic development of all the powers of the individual. The teacher is no longer the taskmaster, but the leader, friend and counselor. The child is taught to reason from the known to the unknown, and to relate what he already knows with the new thought he is finding. More attention is given to physical and moral development, and the time is not far away when manual training will be a part of the work in our public schools.

A short time ago I heard a thorough, up-to-date teacher give the following excellent definition for the ideal recitation; he said, "The recitation which evokes the greatest amount of mental activity on the part of the pupil is the ideal recitation." Now, this man is also a church worker and is blind to the fact that it is this mental activity which is developing the reasoning faculties and which will inevitably rob the church of its power, and make us indeed a free people. The pulpit and the religious press are already crying out in amazement, What is the matter with the people? Why are we losing ground?

If they would retain their hold upon the people they will have to close the doors of our public schools and universities, for the "New Education" will not only save the people from ignorance but will reduce the masses to individuals who shall be sovereign in their mastery over their own minds, and who will be self-governing and self-supporting.

The emancipation of woman in this century is a natural outgrowth of the advancement of education.

All educational straws of to-day point toward greater mental liberty and the growth of the Liberal cause.

At the last National Educational Association, held in Los Angeles, a plea was made for the "Law of Evolution." When it is accepted on a footing with the Law of Gravity, the scientists of our schools and colleges will then be true to themselves and to science.

Thomas Paine is slowly but surely receiving a long-delayed recognition in United States history.

The founding at Silverton, Oregon, of a Liberal University, where the new education may hold full sway, and where science will be taught untrammelled by superstition, marks an important epoch in the onward march of education. Their plan, as outlined by T. B. Wakeman in the *Free Thought Magazine* and the "Torch of Reason," embodies a true emancipation of education and stands for all that is highest and best in the educational ideals of to-day.

Bible reading in the public schools is fast declining. Massachusetts is the only State in the Union which compels by law this custom, while several States have laws prohibiting the reading of the Bible and all sectarian teaching in the public school.

All educators are working for the cause of "Free Thought," whether they realize it or not, because the mighty lever of education is steadily raising mankind to a place where they can see the narrowness and the mistakes of a belief evolved by the race in its infancy.

Reason, the product of true education, will turn their faces toward the religion of science and humanity.

Rock Springs, Wyoming.

GRANDFATHER'S PRAYER AND THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK— MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

MY grandfather was a man who did everything with a great deal of thoroughness and deliberation," remarked the Judge, with a twinkle in his eye. "He did not allow trifles to throw him off the track when he once started to do anything. He was a man whom you might, in the lan-



HELEN H. GARDENER.

guage of Wall Street, call, long on gravity and short on humor, nor would he tolerate for a moment any levity, as he termed it, on religious topics, or upon any occasion devoted especially to spiritual exercises. This fact, coupled with an eight-day clock which he once bought from a strolling peddler, came near getting my brother and me the worst thrashings we ever had in our lives.

"It came about in this way. We were living on the frontier, and in those days very few country people had clocks of any kind whatever, but, as I say, my grandfather had set the pace, so to speak, in our neighborhood, by buying from a strolling dealer a somewhat elaborate timepiece which had to be wound up only once in eight days—an added charm and dignity in the

line of timekeeping over anything so far seen by any of us.

"At first it did very well. I doubt if it either gained or lost more than ten or fifteen minutes in any given twenty-four hours, and its striking voice, if one may so express it, was that of a self-assertive athlete, or an announcer for a Wild West show. We boys were prouder of that clock than of almost anything the family owned. But about the fourth month after we got it something went wrong with the striking part of its interior, and its voice was heard no more.

"Grandfather worked with it a little, tentatively, but fearing to throw the other parts of its anatomy into like inaction he reluctantly settled down to accept Time at its hands, silently—but gratefully.

"It was a grief to us all, but my brother and I were especially disappointed, for we had loved to hear its reassuring tones ringing out the hours when we chanced to lie awake at midnight, with our brains filled with Kit Carson tales of Indians, and the hooting of owls in the distance curdled our blood and started goose flesh all over our arms and legs.

"The clock had been silent for some weeks. It was Sunday morning, and grandfather wound it up as usual and then began the regular morning family prayers. As I said before, my grandfather was an unusually thorough man, and he had just reached the stage in his prayer where he was calling the particular attention of the Almighty to 'the nations of the earth,' and was about to take up each nation separately. My knees had begun to demand a good deal of my attention, and I was shifting the burden of my weight from one to the other and back again with some frequency, when all of a sudden that recalcitrant eight-day timepiece started to strike. Of course every one present began to think of it and thus lost run of my grandfather's prayer. I had counted from the first stroke, 'six, seven, eight, nine, ten;' gracious! had it really been an hour since we got on our knees?

"'Eleven, twelve,' impossible!

"The prayer was long, no doubt about that, and my knees—'thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen!' I glanced through my fingers toward my brother Tom's back and caught him peeping around at me. 'Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen!' Our eyes met and I am sure it flashed upon both of us at the same instant that the clock had started in to strike up the whole eight days it had lost.

My brother Tom got suddenly red in the face and I never came so near exploding (and getting thrashed) in my life.

"'Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two.' The strokes were going slower, as if it were about to stop altogether. Tom winked at me through the back of his chair.

"'Twenty-t-h-r-e-e, twenty-f-o-u-r, twenty-f-i-v-e, twenty-s-i-x.' Evidently it did not intend to stop. It had simply slowed down in order to hold out as long as grandfather did.

"This idea nearly knocked me over as it popped into my head. I was intensely interested in the outcome. Grandfather was a stayer. So was the clock.

"'Twenty-s-e-v-e-n, twenty-e-ig-h-t, twenty-n-i-n-e, thirty!'

"Grandfather's voice had gone steadily on, louder, it is true, but evidently with the intention of showing us that nothing short of an earthquake could attract his attention when once engaged in converse with the Deity. I observed that he had just now started in on the United States, and I was aware that there was a good deal yet to 'beseech Thee' for. I thought that the clock had a very fair chance to get the whole eight days struck up first, even at its present exasperatingly deliberate rate.

"'Thirty-o-n-e, thirty-t-w-o, thirty-t-h-r-e-e, thirty-f-o-u-r!'

"There were the separate States, our rulers, the church, our own community and the various private, individual and family interests yet to be prayed for—'Fifty!'

"That was too much for my grandfather. Without changing a muscle, without an inflection of his voice being differentiated from that of the then universally prevailing prayer-tone or 'Bible twang,' as the ungodly

called it, he went right on—but addressing my brother now, together with the Almighty.

“Thomas—take—that—clock—out—into—the—yard—and—we—beseech—thee—oh—Lord—that—thou—wouldst—remember—in—Thy infinite—mercy—all—those—who—have—strayed—from—Thy—grace.

“The prayer was going steadily on. So was the clock.

“‘Seventy-t-w-o, seventy-t-h-r-e-e-e-e-e,’ it jiggled along, as Tom essayed to carry it, he on tiptoe, meanwhile, across the room. At the door he stopped. It was a large clock and Tom was not half grown. He hesitated. Should he set it down there on the floor, carry it back to the mantle, or——?

“‘Eighty-o-n-e, eighty-t-w-o, eighty-t-h-r-e-e!’

“‘Walter—open—the—door—for—your—brother—and—help—us—oh—Lord—to—remember—the—poor—and—needy—all—about—us.’

“Grandfather was getting pretty close home. The clock had struck ninety-seven when I got the door closed on Tom. I tiptoed back to my chair and knelt again. It was pretty hard to hear the clock now, but it was going bravely on. So was grandfather. When Tom opened the door on his way back to his chair, where he knelt again (pulling my hair as he passed me and making me nearly scream, so that I had to cough violently to hide an hysterical laugh), there was an instant when ‘two-hundred and twelve’ floated in, and then I lost count, for my grandfather had somehow finished (whether regularly or irregularly I cannot say, and none of the family ever felt sure) and was getting up from his knees. So were we.

“It was a critical, a perilous moment. I knew that if there was the least indication on my face that anything had struck me as funny I might as well make up my mind then and there to be flogged. I forgot my knees, my pulled hair, the number of strokes of the clock, and even the heathen. I thought my time had surely come. It required my entire and undivided attention to hold the muscles of my face steady and retain in them a proper and judicious amount of gravity. But I must have succeeded beyond my dearest hopes, for my grandfather glanced sharply at both of us boys and then swept the others hastily with the tail of his eye as he started for the yard. When he opened the door there floated defiantly in, ‘Two hundred and seventy-six, two hundred and seventy-seven, two hundred and seventy-eight!’ and the moment the door closed behind him both Tom and I fell on the floor in a helpless fit of laughter, which we smothered as best we could with our coat sleeves. My mother pretended not to see or hear us, but I clearly saw the gleam of her teeth as her handkerchief went up to her eyes when she reached the turn on the stairs on her way up to her room—and she wasn’t weeping, either.”

519 West 123d Street, New York.

INGERSOLL'S POEM—A CRITIC CRITICIZED.

BY WILL BLYTHE.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

IN your March number appears an article by George Jacob Holyoake, in which the writer attempts to expose what he calls "inconsistencies" in Ingersoll's last poem.

I would not feel called to defend one intellectual giant against the



WILL BLYTHE.

attack of another were the party attacked alive to defend himself, but in the present instance the noble author of "The Declaration of the Free" has passed beyond the power of self-defense, and, therefore, while abler minds may hesitate, I venture to offer a few words intended to show that Mr. Holyoake has taken a superficial view of the Colonel's work, and in his own soulless agnosticism has overlooked what the Christian would call the soul of the matter. To begin with, the critic opens by an apparent contradiction. He says, "Few of the friends of Colonel Ingersoll were aware that he had the faculty of very good verse in him. Everybody knew there was poetry in his

speeches, but that he could write poems was little imagined."

With apologies to the author of that paragraph I will take the liberty to transpose it: Few of the friends of Michael Angelo were aware that he had the faculty of very good sketch in him. Everybody knew that there was art in his paintings, but that he could paint pictures was little imagined.

I think the transposition is not strained. Does all poetry rhyme? Are there no prose poems? Is it not more difficult to write good poetry than good rhyme? Many poetic inspirations have been sacrificed to mechanical rhyme.

In my opinion the two greatest poems in English that express gigantic thoughts in simple language and excellent rhyme, are Gray's "Elegy" and Ingersoll's "Declaration of the Free." It is written that Mr.

Gray worked seven years upon the "Elegy" before giving it to the world. I doubt that Colonel Ingersoll gave as many hours to his poem, and yet it embodies profound thought in simple words and rhyme to please the ear of a listening child.

I do not pretend to think the "Declaration of the Free" equal in profusion and finish to Gray's masterpiece, but while I consider the "Elegy" as the most beautiful mental landscape ever painted by a poet, I think Colonel Ingersoll has taken a deeper and more difficult subject, chosen a form of melody more complex than Mr. Gray's, and treated it with a touch so simple as to make Mr. Gray's "Elegy" in comparison sound like a jumble of tongues. If Mr. Ingersoll had spent seven years in revision, what results must have followed? The Colonel wrote as he talked. His common speech was music and his written thoughts were poems. With a soul for music that sounded the depths of a Wagner he possessed the happy faculty of judging his audience. To the great musician he was authority in music; to the simple child he was a nursery-rhymist.

Mr. Holyoake quotes:

"We have no God to serve or fear,
No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer,
When life is done,
And endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs."

Then the critic asks how the poet knows that, which he "so distinctly and positively asserts," and suggests that the word "know" instead of "have" in the first line would be more consistent from an Agnostic standpoint.

Here I differ from Mr. Holyoake and feel convinced that he has overlooked the full import of the title. "We have no God to serve or fear" is part of "The Declaration of the Free." "We" are the free—free from the superstitions of the past; emancipated from the fear, service or thralldom of any God, ghost or goblin.

There is not a word in that poem denying the existence of gods in minds that are habitable by such beings. Nowhere does it say, or even imply, there is no God of Love, but "there is no God of wrath;" "We (the free) have no God," etc. Colonel Ingersoll knew the power of imagination too well to argue with the victim of delirium tremens that there are no snakes.

The critic quotes on:

"When cyclones rend and lightning blights
'Tis naught but fate;
There is no God of wrath who strikes
In heartless hate.
Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought or plan."

Then follows this remarkable comment of Mr. Holyoake: "The tumult of the skies may be 'naught but fate.' That is more than we know. Though it is reasonable to suppose that no God of mercy sets cyclones going, or directs the lightning to blight, it is not within the province of the Agnostic to be certain about it. Instead of saying, 'Tis naught but fate,' it would be consistent to say, 'It seems naught but fate.' Let us hope there is no 'God of wrath.' Reason and morality justify us in thinking so, but not in saying so." Mr. Holyoake makes "Reason and Morality" appear to possess qualities similar to those of certain chemicals; two ingredients combined exhibit powers entirely foreign to the apparent nature of either, separate. Thus, Reason would seem to justify us in saying what we think; Morality would demand of us to think what we say; but "Reason and Morality (combined) would justify us in thinking so, but not in saying so," all of which does not seem to harmonize with the higher regard for truth and candor.

"Such lines as the following," observes the critic, "go beyond the limitations of certainty within which the Agnostic professes to keep:"

" 'Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought or plan.' "

"It would be enough to say, 'There seems no purpose.' "

Now I wish to maintain that the word "injure" amply justifies the assertion of the poet expressed in those two lines. If there is any good engineer at the throttle-valve on some other end of this infinite train of worlds, who is trying to control and keep things running smoothly, he should feel highly complimented rather than offended when he is exonerated from the charge of having any "purpose, thought or plan" to "injure" the poor passengers.

A purpose or plan must be constructive and progressive, aiming at organization and growth, and could not be self-destructive without being a failure. Where thought is, purpose and plan are possible. No thought, no purpose or plan. Hence the compliment to all good thought, embodied in those two lines:

"Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought or plan."

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish, through the courtesy of the Free Thought Magazine, to offer the foregoing to your readers in the spirit of kindness and candor, and if I have taken a false view of the subject, or in any manner misrepresented the position of Mr. Holyoake, I shall be satisfied if the eminent gentleman will condescend to enlighten me.

Newark, N. J.

PARTNERSHIP WITH JESUS.

BY HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

NOT long since I attended an orthodox revival. The leading evangelist made some very strange and ludicrous statements during his impassioned appeals for the wicked sinners of his congregation to forsake their evil ways and come to Jesus. One piece of advice, directed particularly to young men about to embark in business, elicited a chorus of stentorian amens and feminine expressions of "Bless God." It was this:



HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

"Young man, when you go into business, take Jesus Christ into partnership with you; let the example and precept of our Heavenly Father be your rule of action; that's the way to succeed."

Now, a glance at some of the accepted records of acts and words of Jesus shows that the advice of the reverend gentleman might prove to be more or less objectionable to-day.

In the first place, if we followed the teaching of Jesus we would not go into business at all, for we are admonished to "Lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal," and we would probably be tramping through the country teaching: "Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink," meanwhile plucking and appropriating to ourselves the corn growing in the fields by the wayside; and if we grew weary of pedestrianism it would be eminently proper for us to untie a neighbor's mule and ride away, although even the latter mode of travel would be rather slow and uncomfortable compared with palace car transportation of to-day, the owners of which have demonstrated their willingness to enforce the precept that, "Unto him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance, but him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath."

If it were possible to form this partnership which the pious parson recommends, with Jesus as president of the firm, it would be unnecessary for the various members to take unto themselves wives or to establish homes; it is easier to visit other people, to sponge board and to pay attention to the young ladies without being hampered with family responsibilities, and if a little extra spending money were required, a few fish

with golden coins in their mouths might be hooked, or a general overturning of the tables of the money changers might supply the deficiency; to be sure some foolish persons on whom these depredations were committed might be injudicious enough to resist being held up, but if so the holy head of the firm would give the order to those of his company who did not possess a sword to "Sell his raiment and buy one," and we would hear the declaration, "Those of mine enemies who would not that I should reign over them bring them hither and slay them before me." For "I come not to bring peace but a sword."

Suppose we organize a distilling company with a labor-saving partnership, who could furnish wine ready made from Nature's laboratory; it would be hardly fair to our competitors, although much easier than planting grape vines and waiting two or three years for their yield and then, perhaps, be compelled to curse them for unproductiveness. The cursing of a barren fruit tree, however, seems a trivial affair when we consider that this firm of Jesus and others tells us that "He that believeth not on the Lord Jesus shall be damned," and if we have the temerity to suggest that we are entitled to any share in the dividends we are told to "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

If we wish to establish an absolute despotism, we have only to submit to the rulership of "The Prince of Peace." He says, "Be content with your wages."

"The servant which knew his lord's will and did not do according to his lord's will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

"Every plant which my heavenly father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

"Whomsoever comes unto me and hates not his father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Had the parson recommended the partnership to include Paul, Jesus, et. al., the climax of bigotry, inequality and oppression would have been reached, but further application is unnecessary to illustrate the thoughtlessness of expressions made by some of our "Men of God."

5539 Emerald Avenue, Chicago.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE FREE THOUGHT LECTURE FIELD.

BY DR. J. L. YORK.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

I WRITE to say that I am still in the habit of living, but at a poor rate, and slowly recovering from a long and serious illness. We had just opened a course of lectures for the winter in Seattle in September last when we were stricken down and confined to our bed for over three months, and at this writing am unable to lecture, and guess my work in the field of Free Thought is well-nigh done. But I have no terrors, as when a Methodist, about death and the future of the soul, and the thought of death, an eternal sleep, has in it more of comfort and consolation than the baseless theories offered by any of the religions and isms of the world. And at 70 years of age, with an experience of over thirty years in the study and teaching of mental freedom and man's true relation to nature, I am fully convinced that nature has not revealed to us any absolute proof of conscious existence beyond the grave.



J. L. YORK.

I began when a boy with Methodism, and with the growth of mental power, to grasp the truths of natural science, and following the light of reason in search of truth my mind has evolved

from Methodism through Unitarianism and Spiritualism to the last ditch known as Atheism, which I sincerely believe to be the most rational and scientific conclusion of this age of mind. Not that I have any prejudice against a future existence. I would be glad to believe in the theory of spirit, and spirit return, but the so-called proofs in psychical phenomena and research do not convince my mind of the existence of spirits, or future life, and however much I may desire another life after this, cuts no figure in the search after truth.

To my mind human happiness does not depend upon a false view of God, or a belief in ghosts and a future state, but, rather, in a knowledge of our true relations to each other and obedience to natural law. The doctrine of gods, ghosts, devils, angels, hells, purgatories and a never-dying soul to save, has been taught to the world for thousands of years to little purpose. What the world needs to-day is a religion for this

world, to enlighten the mind, and drive out from the brain the creeping, crawling lizards of superstition, and let in the light of science and truth. Bro. Green, I would not have your readers think that we are discouraged at the present outlook of Free Thought. Not in the least. But, on the contrary, we have many reasons to rejoice in the progress of mental liberty in this country.

When we began our lecture career thirty-five years ago only small audiences of half-frightened people could be had. To-day Liberalism is in the air and almost everywhere finds a fair response to the gospel of Free Thought. And while I am, from my infirmities, obliged to lay my burden down, I am glad to believe that Paine, Voltaire and Ingersoll, although dead and gone to their rest, still live in the spirit of their words and works. And with such a galaxy of bright and noble writers, such as Daniel K. Tenney, T. B. Wakeman, B. F. Underwood, L. K. Washburn, Helen Gardener, Mrs. Cady Stanton and a host of other trenchant pens at work on the pages of the "Free Thought Magazine," "Boston Investigator," and "Truth Seeker," not to forget our radical Brother Moore, of the "Blue Grass Blade," all of whom are on the bedrock and do cut and carve to the bone the body of superstition, and give promise for the future of our noble cause.

And I am pleased to know that a Liberal University has been established at Silverton, Oregon, with T. B. Wakeman as one of its brightest lights, and we congratulate President Hosmer and the Liberals of Oregon on the success of their grand enterprise and trust that the Liberals of the country will sustain the movement and place it, as it richly deserves, on a solid and permanent foundation.

1559 Church Street, San Francisco, California.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

UNITARIANISM AND INFIDELITY.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER (Unitarian) of the date of March 22 contains the following :

"The Free Thought Magazine makes the following statement and comment : 'The Christian Register, the organ of Unitarianism, published at 272 Congress street, Boston, we consider the ablest paper bearing the Christian name in this country. We have had it on our exchange list for fifteen years ; and although it often quotes from the most orthodox journals, either to criticize or approve, we never remember of seeing this magazine mentioned in its pages. We do not think its course in this respect is on account of our inferior literary merit ; but we judge it is fearful of being classed, where it really belongs, with "infidel" publications.' We are not afraid of being censured by orthodoxy or praised by our 'infidel' contemporary. Unfaithful and infidel are two words with one meaning. In the old time, when the Christians of Europe described themselves as 'the faithful,' non-Christians were described as the 'unfaithful.' The Moslem, reversing the meaning, described Christians as the unfaithful. Latin being a common means of communication among scholars, the Latin word *infidelic*, or *infidel*, came into use as a synonym for unfaithful. The word now circulates not among scholars so much as among people who have strong feelings, pronounced ideas, and limited culture. It is a quarter of a century since the present writer has heard the epithet applied to himself, and he has no fear that any one whose opinion he respects will in his case revive the use of the term. We should advise the editor of the Free Thought Magazine to drop a word which has lost its use and meaning, and now excites prejudice without assisting progress either within or without the Christian religion."

The Register advises us to drop the word *infidel* that the Register says "has lost its use and meaning," and now only stands for "unfaithful." With all due respect to our esteemed contemporary we shall be compelled to disregard its advice. We find in the last edition of Webster's Dictionary that the principal definition of *infidelity* is as follows :

"Infidelity, want of faith or belief in some religious system, especially a want of faith in, or disbelief of the inspiration of the scriptures or the divine origin of Christianity."

Webster's definition of an *infidel* is as follows :

"Infidel, one who does not believe in the prevailing religious faith ; one who does not believe in the divine origin and authority of Christianity."

We are aware there is a secondary meaning to the word—that it is

occasionally used to mean unfaithful, but, after all, dictionaries do not invent words, they only define what is meant by them after the people have coined them, and for all past time the word infidel has been nearly synonymous with the word heretic. We think the word infidel is used but once in the Bible, and that by Jesus, where he says, "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." (I. Tim. 5: 8.) It could not have been used in this passage to mean "unfaithful," for such a construction would have made it unintelligible.

We generally place this word in quotation marks when we use it, to indicate that it is what the orthodox call the people we are writing about, but nevertheless there is no more proper word to use to describe a person as a disbeliever or heretic. And then we have good Unitarian authority for using the word in that sense. One of the first lectures that George William Curtis delivered was entitled "Modern Infidelity." We heard him deliver it some forty years ago, and Curtis was a bright light in the Unitarian denomination. And then we heard, some twenty years ago, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a man whom our Unitarian friends would willingly claim, on account of his great literary abilities, use the word "infidel" in a conversation with Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Rev. Dr. Chadwick, in Dr. Chadwick's church in Brooklyn, in which he did not mean by the word "unfaithful." In that conversation Col. Higginson said: "What made me an infidel was reading a work entitled 'The Evidences of Christianity.'" Said Col. Higginson: "The very title of the book set me to thinking, for the idea struck me for the first time that Christianity must be proved." Before, he had taken it as a self-evident proposition that Christianity was true. So the reader will notice that we give three very good authorities, that the Register will not question, for using the word in question to describe heretics, viz., St. Paul, George William Curtis and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

But our Unitarian friends dislike very much to be called infidels, the principal reason for that dislike being, we think, that they realize that the name fits them much better than "Christian." We have just read a sermon on Unitarianism by Rev. M. J. Savage, the most distinguished Unitarian clergyman in America, who ought to know what Unitarianism is and in that sermon he says of the Unitarian belief:

"In the face of it all the old theological ideas fade and pass away. There is not one of the old doctrines that can stand, that can find place at last in the presence of this demonstrated truth concerning the nature of

the universe in which we live. There is no place in it for any Fall of Man. There is no place in it for any Wrath of God. There is no place in it for any Substituted Atonement. There is no place in it for an external and imposed moral law. There is no place in it for a religion imported from without. There is no place in it for eternal torment."

Now, a movement against which "not one of the old doctrines" of Christianity can stand must be pretty near to infidelity, as described by Webster.

The fact is that Unitarianism has, for the last fifty years, been a kind of respectable infidelity, labeled "Christianity," that has not a particle of genuine Christianity in it. Unitarians are all very good people, but are in no genuine sense Christians, no more than they are Mohammedans, and the intelligent ones (and it will not do to intimate that there are Unitarians who are not intelligent) are all aware of the fact; therefore, as a general thing, a Unitarian's hair will instinctively raise on his head when he hears some one pronounce the word "infidel," and as a consequence Unitarians, as does the *Christian Register*, "advise" everybody to "drop" the hateful word that is a kind of Banquo's ghost in their "Christian" banquets and festivals.

Unitarianism is a kind of rendezvous of safety for people who are too intelligent to believe Christianity and not quite free and independent enough to be known as infidels. Therefore, as Mr. Savage says:

"At least three of our not very long list of Presidents were out-and-out Unitarians. Two others, one of them Thomas Jefferson, though not living where there was any Unitarian church, was in such complete sympathy with it as to express himself in the way which I have just quoted. Supreme Court judges, men distinguished in the conduct of affairs, such a roll of philanthropists as perhaps you will hardly find on the list of adherents of any other faith, all the great, distinguished poets and literary men, almost all of them who are known all over this country and abroad, were avowed Unitarians. Such a list, I say, as can hardly be found on the rolls of the membership of any other denomination—of men distinguished for character, for intelligence, for culture, for brain power, for literary and artistic activity—are Unitarians."

But what made such men as Jefferson and Lincoln and the great poets "sympathize" with Unitarianism was not its Christianity, but its infidelity. The persons whom Mr. Savage above refers to were all "disbelievers in the plenary inspiration of the scriptures and in the divine origin of Christianity," and according to Webster, above cited, they were all infidels.

The Unitarians who reject every dogma of Christianity and still cling

to the name of Christianity remind us of the boy crying in the streets, "Hot mince pies for sale," "Hot mince piec." A gentleman passing purchased one and found when he tried to eat it that it was frozen as hard as a stone. He turned to the boy and said: "You little scoundrel, why did 'Hot mince pies for sale,' 'Hot mince pies.'" A gentleman passing pur-is the name of it."

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ASSISTING TO CLOSE THE PARIS EXPOSITION ON SUNDAY—LETTER FROM SECRETARY GAGE TO THE EDITOR.

THE reader will remember that we published in the April Magazine an article from the "Chicago News," which was in part as follows:

Paris, March 19.—The French Society for Promoting the Observance of the Sabbath was greatly delighted by the news that President McKinley had cabled from Washington to the United States Commission for the Paris Exposition to do everything in its power to see that the Sabbath is respected in the American section of the great fair.

The society has been trying to call attention to the subject of Sunday closing of the exposition for some time, but without any great success.

We then made some editorial comments on the article, in which we promised to write to Secretary Gage, of McKinley's Cabinet, whom we knew personally, and request him to inform us if the report was true. We wrote to Secretary Gage and sent him a copy of the Magazine that contained the article, and called the Secretary's attention to it. To our letter the Secretary replied as follows:

"Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary,
"Washington, April 4, 1900.

"My Dear Sir: I note the report as to the President's communication concerning the observation of Sunday for the American exhibition at the Paris Exposition. You desire to know from me, if I feel at liberty to state it, whether or not the alleged expression from the President is authentic. I am not aware, unless through this report, that the President has made any expression on the subject, and I should prefer not to make the direct inquiry. Whatever he has said in that regard, or may say, will be the result of his own reflections after considering it in the best light his judgment and conscience may direct. It is evidently one of those subjects regarding which strong convictions exist in two opposite directions. Whatever he does or fails to do will be certain to be criticised by one or the other of the different parties. My own view is that in a public officer charged with such weighty responsibilities as rest upon the President, a fair liberty ought to be accorded him and a wise charity for his final judgment upon difficult propositions by those who may stren-

uously believe that their views, had they been adopted by the man in authority, would have been more wise and just. Yours very truly,

"L. J. Gage.

"Mr. H. L. Green, Editor Free Thought Magazine, Chicago, Illinois."

It appears by this letter from Secretary Gage that he has no knowledge of the matter in question, and did not prefer to inquire of the President as to the authenticity of the report, but from what we have learned since, from other reliable sources, we have no doubt that what the News stated is true—that "President McKinley has cabled from Washington to the United States Commission for the Paris Exposition to see that the Sabbath is respected in the American section of the great fair," which, of course, means closed.

Now, as to what Secretary Gage says about "a fair liberality being accorded the President in cases where there are two sides to the question," is correct on ordinary questions, but where, as in this case, the fundamental principles of this government are at stake, there should be but one side to the question for the President, and that the side of the Constitution, which guarantees, in substance, if not in words, the entire separation of church and state.

It is a great pity that we have adopted the rule to elect our Presidents to a second term, for the effect is that during their first term, in place of looking after the interests of the people, they are scheming for a second term. They are trying to please all kinds of people so that they may be able to get their support, but the party that has the most votes and influence is the party that is most apt to get their influence. McKinley, by throwing his influence in favor of closing the Paris Exposition on Sunday, thinks he will stand solid with most Christians, and he did, it so quietly that he probably thought the anti-Sabbatarians would not find it out. But it happens they have found out what he has been doing, and he may ascertain that their influence is not so insignificant as he supposed.

Sunday in Paris is a great holiday, and more people will visit the fair on that day than on all the other days of the week, and what a disgrace it will be to all true Americans to see the American section closed and a card upon the door stating:

"CLOSED OUT OF RESPECT FOR THE LORD'S DAY."

Then how will our citizens who have goods on exhibition there like the idea of having their exhibits hidden from the view of the people who come from all sections of the globe. Thus closed the American section would be the laughing stock of the world. Then what will the Jews and the Christians that believe in the Bible Sabbath, the seventh day of the

week, say to seeing the first day honored as the Sabbath of the Lord, contrary to God's commandment.

Such closing, by the influence of the President, would be a direct violation of the doctrine of the "Entire Separation of Church and State"—the doctrine that more than any other distinguishes this nation from all other nations on the globe, and the especial doctrine upon which this nation was founded by the fathers of the republic.

THIS THING MUST NOT BE PERMITTED.

Every friend of this nation and its constitution, that guarantees religious liberty, should at once be heard in open protest against it. The American Secular Union should at once take the lead in the movement and petitions should be circulated everywhere in opposition to this closing movement, and such a demonstration should be at once made by the anti-Sabbatarians that the world will learn that the Americans are not all Puritans and bigots.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written the question of the closing of the American section of the Paris Exposition has been decided, as will be seen by the following Associated Press dispatch:

Paris, April 9.—The French authorities have decided that all exhibits at the exposition are to be open to the public on Sundays, and the United States exhibits are, naturally, within this regulation. These exhibits are under cover in buildings erected by the French government, over which the United States authorities have no control, therefore they must abide by the rules established.

So we are spared the disgrace of being advertised, to all the world, as being a nation of puritanical Sabbatarians, who believe the foolish myth that God rested on the seventh day after his hard week's work of making the earth in six days, "and the stars also." And we can thank the French authorities for this favor, and no doubt but the President is perfectly satisfied with his failure, as he will think that his effort will bring him some votes from orthodox bigots, and will not be noticed by anti-Sabbatarians, as he did not succeed in his undertaking. But for our part, though an old Republican from the days of John C. Fremont, we cannot see how an honest Freethinker can vote for him after this exhibition of his un-Americanism.

We are glad to notice the following report in the secular journals:

Paris, April 17.—Figaro gives facts and figures of the exposition, showing that the number of visitors Sunday was over 148,000, more than 30,000 over the first day in 1889.

The "Sabbath breakers" seem to be numerous in Paris. This news will cause our President to shed many tears.

FREDERIC DAHLSTROM.

FREDERIC DAHLSTROM, whose likeness is the frontispiece of this number of this Magazine, is the President of the Chicago Liberal Society and the proprietor of the Antiquarian Book Store, located at 43 East Van Buren street, Chicago.

Mr. Dahlstrom was born March 14th, 1867. When a small boy he attended a public school in the city of St. Louis; in 1874 he moved, with his parents, to Alton, Illinois, where he attended a public school until his 12th year. In 1880 he entered the employment of the Illinois Glass Company, where he remained until 1894. He then went to St. Louis and took a course of education in a business college, and returned the next year to Alton. He came to Chicago in 1898 and established the Antiquarian Book Store, and in September, 1899, was married to Mary Mitchell, of St. Louis, a most worthy young lady.

The reader will notice that there has been nothing unusual in the life of the subject of this sketch. He has not acquired a large property, has not achieved great political distinction, nor acquired fame or great notoriety in any way, but he has what is far better than any of these, an independent, thoughtful, inquiring mind, a moral character that is without a blemish, good business qualifications, and is energetic and industrious.

Young Dahlstrom was fortunate in his young days in not having his mind crammed with Christian superstition and bigotry; he has therefore always felt perfectly free to investigate all questions in the light of reason—in fact, from his youth up he has been a Freethinker, and has always been in love with Professor Brown's Sacred Trinity, that appears in verse in the April Magazine: "The Good, the Beautiful, the True." Though not a great scholar he has been and is an earnest student of nature, and a great lover and reader of books; and there is probably no young man in America who can give the title of more books than can Mr. Dahlstrom. He is what some might call a regular "book worm," for he has a way of devouring their contents without a critical reading of them. His fondness is especially for old books—books out of date, forgotten by most readers. It has been a hobby with him to hunt them up, therefore he has established the Antiquarian Book Store, where can be found, probably, more antiquated books than in any other book store in this country. He also keeps on his shelves a good assortment of mod-

ern books, and—what no other popular bookseller in America dare do—he keeps on his shelves and on his tables, fully in sight, a full assortment of Free Thought works. He has been warned by good, pious people that he would injure his business by doing so, but he pays no attention to their warnings. One Godly person said to the proprietor of this store, when he saw Paine's works and Ingersoll's books on his tables: "I can't patronize your store any more if you keep such books for sale." Mr. D. said to him: "Have you ever read any of these works?" "Oh, no," said the customer, "and I would not for the world," and the good man left the store. But Mr. Dahlstrom tells us that among his customers are many orthodox clergymen, and it is to these heretical books that they pay the most of their attention, often purchasing a number of them. One of the clergymen that visits the store most frequently is the Rev. DeWitt Talmage Jr. (the son of his noted father), who is the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Chicago. Some time since Talmage preached a sermon on Ingersoll, and a few days previous visited Mr. Dahlstrom's store and purchased a number of Ingersoll's works, and we will give the Rev. Talmage credit for being very fair with the noted Agnostic, treating him much better than have other orthodox ministers who knew much less. He said he once went forty miles to hear Ingersoll deliver the eulogy on Roscoe Conkling, and that he was fully paid for his journey. He declared that Ingersoll was the most eloquent man he ever heard speak, that he always went to hear him when he could, when Ingersoll spoke on any subject but religion, but he would not go to hear him talk on religion, for, being so eloquent, he was very dangerous. Brother Talmage was doubtless fearful he would himself be converted. He was aware of the weakness and frailty of the breastworks behind which orthodoxy is sheltered and was fearful that they would not withstand the powerful cannonade that the eloquent apostle of reason and truth would pour into them, and he concluded that in such a case discretion was the better part of valor, so he remained at a safe distance.

The Antiquarian Book Store is the headquarters of the Agnostics in Chicago. Go there at most any time and you will find a few, or many, visiting the store and having a social time. Our country friends can find no more pleasant place to spend an hour when in the city than this store.

Mr. Dahlstrom is one of the "pillars" of the Agnostic Church, as well as its President, and he has associated with him twenty-five or more of the best young men of Chicago to assist him in his good work, and we are glad to say that this Church of Humanity, of which Rev. Dr. Thomas B.

Gregory is pastor, is growing in public favor as fast or faster than any other church in the city. Their whole creed can be expressed in one word, "TRUTH."

DR. HILLIS AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

DR. NEWELL D. HILLIS, the Presbyterian preacher who recently stirred up the Presbyterians throughout the country by denouncing their creed and withdrawing from their church, is to be congratulated upon the bold stand he has taken. In withdrawing Dr. Hillis says: "I am no longer a Calvinist in the old sense of the term. For years I have urged a revision of our cruel creed, or the preparation of a new one. * * * I can no longer go about apologizing for the Presbyterian creed."

About two years ago Robert G. Ingersoll, speaking of a clergyman who had just withdrawn from a church on account of its creed, said: "Give us Freethinkers time and we will civilize every one of these orthodox preachers." Since Ingersoll made this remark Dr. Gilbert, Prof. Giffert, Prof. Briggs and other lesser lights in the Christian world have renounced their creeds and shown their willingness to accept the more civilized ideas of Freethinkers.

To this list we are glad to add Dr. Hillis' name, and we are pleased to see that, in withdrawing from the Presbyterian church, he has been aggressive enough to take several flings at the creed he formerly espoused.

On general principles we like to see the preachers withdraw from their churches. It is a source of encouragement to Freethinkers; and it must be a great source of satisfaction to those preachers who, awakening to the fact that they are living in an age of intelligence, of civilization, find that their creeds are not compatible with such an age.

The church which is losing most on account of the intellectual awakening of its preachers seems to be the Presbyterian. For this we think we can offer an explanation.

The Presbyterian creed is one of the most brutal creeds ever invented by the narrow mind of a theologian. It is safe to say, or at least we should be charitable enough to say that very few of the Presbyterians who profess to be governed by their creed really know what it is; and those who know what it is do not believe it.

But what is the creed of the Presbyterian church? What are the doctrines which the dyspeptic John Calvin gave to the world some three hundred years ago?

In many respects the Presbyterians hold views like most other orthodox Christian denominations.

They believe that God is a spirit, infinite in glory and perfection ; in power and wisdom, eternal, unchangeable ; everywhere present, just, merciful and gracious ; that this God is composed not of one but three essences—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost ; that these three essences are perfectly equal in power ; all equally eternal, without beginning and uncreated.

There is nothing particularly cruel or brutal about this part of the Presbyterian creed. It simply sounds like the incoherent chattering of an insane person, and is what Thomas Carlyle would, perhaps, call an "Infinite Muddle."

Presbyterians believe, or profess to believe, that the Old and New Testaments are the only infallible rule of faith, because they were written by holy men moved by the Holy Ghost.

Presbyterians believe, or profess to believe, too, that man sinned and became justly liable to eternal misery, here and hereafter, when Adam incurred the wrath of God in that little Garden of Eden escapade.

They also believe, or profess to believe, that the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are necessary ; that Christ will appear at the end of time ; that he will raise the dead ; judge the world, etc., etc.

This nonsense, wholly or in part, is in the creeds of most all orthodox Christian churches, and beyond being absurd and childish is not particularly harmful. But the one doctrine in the creed of the Presbyterians that is so revolting to every humane and intelligent person is the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination and election. According to this doctrine God foreordained from all eternity whatever comes to pass ; and that in his infinite wisdom (infinite brutality would be better) he determined from all eternity that a portion of the human family are elected to eternal holiness and salvation, and the rest are doomed to eternal death and sin. In other words God, in the ages of eternity, determined to create a portion of mankind and introduce sin amongst them for the express purpose of damning them eternally. This horrible doctrine, if true, consigns millions of little babes to eternal punishment at the very instant they are born. They are doomed because of the original sin that is in them caused by Adam's fall. But God does not end here. He damns the babe thousands of years before it is born, but that does not satisfy Him. If the babe ripens into a child, the child into a youth and the youth into an aged man, God has decreed from all eternity that such a life shall be

one of sin, and thus when death comes God has a double reason for damning such a person—first, because of Adam's original sin, and, second, because of the acquired sin.

It is but natural that such a doctrine should be born in the brain of such a man as John Calvin. It was Calvin who, under the guise of friendship, induced Servetus to visit him only to burn him at the stake. And it was Calvin who searched the scriptures until he found passages enough to support his hideous doctrine of predestination and election. The first chapter of Ephesians and the eighth and ninth chapters of Romans are the breastworks behind which every Presbyterian crawls when he gets into a controversy over the favorite doctrine in the creed of John Calvin. But as the Bible becomes more and more to be disregarded, as Presbyterian congregations become more and more civilized, they will wonder how their ancestors ever believed in so brutal a creed and in such a celestial tyrant and God of horror as that conceived by the fathers of the Presbyterian church—John Calvin, John Knox and Jonathan Edwards.

R. N. R.

BOOK REVIEW.

HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS. By Charles B. Waite, N. M. C. V. Waite & Co. Pp. 200. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

This is a handsome little volume, bearing the above title, which we have read with pleasure and profit. It is very rare to find so much in so small a compass.

It contains, first, a complete synopsis of Spencer's Philosophy, prepared with admirable clearness and precision. Nor is this summary a mere skeleton. The reader is on some points let into the minutest details; so that the philosophy of the great scientist assumed form and shape; is clothed, as it were, in the flesh and blood of a living system. Certainly no admirer of Spencer can deny that the author has done him justice in this exhibition of his philosophy, which sets it forth in the most attractive form.

Secondly, extracts are given from the writings of his most eminent critics, thirty in number. These are not all adverse. Those that are so are principally directed against the doctrine of the unknowable.

Finally, the author of this volume himself criticizes the doctrine in an elaborate and exhaustive argument, an argument which appears to be completely unanswerable.

According to this, a person cannot stop at the half-way house of the unknowable. In order to preserve any consistency he must be a Theist, an Atheist, or an Agnostic.

Some of the arguments of Judge Waite had been anticipated by other

critics. But some of them are entirely new, and these are not the least cogent.

All this material is contained in a volume of some 200 pages, handsomely bound and well printed on heavy paper.

The publication ought to have a large circulation among intelligent people. We shall be glad to furnish our readers with copies at the published price, \$1.00, postpaid.

AMES ON FORGERY, ITS DETECTION AND ILLUSTRATION. By Daniel T. Ames. Published by the Author. Pp. 293. Price, in law-sheep binding, \$3.00; in cloth binding, \$2.50.

Prof. Ames, the author of this book is well known to the readers of this Magazine as a most intelligent Freethinker, who has the courage of his convictions. He is considered the best judge of handwriting of any man in the United States, and this book embodies his experience of more than thirty years in the study and investigation of questioned handwriting, involving the examination of more than two thousand cases, in over twelve hundred of which testimony has been given in the various courts of the United States and Canada. Upwards of forty of the most noted cases, not only of this country, but of the world, are presented with superior engravings, illustrative of the methods of the detection of forgery, and its demonstration before the courts, to do which over seventy pages of engravings are required.

Examples are thus presented of nearly every phase in which handwriting can come into question. To the lawyer, banker, and aspirant to expertism, the book will be invaluable.

It has 293 octavo pages, printed on an extra quality of paper, and in its entire make-up is in the highest style of the printer's art.

This is what the New York Journal has to say of the author of this book:

"For more than twenty years Mr. Ames was the editor and proprietor of the Penman's Art Journal, which is altogether a unique publication. It is the ne plus ultra periodical of the penman, accountant, stenographer, amanuensis, and intelligent office-man, and is a welcome messenger to a constituency of more than 75,000 readers. It is not too much to say that Mr. Ames has done more than any other man of our times to systematize the art of artistic penmanship and to utilize it in its best phase. His Book of Alphabet is a recognized authority on lettering, while his 'Compendium of Practical and Ornamental Penmanship' is the most comprehensive and most largely patronized of any work of its work in print.

"Of the bona fide handwriting experts of the country, Daniel T. Ames is conspicuously and easily at the head. He brings to his work a keen analytical insight, a fine discrimination, and an accurate technical and scientific knowledge of handwriting born of a long lifetime of special training and practical experience. His opportunities for detecting and tracing individual characteristics in the multitude of false guises assumed by the clever forger have been on the broadest scale, having reached into thousands of cases.

"Mr. Ames goes into court as sunny and serene as a May morning, and passes through the tortuous channels of cross-examination with the easy grace and confidence of one who asks nothing better than to dwell among the snares and pitfalls set by shrewd attorneys."

This most valuable book is for sale at this office.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND ARE DOING FOR THE LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

THE following letter from the daughter of Mr. George Jacob Holyoake will interest the friends of the Liberal University:

"62 Fentonville Road, London, England,

"March 16, 1900.

"Editor Free Thought Magazine:

"On the death of Colonel Ingersoll, his friends in America wished me to perpetuate his memory by some memorial. My father, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, proposed an Ingersoll chair in the Liberal University in Oregon, the only Free Thought University ever established. The intention is the education of the advocates of Free Thought. The faculty of the University accepted the proposal, and asked my father to make it known in England. By reason of age and literary work to which he is pledged, he is unable to do all he wished, and has asked me to communicate the project to such persons as might be pleased with the opportunity of expressing their obligations to the splendid services of Colonel Ingersoll.

"My father has collected the sums appended to this letter. The University values very highly English aid in this matter, as students may go from this country to the Oregon University to take a degree, which will certify their instructed efficiency. Any further subscriptions may be sent to me, or to Mr. Paul W. Geer, Liberal University, Silverton, Oregon, U. S. A., to whom I shall forward any sums I may receive. Yours faithfully,

Emilie Holyoake Marsh.

	£	s.
"Mr. George Anderson, London.....	5	0
"Mr. Alfred Marsh, London.....	3	0
"Mrs. E. Holyoake Marsh, London.....		10
"Mr. Thomas Allsop, London.....	1	0
"Mr. Robert Applegarth, London.....	1	0
"Mr. J. M. Gunson, Leicester.....	1	0
"Mr. Arthur Gimton, Leicester.....	1	0
"Mr. Sidney Gimton, Leicester.....		10

"P. S.—Mr. Anderson has had so much delight reading Colonel Ingersoll's orations that he tells my father that if the Ingersoll chair does not stand well on its legs we are to apply to him (Mr. Anderson) again."

ALL SORTS.

—Common sense is about the most uncommon thing in this world.

—The Silverton Liberal University has recently received a number of quite large contributions.

—Send us 25 cents for one dozen "Is This Your God?" pamphlet and scatter them around your neighborhood. They will set people to thinking.

—The Minister—I never see you bring your baby to church. The Thoughtful Wife—No; I'm afraid the dear little thing might keep my husband awake.—Yonkers Statesman.

—There is a difference of opinion concerning Dr. Hillis. Has he burned the bridges behind him or merely sawed off the limb of the tree in front of him?—Chicago Tribune.

—As many of our friends forgot to send in their "Donation Day" contribution by the 12th of April, we do not publish the list of contributors in this number. It will appear in the June number.

—Susanna M. D. Fry, national corresponding secretary W. C. T. U., says that ordained preachers, creeds, formulas, ceremonies, apostolic succession do not satisfy the people and infallibility is a dead dogma.

—The noted doctors of divinity, those who are possessed of some brains, are evidently convinced that the "the old ship of Zion" is waterlogged and fast sinking, and they are making all possible haste to go ashore.

—Pastor—I understand Brother Jenkins considered my sermon very free. Do you know on what ground? Deacon—I have an idea. When the collection was taken up after it he was asleep and it passed him.—Philadelphia Press.

—It is reported that the several times

millionaire Carnegie is a Freethinker in his religious views; that he donated a large sum to establish a public library in Pittsburg on condition that it be open on Sunday. Therefore, we suggest that every friend of the Liberal University request him to aid that institution.

—Some of our "higher critics," in their zeal for the church, declare that they value the Bible much higher than when they believed God was the author of all of it. According to that, if they come to believe it is all the work of men and that God had nothing to do with it they will be unable to express in words their admiration for the old Book.

—John J. Riser writes from Centerville, Col.:

"I enjoy Daniel K. Tenney's articles above all others published in The Magazine. He is a wonderfully clear reasoner and employs language that any man of common sense can understand. I retain his writings as the best ammunition I can now find to fight superstition with, especially since the great Ingersoll is no more."

—The following letter we are sure will interest our readers:

New York, March 17, 1900.

Dear Mr. Green—It will please you to know that I have just received a letter of congratulation from a perfect stranger (Mr. E. W. King, care Maj. French, Havana, Cuba), because of my article in December Free Thought Magazine. He begged me to send him any Free Thought publications that I have on hand, and I have mailed him half a dozen back numbers of the Magazine. Glad they have "free thoughts" in Cuba! Sincerely,
S. W. SHELDON.

—The rector of a small parish gave much time and attention to proselyting the Roman Catholic peasantry. One day an old woman called upon him,

saying that she wished to turn Protestant. When questioned as to the reason therefor, she answered: "Well, now, I'm told your riverance gives a blanket and a leg of mutton to any one that turns." "Do you mean to say that you would sell your soul for a blanket?" asked the clergyman. "No, your riverance—not without the leg of mutton!" —Home Journal.

—John Arnott, 14 years old, was held to the juvenile court yesterday by Justice Fitzgerald on the charge of robbing the contribution plate of the Forty-seventh Street Methodist Church. For several Sundays envelopes containing money had been missed from the plate. The lad, who lives at 4931 Justine street, acknowledged the theft in court.—Chicago Tribune.

The boy probably understood the collection was taken up for the heathen and thought it would be well invested if he appropriated a little of it.

—"My tex'," said the colored deacon, as the Bible lay upside down before him, "is, 'En hit come ter pass dat de whale riz up en swallered Jonah.'" Here an old brother in the amen-corner rose and said: "Dat ain't de right readin', brother; tu'n de book roun' en fin' de place!" "'En hit come ter pass,'" continued the deacon, frowning down on him, "'dat de whale riz up en swallered Jonah,' and my only regret is dat de pusson dat has interrupted dis meetin' wuzn't in de same boat wld him, so's de whale could er swallered him, too!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Strassburg, March 14.—It is told by some American missionaries now staying in Berlin that a serious blow has been struck at Christianity in Japan, the following order having been issued by the minister of education: "It being essential, from the standpoint of educational policy, to make the work of general education entirely separate from religion, in government and communal institutions, and in others whose curriculum is determined by law, it shall not be allowed, even in

extra hours, to give religious teaching or to perform religious ceremonies.

They might reasonably go farther, pass an ordinance directing these meddling Christian missionaries to leave the country or mind their own business.

—Ithaca, N. Y., April 2.—The largest student boarding house in Ithaca was burned last night. It was known as the East Hill house, and was a four-story wooden structure. It was occupied by seven students. Mrs. Stella Stillwell, with her mother, Mrs. Wright, conducted the boarding house.

Mrs. Stillwell said this morning that she believed her life and the lives of all the occupants were saved by a favorite cat, which went mewing up and down the halls. She awoke and tried to quiet the cat, but it came into her room and pulled with claws on the bed clothes, until she got up to see what was the matter. It was then she discovered that the house was enveloped in flames. The loss was \$9,000.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

That cat ought to be highly esteemed by those who were saved from the flames.

—And now it is the Rev Dr. W. P. Merrill, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian, who has kicked over the traces, to use an agricultural phrase. He says in his book just out, entitled "Faith and Light:"

It is especially necessary to-day that this relation of theology to science should be thoroughly appreciated; that it should be understood that when the scientist insists that the theologian shall take account of his system of newly discovered facts or principles in science, he is merely exercising his right, not in any sense intruding in a sphere which does not belong to him; and that an acquiescence in that demand is not a yielding of a point of grace and good will, but is a surrender to the indisputable demand of truth. So long as there is one great truth, fact or principle, clearly established by science, which cannot be reconciled with a theological system, that system is imperfect and in danger.

—Elliott's Magazine is one of our most valuable exchanges, as was the magazine with which it has been consolidated, the L. A. W. Bulletin, and we have often published articles from their pages—always giving those publications due credit. We notice that in Elliott's Magazine for March there appears on page 88 an article entitled, "A Dreadful Experiment," an editorial of ours, that we published in the November Free Thought Magazine on page 660, for which "A Texas Correspondent" is given credit. We are skeptical as to that "Texas correspondent," and conclude the editor had fears it might be to the detriment of his magazine to give credit where the credit belonged. We read: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," but we have learned that the fear of the church is the parent of falsehood.

—Tutts Elmer Nicholas Lynch, the orphan, who was discovered praying at the bedside of his dying mother by Policeman Jarvis of the Harrison street police station, has found a home with Mrs. Charles Kelley, 3553 Wallace street. She read the account of the finding of the boy, and believing he must have received a Christian training will adopt him.—Chicago Tribune.

This boy's mother was dying from starvation. He had received "a Christian training," and in accordance with that training he put up his little prayer to the Christian's God to save his poor mother. But God paid no attention to his prayer and let his mother starve to death before his eyes. Mrs. Kelley read the account, and having sympathy for the poor boy, adopted him as her son. That was good and noble in her, but we would like to ask her what she thinks of a God that would not answer such a prayer, given under such circumstances.

—A man who lives in Eighteenth street will make oath to the following:

"My cat, Sissy Fits, is the sweetheart of a pug dog, Kew, that lives across the street from my house. The two were

not brought up together, either. Both had attained their majority before they ever met. They showed a fondness for one another from their first acquaintance. The strange part of the mutual admiration society is that Kew calls on Sissy Fits on Sunday. He is given his freedom out on that day, and as soon as he gets it he comes over to my door and whines to be admitted. As soon as he gets into my apartment he and the cat have a romp until both are tired, and then I show Kew the door and he trots off to his home. Several times he has been turned out during the week as a test, but he comes to see Sissy Fits only on Sunday."—New York Sun.

The Sabbatarians ought to have that pug dog punished for calling on his sweetheart on the Sabbath day, in preference to a week day.

—Ernest H. Crosby has this to say of ministers and the Christian church:

Christ said, "Love your enemies." The church prays Almighty God to help us blow them up with bombshells. Among the laity, in public meetings, and by all secular audiences I have addressed during the last year my speeches against war and expansion always have been received favorably. Among church people my reception always has been cold. When I once addressed a meeting composed exclusively of clergymen, my hearers voted unanimously against me immediately after I concluded. For some reason or other the ministers of Christ seem to be the most bloodthirsty class on the continent. Herbert Spencer, the evolutionist, and John Morley, the agnostic, have been left to do the work of Christ in England, while the Anglican primate of Ireland has been writing verses in praise of all war and the present war in particular. In France the entire clerical world is dominated by the army. To sum up, the church is repeating the history of abolition when it abandoned to infidels the obscure doctrine of love to neighbor.

—Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis is one of the latest "divines" that has been raising a row in the church. He has done it by declaring that he does not believe the Presbyterian creed where it says: "By the decree of God some

men and angels are forordained to everlasting death. And these are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased nor diminished." Now it seems to an unregenerate sinner that one who could believe in a God who would make such a decree would much prefer to worship the Devil. Still every Presbyterian in America has to swear that he believes that "decree" before he can join the Presbyterian church or remain in it. That decree is what gives a genuine Presbyterian the most consolation of anything in the creed, for he knows that he is surely foreordained to be saved, and anything that he may do will not endanger his everlasting salvation.

—Dr. Hillis sizes up Dr. Duffield, one of his accusers, as follows:

I don't know Dr. Duffield. I think he is one of the old school theologians. By the "old school" I mean those Presbyterians who divide the human race into the elect and the non-elect—those who are predestined to punishment and those who are to be saved. They believe that the man of 70 and the babe of 7 months are saved or doomed to eternal punishment, according as God has decreed.

This is the doctrine taught at Princeton Theological Seminary. It is in Dr. Archibald Hodges' "Commentary on Confessions of Faith." It is taught at the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago and at the Omaha Theological Seminary. Dr. Harsha at Omaha, Dr. Warfield at Princeton and Dr. Craig at Chicago actually are teaching hundreds of young men that God discriminates against half of the human race and predestines souls to heaven or perdition.

These young students are being taught the creed of Jonathan Edwards; the narrowness of view that marked religious teaching 200 years ago is being inculcated into their minds.

—Mr. E. A. Fitch, of Wilmington, Vt., writes us as follows:

I have read and reread the March num-

ber of the Free Thought Magazine, and consider it one of the best numbers. The portrait of that bright particular star, Thomas B. Gregory, and the sketch of his life, are worth many times the price of the publication. Then "Burns and Whittier," by Prof. Brown, is a very valuable article. The portrait and article of our incomparable "Queen Elizabeth" is very valuable to all Free Thinkers. Well, I have now used all my adjectives and how shall I describe the best article I have read since Ingersoll's "Liberty for Man, Woman and Child"? Dr. Gregory's "Universalism of Reason and Science." Nothing better was ever written. The doctor throws the searchlight of his marvelous powers of intellect on the whole subject, and shows conclusively the solid rock on which we stand. This number of the Magazine should be published in pamphlet form.

We suggest that hereafter Mrs. Stanton be known among Free Thinkers as above stated, as "Our Queen Elizabeth."—Editor.

—Rev. M. J. Savage, in a recent sermon, had this to say:

And I have no very high respect for the man who spends the main part of his life in the work of saving his soul. I have a serious question as to whether a soul of that sort is worth all the trouble. A man saves his soul in the noblest and truest and highest sense of the word who forgets whether he has any in the consecration of his life to some positive service of his fellow-men. So the old idea of merely being good is coming gradually to be superseded by the idea that a man must be good for something—not merely be good, but be positively good in the way of service to his kind. Let us illustrate the point that I have in mind by a case like that of Wilberforce. I think the story is told of him, who was one of the greatest and most celebrated philanthropists of his day, and had given his life to the service of his fellow-man. Some zealous religionist came and asked him one day if he was sure that his soul was saved. He started, waked up, and looked at him a moment, and said, "Really, I had forgotten that I had any soul; I have been too busy with other things to trouble about a question like that."

—Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;

On the ground stood a sparrow-bird,
looking at him.

Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad,

So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad.

And it killed the poor boy; and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees.

"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said;

And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,

And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed;

But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed.

'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird;

And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word;

And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

—Good Words.

—Washington, March 5.—The religious census of Philadelphia, now three-quarters completed, shows some very interesting facts. Only 23 of every 100 persons have any church connection, direct or indirect. In other words, 77 in every 100 are wholly without religious ties. It would seem that in this great and good Quaker city the churches have a big task on their hands. The census, which was taken under the direction of church people, brought to light adherents to 61 different creeds. Catholics average one to four of the combined Protestant denominations. It is said to be a fact that of the 23 in 100 who have church connections, nearly one-third are lukewarm, have not been in good standing for years, or are occasional attendants with other members of their families without themselves belonging. If the

situation in Philadelphia strikes the average of the country at large, the church is coming face to face with a problem of stupendous difficulty.

Yes, "the church is coming face to face with a problem of stupendous difficulty." Not a very "stupendous" problem to solve. Let the priests and preachers engage in some honorable calling, where they will not be required to say what they know is not true and have their gospel shops turned into work shops and school houses and homes for the poor, and the problem will be solved, and humanity will be the gainer by the change.

—St. George Mivart's sudden death was, under the circumstances, a great loss to the world, for he was just declaring his liberty from ecclesiastical authority. He had just been inhibited by Cardinal Vaughan for his assaults on the dogmas of the Catholic church and admonished to desist, but to quote from the Chicago Tribune: "These admonitions had no effect upon him is now apparent. He kept silence for a time, but at last his reason was stronger than his faith, and he broke loose with an impetuosity which demonstrates how long and severe the personal struggle had been. The correspondence which passed between him and Cardinal Vaughan, his personal friend, is already familiar to the readers of the Tribune. It resulted in his inhibition, and but for his sudden death would have closed with formal excommunication, for his latest denunciation of dogma is also a denunciation of the church itself. He not only characterizes the inspiration of the Scriptures, the immaculate conception, everlasting punishment, the accepted versions of the creation of man, the history of the Tower of Babel and the deluge and other Biblical narratives as unworthy of credence and as revolting to common sense, but goes even farther. He contends that the Councils of Florence, Trent and the Vatican have erred and

that the Papal encyclicals are not infallible. He boldly asserts that the Roman church is "essentially a petrified and not a progressive church."

—The Standard, the Baptist organ, quotes some one as saying the critical problem of the denomination in the near future is going to be "not so much fighting doubtful doctrines or defending denominational tenets, but the question how to win and hold the boys and girls for Christ and the church." According to the Standard, there are few conversions between the ages of 10 and 15, comparatively few between the ages of 15 and 20, and fewer still each year after that. The problem of the church, then, is to find some way of preaching and teaching and living that will win the high school pupils and young clerks and mechanics just starting out into life before they have passed the most susceptible age for religious influence. There are theories, but the Standard says no way has yet been found to make the boy and girl converts grow into working Christians, active, intelligent, interested in missions, and familiar with the Bible. In the old days the boys and girls were compelled by their parents to go to church, and this is no longer the case, and they are allowed to consult their own inclination; and, with the young people especially, in the spring and summer the tendency is to prefer life outdoors on a bright day rather than within the walls of a church."

In the "good old times" it seems the boys and girls were compelled to go to church and listen to sermons about hell and damnation and other pleasant subjects. No wonder they now prefer "life outdoors on a bright day to the walls of a church."

—The "doctors" of the church seem to be satisfied that the church is suffering from some terrible malady, but they differ greatly as to what the disease is. They cannot, with all their

"divinity" skill, get a satisfactory diagnosis of the complaint. We notice in the New Voice that one Rev. "Dr." W. Dewitt Lukins has decided that the trouble all comes from church people refusing to vote the Prohibition ticket. He gives, to prove this assertion, one case in point where there was "a stately church edifice, large membership and congregation, finances balanced, an eloquent and spiritual minister, music rendered to the satisfaction of singers and people, and a reputation for being one of the most popular churches in town." In this church an effort was made to start a "revival," but without avail. It seemed to be a dead failure. All they could do the spirit would not move. It at last struck the ministers in charge that the Lord was withholding his aid for the reason that the members had not voted the Prohibition ticket. An election was at hand and twenty-seven members who had voted the Republican ticket heretofore concluded to vote the Prohibition ticket. Immediately thereafter God was on hand and such a powerful outpouring of the spirit of the Lord had not been known in that section for many years. That story proves conclusively that the Lord is a Prohibitionist, and accounts for the failure, we think, of the Prohibition party. For the Lord has made a failure of everything he has undertaken since he made Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

—The Christian Register informs us that Rev. Dr. Lockhart quotes the following creed of Ingersoll:

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits, to love the truth, to be sincere; to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friends, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art and nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate cheerfulness

and courage, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving hands, to discard errors, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then be resigned—this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.

And then Dr. Lockhart says:

This creed to be all right needs this addition: "I believe in the God, the Father Almighty, and in God, the savior of manhood, in the forgiveness of sins, and in the life everlasting."

Yes, if Ingersoll could have added the above lie to his creed it would have suited the Christians better. Ingersoll's creed, pure and simple, as above stated, is self evidently true, the addition that Dr. Lockhart would attach to it, to any reasonable person, free from Christian superstition, is self-evidently false; there is not a fact in the universe to uphold it. It would be impossible to put more consummate nonsense and absurdity into the same number of words.

—New York, March 3.—Bishops W. X. Nide, C. H. Fowler and I. W. Joyce have, as a committee appointed by the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, issued to all Methodist churches, pastors and members the world over a letter appointing a week of penitence and prayer beginning on March 25, and announcements thereof will be made from the pulpits in Methodist churches from time to time before the penitential period begins. This letter was prepared after the bishops had studied statistics and reports showing a decrease of church membership and a falling off in attendance. They specify the causes thus:

Labor troubles and the church standing aloof from a solution of them. Neglect of the submerged tenth; Methodism above its business and permitting the Salvation army to do its work. Speculation and vagaries of Christian science. No more camp meetings. Light literature. Character of amusements and too

many of them. Side-tracking of moral and spiritual forces necessary to build a church and lack of self-denial. No more revivals; given up because some people make fun of them. Criticisms of preachers and of sacred things. High criticisms of the Bible.

Dr. T. B. Englehart, of Buffalo, N. Y., sends us the above and remarks that "these 'bishops,' if they had been honest in their 'studied statistics,' could have found other and more substantial reasons for the 'decrease in church membership and the falling off in church attendance.' The principal reason is that the people are becoming more intelligent and thoughtful and truly enlightened, and no more lesire to listen to their mediaeval bosh. And that is what is the matter with all the orthodox churches."

—The Rev. Frank M. Bristol, formerly of Chicago, and now pastor of President McKinley's church in Washington, has written an article for the New York World protesting against "the application of the term 'society' to that little set of little fools who contribute nothing but scandal to the annals of a community." The rest of the article is equally vigorous. Dr. Bristol says the virtue and honor of the world are in the common people, and the lives and standards of true society have never been purer or higher than in the United States at the present time. "Who determine the character of society?" he asks. "No mere four hundred shallow-brained coteries of any one community who are living on the sweat of their fathers' or grandfathers' faces; not the men and women, so called, who can shamelessly sit together through a performance of 'Sapho' or 'The Degenerates'; not the nameless few silly things who sell themselves and their fathers' fortunes to foreign degenerates for titles which our virile, high-minded young Americans would not wipe their feet on." From all of which, and more of the same temperature, it would appear that Bourke Cockran is not the only one who can fling hard words at the "smart set." At this rate we shall be having a reaction before long in the shape of a movement

for the prevention of cruelty to fashionable swells.—Chicago Tribune.

If that is the kind of doctrine that Dr. Bristol is preaching, we indorse him. And when the preachers say a good thing we are more than glad to give them full credit for it, and the above mentioned article in the New York World ought to be put into a pamphlet form and given a wide circulation. It ought to be made so hot in this democratic country for these fools that they would emigrate to some other country.

—For a hundred years children have been taught that the historic Mary was a fit object for scorn and derision, because she interfered with discipline by taking her lamb to school.

But, sooner or later, history justifies most pioneers and innovators. Now we are told, on no less authority than that of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, that pets ought to be kept in every school house. Not only lambs but cats, dogs and rabbits should be allowed to follow their masters to school, to the end that all the pupils may learn the lesson of kindness to the lower animals.

It will be remembered in the case of Mary's lamb that "at last the teacher turned it out, but still it lingered near," waiting for Mary to come out at recess. Dr. Hale is of opinion that teachers, instead of driving away pet animals, ought to provide them so that the small boy pupils, instead of tying tin cans on the tails of stray dogs, may feed the rabbits and stroke the soft fur of poor pussy.

That Dr. Hale practices what he preaches is shown by the fact that he has provided comfortable sleeping apartments for no less than thirteen stray cats under his front veranda. He finds that these cats, having a warm place in which to sleep, no longer practice sonatas on his woodshed at midnight, and he suggests that people who are now troubled by nocturnal feline music will find his remedy more effectual than the bootjacks and old shoes which are usually prescribed.—Chicago Tribune.

We are glad to learn that the venerable Rev. Dr. Hale, one of the ablest

preachers in the Unitarian denomination, holds to such humanitarian views. The fact is, Unitarianism was, to a great extent, the "infidelity" of the nineteenth century, and inculcated mercy and kindness, in place of revenge and cruelty, as taught by orthodox Christianity.

—I uster hate this washin' up
An' primpin' 'round on Sunday,
An' mopin' two, three hours in church,
A-wishin' it was Monday;
But lately I'm so awful good,
As soon's I git through eatin'
I'm jest on pins an' needles till
It's time ter go ter meetin'.

The 'provement in my 'pearance, too,
Ma says, is jest surprisin'.
She 'tributes it ter reg'lar hours
An' meals an' early risin'.
'But pa says I'm in—never mind,
'Tain't no ways wuth repeatin'.
Pa's foxy. Guess he 'members why
He liked ter go ter meetin'.

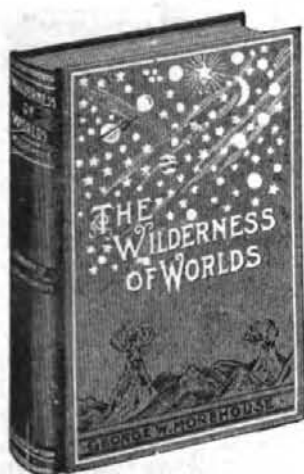
I never seen such bristly hair
An' cowlicks, though's I'm gettin',
Them freckles, too. Gee whiz! An'
clothes,
The rott'nest kind of fittin'.
I told ma so. Say, honest, I
Can't stand that sort o' treatin'.
Nice boys, like me, had orter, sure,
Look decent goin' ter meetin'.

Huh! Oh, it's 'bout a mile, I guess,
Pa hitches up the surrey
An' drives ma over. Me? I walk.
'Tain't fur. Don't need ter hurry.
It's shady, too, an' ma, she's scairt
Fer fear o' me overheatin'.
'Sides, most times, Nell—a girl I know—
Cuts cross lots, goin' ter meetin'.

Gosh! Walkin', holdin' hands, is fun.
The old bell's all done ringin'
'Fore me an' Nell gits down t' the stile.
But ain't the birds jes' singin',
An' trees an' clover smellin' great?
I'd sooner git a beatin'
Than stay home. Say! It's awful nice
On Sundays, goin' ter meetin'.

—Maurice Clifford Johnson, in Chicago Chronicle.

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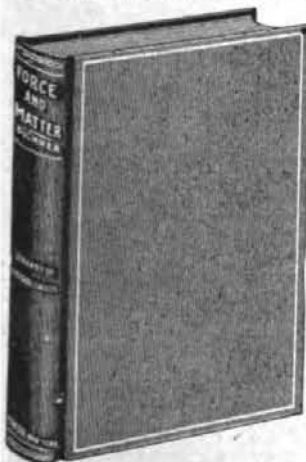
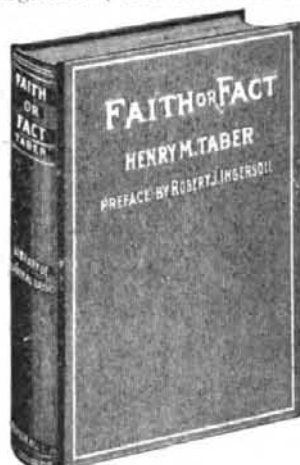
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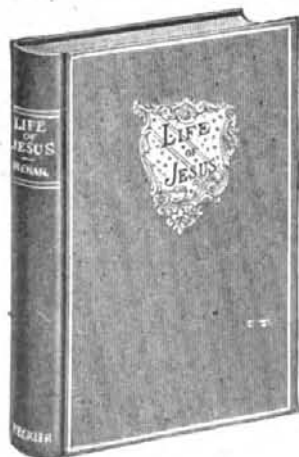
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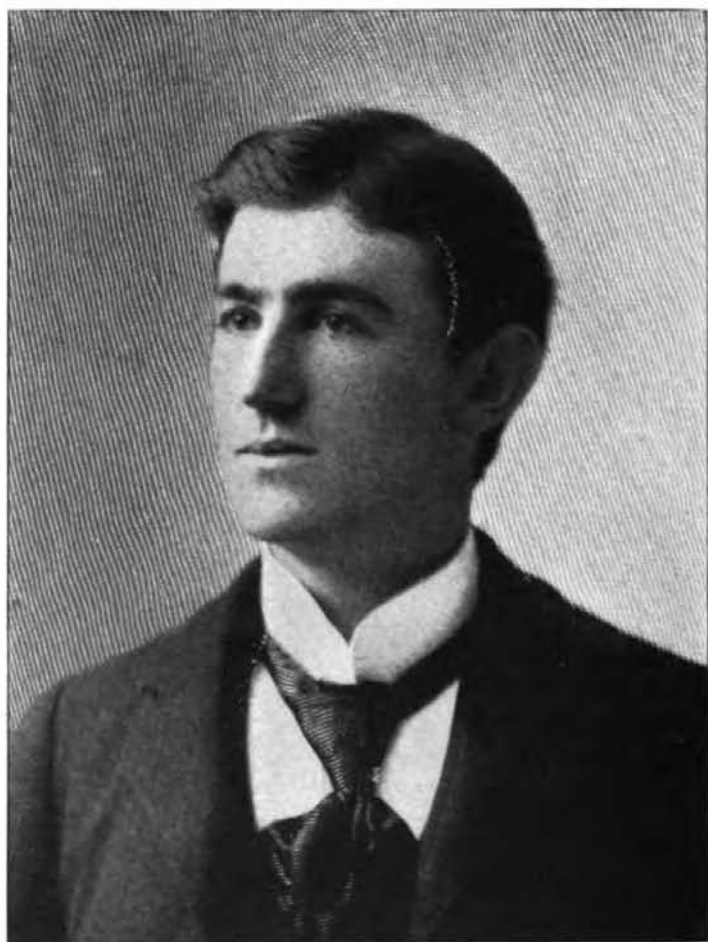
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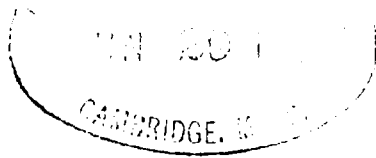
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FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

JUNE. 1900.

RATIONAL WORSHIP.*

BY DR. T. B. GREGORY.

CAN a Rationalist worship? Before attempting to answer the question, it would be well for us to learn just what is meant by the main terms?

First of all, what do we mean by Rationalist; and, secondly, what do we understand by worship? Having answered these questions, we shall be in a better way to decide as to whether or not a Rationalist can worship.

What, then, is a Rationalist? He is one who, in the last analysis, would test all things by the Reason. I do not mean to say that the Rationalist makes his private reason the measure of the universe. He knows that there may be "more things in heaven and earth" than are dreamt of in his philosophy, and hence he is inclined to be modest in regard to many questions. But one thing your Rationalist always does—he maintains that the proposition that contradicts his Reason cannot, for him, be true. The Rationalist holds that it does not require an act of parliament, or a ruling of the Supreme Court, to induce mathematicians to agree with Euclid, or painters to admire the work of Rafaello. He knows that the mind accepts some things naturally, while other things it rejects—as the stomach revolts against certain foods. He knows that the mind can no more delight in intellectual confusion than it can agree to the idea of a round triangle. Therefore, the proposition that produces such confusion he refuses to believe, he cannot believe. The Rationalist says to himself: "All depends upon truth. Truth is the soul of man. His whole lifetime, from the night in which he was born up to the night upon which he must die is spent in vain if he gives false evidence. There is no higher virtue than veracity, there is no greater crime than falsehood." Such is the Rationalist. He is seeking not opinion but truth; and with him the criterion of truth is its agreement with the Reason. The proposition that does not agree with the reason cannot be true. So feels the Rationalist with

*Delivered before the Chicago Liberal Society.

regard to very much of the proposition known as Christianity. The majority of its dogmas violate his best judgment, and he turns away from them, feeling that he is but turning away from so much ancient falsehood. The idea of Creation and Providence, the dogma of the Trinity, of Revelation, of Hell, and of the Atonement, are to him unreasonable, and therefore false. He will have naught to do with them. He will maintain the sovereignty of his reason, though he be forced thereby to give up every creed in the universe. His reason tells him nothing concerning the creation of something out of nothing; tells him nothing about three gods in one, or one god in three; tells him nothing about a revelation from an infinitely wise, pure and merciful Being which, upon investigation, turns out to be full of error, immorality and cruelty; tells him nothing about the justice of creating men and of establishing, at the same time, a hell in which to torture him forever! Against these monstrous thoughts his reason revolts—and with bold, untrembling hand he brands them false!

Now the question arises, Can this Rationalist—this man who has broken with the whole scheme of established Christianity—its God and Bible, its Atonement, and Heaven, and Hell, can this man worship?

Before venturing an answer we must ascertain what is meant by worship.

Let us imagine a spectacle—a spectacle which may be actually witnessed on any Sunday of the year. We are in a building called a church; present is the little group called the choir, with the larger group known as the congregation, while on the platform is the person called the minister. The choir sings an anthem or hymn, the congregation joining in the singing; the minister reads a bit of Scripture, prays a little, and talks a little more; then there is more singing, the benediction is said, and the scene closes. What is the name of all this? We call it “worship”—the worship of “God.”

But we are not through yet. Before we are prepared to say what worship is, we must settle the question as to what is meant by the term “God.” In the Book from which the minister reads it is written that “no man hath seen God at any time.” So far, then, as mortal man is concerned, God is invisible. But what is God? The highest authority known to Christendom declared: “God is a spirit,” or, as the new version puts it, “God is spirit,” the article being eliminated. And what are we to understand by that—what but this, that God is an idea, a thought, a sensation, a force, apprehended by and in the mind.

In Villare's charming life of Savonarola we find these words of the good friar: "O God, I sought thee everywhere, but found thee not. I asked the Earth: 'Art thou my God?' and I was answered: 'Thou deceivest thyself, I am not thy God.' I asked the Air, and was answered: 'Ascend still higher.' I asked the Sky, the Sun, the Stars, and they all answered me: 'He fills heaven and earth. He is in thy heart.' I, O Lord, sought thee afar off, and thou wast near. I asked my eyes if thou hadst entered by them, and they answered: 'We know colors only.' I asked the Ear, and was answered that it knew sound only. The Senses, then, O Lord, know thee not. Thou hast entered into my soul. Thou art in my heart." Now, putting sentiment aside, what do Savonarola's words mean but this—that he found the thing he called "God" within his own mind. The God that Savonarola found was simply the purest and best in Savonarola's mind. The fact he called God was but so much of Savonarola objectivized and personified.

And so it is in every case. God is the name that Man has bestowed upon his own highest and noblest idea of himself and the world; the name that he has given to his best thought and his brightest hope.

Therefore, I would define Worship as being the act of the mind while communing with its own best ideas and sentiments.

There is a beautiful old legend which goes something like this: The god of song, Warnemune, descended to a certain sacred wood, and there played and sang. All creatures were invited to listen, and each learnt some fragment of the celestial sound; the listening wood learnt its rustling, and the stream its murmur; the winds caught and learnt to re-echo the shrillest tones; and the birds the prelude of the song. The fishes stuck up their heads out of the water as far as the eyes, but left their ears under water, they saw the movements of the god's mouth, and imitated them, but remained dumb. Man, only, grasped it all, and therefore his song pierces into the depths of the heart, and leaps upward toward the dwelling of the immortals! And wonderfully true the old legend is as an illustration of the greatness of man in comparison with the other creatures. Man may be said to be the only thinker—the only philosopher, poet, seer, the only living perpendicular, with his head pointing toward the zenith. Man, so far as we know to the contrary, is the only being who thinks the thought Eternity, who dreams the dream of endless progression, and who scents from afar the millennium of Truth and Love!

All this is in man's thought, and the communing with this thought

is worship. Worship is mental comradeship with a great idea—the idea of the starry heavens and of the majestic laws therein presiding; the idea of love, of justice, of unselfish devotion to the interests of the great humanity. When you are charmed and uplifted by the thought of the love of a Jesus, the justice of an Aristides, the self-forgetfulness of a Buddha or a Howard, the bravery of a Leonidas or a Ney, the purity of an Emerson, the faithfulness of a Washington—you are engaged in worship. Think great thoughts, and in the strength of those same thoughts live, and you are worshipping.

But the question may come: How can we worship, and where shall reverence be found, if we believe in no extra-natural God, in no being outside of the universe and controlling it for our glory and good?

The question is a serious one, and demands a serious answer. We cannot afford to be flippant. Soberly and seriously, then, let us meet the issue. If we are able to make a reasonable answer our Liberalism will endure; otherwise our preaching is vain and will soon have passed away forever. Unless, while tearing down and removing the Ancient Error, we build up in its place that which shall satisfy, inspire and strengthen humanity, we are laboring along the line of utter and absolute failure.

Is it possible, then, for us to worship after we have been brought to see the folly of the claim of a personal God?

Well, what is the content of the idea God? If the idea has any comfort for you, any consolation and strength, wherein does it consist? I make bold to say that the idea God means, to the holder thereof, these four things: Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Righteousness. Take any one of these ideas away, and the significance of the word God vanishes, but leave them with us and the ancient conception remains intact, solid as Gibraltar.

Now I wish to show that Nature furnishes every one of these requisites; that is to say, the idea of Power, of Wisdom, of Goodness and of Righteousness, and is, therefore, all to us that God can be.

And, first, as to Power. It is pure supererogation to dwell for any length of time on the proposition that Nature is the theater of a Power great beyond all calculation. When we stop to think of the immensity of the bodies introduced to us by the study of astronomy, and of the magnificent way in which Nature handles the colossal masses, we are convinced of the existence of an energy so vast as to stagger the most robust imagination. If it is Power that we are seeking, then behold it

everywhere! Nature is no weakling; on the other hand, her resources are such that she is, in every instance, adequate to the emergency.

And would you talk of Wisdom? It is attested by a thousand witnesses. I am speaking not of fancies but of facts, for Science has demonstrated the truth that Nature is a cosmos, not a chaos, a system, not a heap of disjointed odds and ends—a system so complete in its working that it can be calculated centuries ahead and absolutely relied upon. I am not trying to work the Paley trick on you. I assure you I am not. I am giving you facts, not theories. I am simply showing you what Nature is, and I tell you that Nature is wise. It is competent to attend to its business, and does attend to it, without fail and without confusion. Think of the astronomical masses once more, and of the consummate regularity and precession of their movement! What a terrible pickle we should be in were Earth, or Uranus, or Sirius, or Mazzaroth to swerve but a hair's breadth from its proper path! But nothing of the sort takes place; there is no confusion; all is harmony!

It is not necessary to go into details. Special proofs are not required when the general truth stands out so clear and plain that Nature is practically wise. She realizes ends; she is thoroughly competent; she has the means of doing all that she proposes to do. We can trust her and depend upon her, with the feeling that she will not disappoint us.

Furthermore, we find in Nature the proofs of an abiding good will. To be sure, there never was a rule that did not have its exceptions; but it has been well said that the exception proves the rule. Generally speaking, we may say that Nature is benevolent. No sane person can survey the working of the laws of Nature without being convinced of the fact that they tend to produce more good than evil, more happiness than pain. And this is as much as we can expect, for there are always a few vertebrae gone even from the spinal column of Omnipotence itself. This much seems clear, that evil, so-called, appears to be purely incidental rather than the general, and persistent, and uniform rule. Summer, for instance, is an unquestionable good. It means the growth and ripening of the food on which we live; it means the life of all that lives. And is Summer any the less a good because its heat now and then parches this or that field, or throws some individual or other into a fever? Gravitation is a pronounced good; is its goodness destroyed by the fact that it sometimes dashes people to destruction? The ocean, with its eternal motion, is a positive good, since it purifies the atmosphere and

gives us the showers that fructify the earth and slake our thirst; and is this fact disturbed by the other fact that now and then old ocean plays havoc with ships and men? And thus we might recall a thousand instances of the same sort, all going to show that, upon the whole, and judged by general results, Nature is benevolent in her dealings with her children. I am not blind to the fact of human suffering, nor am I ignorant of the other fact that very much of this suffering is attributable, not to any inherent defect in Nature, but to our own ignorant or wilful violation of Nature's wholesome laws. Not long ago I had occasion to visit one of our hospitals. Before entering I beheld the large ward full of sick people. I saw men suffering and groaning under the burden of disease and pain. I recalled the familiar words: "The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercy is over all his works," and I thought to myself: "Yes, it is a queer sort of goodness, and the mercy that I see about me is certainly very tender! Hear how these men are groaning and writhing under it!" I thought of the statement of trusty old Schopenhauer, that this is the "worst possible world." Nevertheless, I knew better; and presently I was strengthened in the conviction, for, upon conversing with an intelligent patient I was told by him that he had brought on his trouble by his own carelessness. And he told me, furthermore, that the verdict of nearly all the patients with whom he had talked was to the same effect—that they themselves were responsible for ills with which they were afflicted. I am not forgetful of the fact of heredity. But heredity, like Janus, is double-faced and double-handed. With one face it frowns, with the other it sweetly smiles; with one set of hands it gives us tribulation and pain, with the other set it bestows upon us all good and all joy. Heredity is all right, only, oftentimes we will not allow it to bless us. I believe it to be an entirely safe proposition to affirm that Nature, as a whole, is good. Taking things all together, and figuring upon the grand average, we find that Nature is not hateful but benevolent, is a friend to us and not an enemy; is keyed to our happiness and not to our misery.

And, finally, we see in Nature what Matthew Arnold called the "Power, not ourselves, that works for righteousness." If Science proves anything it proves, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Nature is moral. If you would be thoroughly convinced of the truth of this statement you have but to read that great number of the Humboldt Library entitled "The Moral Teachings of Science," by Arabella Buckley. It will open your eyes as they were never opened before, and you will see how for

millions of ages Nature has been working for Righteousness, for the production of that which is clean, loving, just. Through rock-crystal and plant, through jelly-fish, worm, trilobite, bird, ape; under all laws, molar, chemical, biological, things are ever striving upward toward moral results. In man, Nature's crown, this yearning becomes flesh; and the human conscience is the epitome of the struggles of all the long, dark, terrible ages during which Nature was slowly but surely pushing man up to the higher level of right. The human breast is Nature's Eternal Bible, wherein is written the decalogue that is older than Moses, and more enduring than the granite crags of Sinai. Nature, in her inmost heart, is moral. She insists upon morality in her children; and if her claims are ignored she bears down on us, and bears down hard. "Nature wants no magistrate, she employs no policeman. She executes instantly, universally, and effectually her own penalties upon such as disregard her laws." Again, I tell you that I am giving you, not theories, but facts. There are a great many things that you can get away from, but you cannot get away from your conscience. Do you say that you can? Then I tell you that you are a degenerate. Go where you will your conscience goes with you, telling you to hate the wrong and love the good. And you had better listen and obey, for just so certain as a grain of wheat cast into the soil will grow up and produce other grains of wheat, and a grain of barley other grains of barley—just so certain will a mean deed produce shame and a noble deed satisfaction and peace.

That last word is worth repeating, for surely it is no small thing to know that, beyond a doubt, the humblest doer of a noble deed has behind him the mightiest forces of the universe! It is no trifling thing to know that, when you are honestly trying to do right, trying to do something that shall make humanity happier and better, you are being helped along by every atom of matter and by every ounce of energy in the universe! It is no small thing to feel that you are working along with Nature, and that Nature is working along with you, in any, even the smallest, attempt that is made on your part to lessen the power of wrong and to extend the frontiers of the good and the beautiful.

Well, then, we find in Nature the four great things, Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Righteousness. I say we find them. We do not imagine them. We do not assume them—they are, they exist. They are unquestionable verities.

This being the case, it follows that Nature is all to us that the so-called God is to the theist. All that God is theoretically Nature is actually,

and therefore the conclusion: the Rationalist can worship. Not only so, the Rationalist should be able to worship more grandly than any other man on the planet. For behold the great truth, that Reason and Science dethrone the idols and help us to stand face to face with the grand Reality of things. Reason and Science give us Truth, and when all is said Truth is the one supreme inspirer of veneration, reverence and awe. Show me truth, and to myself I instinctively exclaim: "Remove the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

And did you ever stop to think how much more truth there is to-day than ever there was before? Compare, in thought, the universe of to-day with that of a thousand years ago, and what a mighty difference there is—in favor of the universe of to-day! King David said something about the heavens, and the patriarch Job spake some eloquent words of the heights and depths; but how insignificant were those heavens, how narrow and confined its heights and depths, compared with what they are to us! The wisest of the ancients could see but a little way out into the world, while to-day the high school boy can repeat the wonderful lines:

"Number every grain of sand,
Wherever salt-wave touches land;
Number in single drops the sea;
Number the leaves on every tree;
Number earth's living creatures, all
That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl;
Of sands, drops, leaves, and lives, the count
Add up into one vast amount,
And then for every separate one
Of all these let a flaming sun
Whirl in the boundless skies, with each
Its massive planets, to outreach
All sight, all thought; for all we see
Encircles with finity, is but an island,"

--an island in the boundless ocean of the infinite! And throughout this infinitude, that outreaches all sight, all thought, there is going on a mighty energy, a tireless life. In yonder sun, ten billion miles away, there is life; and there is life in the handful of dust under your foot! Death and Rest are terms that have no meaning. There are no such things. The coldest, hardest piece of rock is instinct with life and mo-

tion. The deadeſt thing in all the worlds is preparing to become inoculated with vitality! Permeating all this mighty maze, even to the core of its tiniest atom, is the unknown and unknowable force which, in its reſults, is known to us as Power, Wiſdom, Goodneſs and Righteouſneſs.

And is not this fact better than any theory can poſſibly be? In the fact we can afford to reſt. In the fact we propoſe to reſt.

And ſo, I end as I began. I tell you now, as I told you then, that Truth is the ſoul of man, and that beſides truth there is nothing lovely or lovable, nothing for which one can better afford to live and die. I ſay to you, what the Egyptians uſed to ſay at the feſtival of Hermes: "How ſweet a thing is truth!" I beg you to ſeek it, and, finding it, to love it; and I know that in ſo doing your experience will be the experience of the ages—for—

"Whoever yearns to ſee aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of pureſt light
In every earthly ſplendor.

"Whoever hears the coarſeſt ſound,
Still liſtning for the fineſt,
Shall hear the noiſy world go round
To muſic the divineſt."

JENNY JUNE CROLY—THE CELEBRATION OF HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY JULIA T. LINTHICUM.

NINETEEN HUNDRED is the ſeventieth year of Jenny June Croly's age, the "Jenny June" who in youth, ambition and neceſſity, waked to the courage of her convictions and was the firſt woman to take the plunge into journalism and by her example, ſucceſs and continued womanlineſs proved that the ſurvival of the fitteſt was not confined to one ſex only.

To Mrs. Croly more than any other woman of our time is due the gratitude and thanks of her fellow-women; for it was the tiny hand of this little woman that pushed open the door through which they have found the way to broader ideas, larger opportunities and a general ſenſe of their right to try in any direction their mental equipment and ſpecial abilities inclined their efforts. Not to the political ſide of woman's rights

have Mrs. Croly's life and efforts been influential. She has never taken an aggressive stand, or in any way been an agitator; she simply took her right to do, and with clear thinking, love and earnestness in her work, brought to that right the victory of recognition, saw it crowned with dignity and her name and life become a beacon light to her sex.

Mrs. Croly was the originator of Sorosis, the first organization "by women for women," was its active working president during eleven years of its life, and took the steps which resulted in the foundation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—the largest, most complex, many-sided, and intellectual woman's organization that has ever existed.

It is the appreciation of these facts that has culminated in making last winter one of tribute to Mrs. Croly. Club after club had fallen in line to her compliment and honor until, on the afternoon of Feb. 16th a series of entertainments, distinguishing her birth year, was completed by a fine reception given by the New York Woman's Press Club, a club that was organized by Mrs. Croly and been held to a most successful career under her guidance as its president. My Lady's Hall of the Manhattan Hotel was the frame work of a most congratulatory and happy afternoon. A lavish draping of Georgia Smilax made the room a bower of green, while beautiful flowers here, there and everywhere added color and perfume.

Mrs. Croly stood on a dais surrounded by palms and roses. She wore a gown of white flowered India silk, and a dainty blossom-trimmed bonnet. Her life of seventy years has not bowed or furrowed her in telling their tales of time, thought and labor; she looks rather an easy, composeful picture of retrospection, tinged with a glow of promise as to yet more ahead that she could accomplish, if time given.

Beside Mrs. Croly, receiving, presenting, having the right word for all and proving a very help in honoring, stood Helen Gardener, our Helen Gardener, the charming woman whose rare mental attributes and magnetic gift of oratory have made her widely known and valued. She was a busy woman, graciously glad in the atmosphere of rendering to Mrs. Croly her seventy years' due.

Such a coming and a going as there was. Men distinguished in the varied walks of life, leading journalists, clergymen, playwrights, poets and artists. Women whose names and lives stand in evidence of high thought and earnest purpose. Here the refined, thoughtful face of Mrs. Russell Sage almost on a line with the alive, handsome countenance of

Mrs. Donald McLean. There the genial, ready-witted Bronson Howard, with Mrs. Howard, and a little further on Richard Savage Landor and Helen Winslow, while towering over all is seen the leonine, picturesque head of Edward Markham, to the mention of whose name always follows, "The man with the hoe."

In the hush of listening to the beautiful rendering of "The Rosary," by Miss Fielding Roselle, one can watch emotions play over the face of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, look in reverence on that noble humanitarian, Mrs. Esther Herrman, whose quietly great benefactions will shine forth in the counting her blessed; or watch the interest the pretty, youthful Mrs. Jones in the side talk of her husband, Mr. Jones of the "Journal," with Col. Brown, of "The Daily News."

Of the Press Club members round and about are seen Mrs. Gertrude Eastman Perkins, whose executive ability directed the arranging of the entertainment; Mrs. Henry Siegel, Mrs. Haryat Holt Dey, Mrs. Genie Rosenfeld, Mrs. Eliza Putnam Heaton and Miss Cynthia Westover Alden of the Reception Committee.

While the buffet collation was being served, Mrs. Helen Gardener, in a beautiful and rich gown of cream white Dolton cloth, stepped forward and arrested the attention of the guests by the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen: You were invited here this afternoon by the New York Woman's Press Club to meet its honored president and to help us to commemorate, in fitting manner, her seventieth birthday.

You will recall, of course, the much-quoted remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes to the effect that it is far more delightful to be seventy years young than seventy years old. And you will all see that Jenny June has added new proof that the great New Englander was a sage.

"Time was when girls of seventeen,
Rather than girls of seventy,
Were belles of such affairs as this—
Instead of grandmas, must be 'Miss.' "

But that was long ago.

In addition to the refreshment, for the inner man, in addition to the music, which she loves, in addition to the honor of your distinguished presence, all of which Mrs. Croly knew she was to expect to-day, the Press Club has prepared a little surprise in the form of a gift which it has asked me to present to her. It is this beautiful diamond-studded lorguon, bearing the inscription:

"Jenny June Croly. Having eyes she has seen, having ears she has

heard, and having a tongue she has spoken, in behalf of all women. Souvenir Woman's Press Club. New York, February, 1900."

And now, Mrs. Croly, let me say, in behalf of the Press Club, that you, having been farsighted for all women, long ago, when most of them were very nearsighted, makes it seem eminently appropriate for us to wish to give you that which may aid you to be far-seeing as the years go by.

You were on the watch-tower for us when you "dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be"—the wonders of the marvelous development of the past fifty years in the possibilities and powers of womanhood.

But sometimes in seventy years the physical eyes grow weary in well-doing. If yours ever threaten to do so, use this *lorgnon* and remember the pure gold of love that gave it. Lift it to your eyes and look back from whatever land, under whatever skies, to America, and focus your thought upon the New York Woman's Press Club, the child of your brain, and of your maturest thought, and remember that each and all of us hold you in loving and grateful memory, and wish for you now and always life's best and purest gift—the lasting friendship of the best and loftiest womanhood.

This gold *lorgnon*, then, is to help you to look back to us and to enable us to be eyes for you. The chain is to link you to American women, and to the Press Club, while the seven small diamonds are simply the mile-stones to mark off in tens the journey of your life. The first for the little maid, beginning to think; the second, for the girl equipped for life; the third, for the woman who had already learned to sink herself in the labor of love for others; and the other four are but checks against the decades of a helpful life dedicated to other women and filled with benefactions. They are to remind you that your beacon light shines brightly seven days in every week. They are to tell you that the Press Club wishes you each day brilliant success, and to mark that which you have achieved.

Seventy years you have lived to-day,
Seventy years have been bright and gay,
Better and happier, purer and true,
Because, Jenny June, of you.

Better the world, and all of us here,
Truer is woman—her vision more clear—
Brighter her future, in tint and hint,
Because, Jenny June, of you.

And so, let us give you a token of gold,

With seven wee diamonds to tell how old,
And a glass that shall keep us each in view
We hope, Jenny June, of you.

I never could rhyme three words in a row,
And I told the Club and Committee so,
And yet, they insisted I try, anew
To-day, Jenny June, for you.

I trust you'll not hold me strictly to blame,
Because I consented, at last, and came;
I've done just the best I could—that's true—
At a pinch, Jenny June, for you.

Mrs. Croly, in the name of the New York Woman's Press Club, I have the great pleasure and honor of presenting this souvenir to you, our president, with the love and admiration of one and all.

Mrs. Croly expressed her gratitude in a feeling speech, and the guests flocked about her to congratulate her and admire the gift which, in plain satin finish, with seven irregularly set diamonds on one side, on the other the inscription.

The music has died away, the guests departed and Mrs. Croly turns to go, her face is aglow with feeling, her eyes have tears of happiness in them. "Thank you, thank you all so much," she says. "It has all been so beautiful, such a gathering of tried and true friends, so many that I esteem and admire, it has made a brightness that will shine through the rest of my years. I feel as if I could hardly comprehend it all, that I should like to slowly live it all over again." Alas, is it not so with most of us regarding the satisfying, red letter days of our lives, how precious their memories and oh, how much we would like to slowly live them all over again.

"The Woman's Bible" and the pamphlet, "Bible and Church Degraded Woman," by Mrs. Stanton, have been bound in one volume and sells for \$1.50. For sale by European Publishing Company, New York City, or at this office.

THE ORIGIN OF IMMORALITY.

BY LURANA W. SHELDON.

THE word "immorality," according to modern usage, applies principally to those laws whereby indulgence in sexuality is governed. That this definition is the result of a new order of living makes it none the less forceful in its application. It is an offspring of education, an out-



LURANA W. SHELDON.

come of progress, a distinction which marks an epoch in the history of women as well as a radical reform in the sex relations of the universe. The immoral man is still an anointed creature, whose practices and peccadillos slip easily through the network of ecclesiastical and social requirements and are only caught in the meshes of civic jurisdiction. From the beginning of humanity man has always claimed the right of indiscriminate choosing, and his claim has been "winked at" if not absolutely upheld by no less an authority than that extraordinary power which is

known to theology as "divine" and "almighty." The woman of the present, be she ever so nearly the woman of the past, must adapt her actions to new environments which the evolution of freedom has brought upon her. Despite the centuries of example, of law and custom, she must throw aside the habits that are part and parcel of her nature and attain to new heights of purity and honor which the finger of truth has so recently pointed out to her. Man is her offspring and for him she is responsible; to protect him from himself is to be her overwhelming duty in the future.

In the days when women were but barter and chaff in the hands of

men, the world was overridden with licentious monsters. In the ages to come, when woman shall have triumphed over inconstancy, a race is predicted which shall encompass the earth with glory. But at present a mighty struggle is in progress among us; in the multitude of the weak there is but a handful of the strong—in an army of the erring there is but a detail of the faithful. It is through fanatical superstition only that woman to-day bears the burden of duty—a superstition which was forced upon the credulity of the world through an allegorical statement bearing the seal of "divinity."

The fable of Adam and Eve, plagiarized many centuries before from the literature of Brahmā, forms the orthodox foundation of reasonable doubt as to the capacity for loyalty and virtue in woman. Eve's so-called sin in eating the apple is regarded by the believer as proof of the natural depravity of woman, but that it is an equal argument for the original thirst for knowledge in the sex is proven by her daring to partake of the fruit upon the serpent's intimation that it would bring her wisdom. In Adam's lethargic intellect there was no shadow of desire—the woman risked all in her search for instruction.

But theology from the start refused to recognize her sacrifice and, barring her path to progress by the "flaming sword," made good use of the knowledge with which her act endowed it. In the "Great Jehovah's" instructions to Adam there was little to suggest the existence of that desire which dominated all his later blessings and exhortations. The command to be "fruitful and multiply" was omitted in this case, but the ability was supplied, also the temptation and opportunity.

It would have been a dull-witted Creator who could not foresee the result; a stupid inventor who could not speculate fairly upon the ultimate operation of his invention. Even the serpent was intelligent enough for this, for did he not answer the woman, "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof that your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil?" But in Eve's carrying out of her God-given possibilities there was no shadow of sin—only the fulfillment of nature. Had there been two trees, and had she eaten of both, then might her inconstancy have been punished by the calamity, and the curse which, according to orthodoxy, descended upon woman.

"And it came to pass when men began to multiply on the face of the earth and daughters were born to them that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all they chose."

The distinction between the "sons of God" and "daughters of men"

was quite as unjust as it was ridiculous, and the fact that the "sons of God" took them wives of all they chose," shows moreover that the "sons" were a greedy lot and that their actions were not hampered by class distinctions or morality.

But the "daughters of men," were they choosers in the transaction? Were their inclinations favored or their repugnance considered? According to "Scripture" they were "taken" as wives, they had little choice or voice in this most serious matter. The wife of Ham may have felt a preference for Japheth, but was the holiness of that preference a barrier to her union? Sarai, the wife of Abram, gave her handmaid Hagar to her husband, and the slave, knowing no freedom, bore a child to her master. In the faithfulness of this service was there a vestige of morality? Were the precepts of holiness in this compact of convenience?

Who that believes in the transmission of virtue or evil could look upon the child of so heinous a union and expect to behold aught but a monster of viciousness? But the "angel of the Lord" approved of the conditions and assured Hagar, as a reward, that her "seed should not be numbered for the multitude."

Nor is this the only instance when the "angel of the Lord," or even the Lord himself, pronounced the verdict of approval upon what to-day means woman's defilement, for did he not say to Hosea, "Go, take unto thee a wife of whoredoms," and unto Israel, "I will not punish your daughters when they commit whoredom nor your spouses when they commit adultery?" Moreover, was it not the Lord's command that the thirty-two thousand virtuous "women children" should be "kept alive" for their captors, and was not his personal "tribute" of this number accepted without murmur?

David, "a man after God's own heart," was void of even the morality of his time; Abraham, "the beloved of God," offered Sarai his wife to Pharaoh for gain, and Isaac was "blessed by God" after attempting to deceive King Abimelech as to the legal position of his wife, Rebekah. Thus it must be understood that constancy counted for nothing, that man's pleasure and woman's duty was simply to procreate in any and every direction.

The term "morality" held a different meaning, if it held any at all, in the days of God and Abraham, and woman's mission, instead of being to purify humanity, was merely to increase it regardless of quality.

The achievements of Leah in her efforts to win the love of Jacob, her husband, were enough to establish a colony of immoral fathers, for

what measure of holiness could she bestow upon her six sons other than the impress of an affection debased by trickery?

When Boaz purchased Ruth, "in order to raise up the name of the dead," the virtue of the woman became a commercial commodity and her offspring were the proceeds of a business transaction. In the children of such a union who would look for purity—can any good thing come out of Nazareth or aught holy from the precincts of Sodom and Gomorrah!

The influence of Solomon with his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines was sufficient to neutralize all the morality in the universe. In a handful of the children of this spendthrift king the blossom of constancy and honor might flourish, but the avarice, the licentiousness and profligacy of the man must have planted seeds of wantonness in the "four corners of the earth," to be harvested throughout "all time and eternity."

The Egyptian King, with his sister as his Queen, revitalized the corruption which fell to his inheritance. The incense of the harem, arising freshly from the burnt offerings of virtue, threw a cloud over the Orient that stifled the nostrils of decency. The bloody deeds of later rulers, in their unbridled lust for women of their courts, have left a streak of crimson upon society and the church and blotched the annals of history with the stain of woman's pollution.

In every country woman was the synonym of lust and debauchery, the byword of the libertine, the reproach of the monarch. Even in that existing monarchy which wears the crown of highest civilization the virtue of woman is but an article of convenience, purchased by a title under sanction of the crown or set aside by gold under the smile of royal approval. As the ruler, so the subject. The dignity of the "concubine" shielded the harlot. The custom of a country was alone its morality.

In his vengeance the Lord condemned the wife of Amos to be "an harlot in the city," and gave the wives of David into the embraces of his "neighbors," and in his "righteous judgment" he chose Mary to be the mother of his "only begotten son," and allowed the lineage of Christ to bear the names of five disreputable women. Following his example, the "sons of God" condemned the sex to unholiness and degradation until, like Solomon, they cried aloud, "Who can find a virtuous woman?"

Woman, the slave; was omnipresent; woman, the toy, the plaything, the despised, formed the living center for both centripetal and centrifugal degradation.

From God to man, from man to woman, and from woman to the vast length and breadth of her progeny, the breath of inconstancy and profligate degeneracy. From country to country the infection spread and was harvested through the children of innumerable generations. Man's power was that of a monarch on his throne, and the foundations of that throne were in the tenets of theology.

Only since woman has dared to interpret Scripture for herself, or, better, those works which give the lie to its dogmas, has the union of two bodies become a union of souls in which woman's desire outweighs man's exactments.

From countless numbers of wanton kings, from their "concubines" and the wives of their polygamous marriages, there have descended a multitude of men and women who wear in their bosoms the degradation of their parents, and from the wives who have been "taken" and the wives who have been bought there is a host of human beings whose tendencies toward immorality must be well-nigh irresistible. Monogamy, an institution of but recent date, has not yet conquered the outskirts of the immoral condition.

With the blood taint of licentiousness from the veins of Abram and Hagar, the antidote of a century or so of enlightenment will hardly suffice to effect a radical change in the habits of women.

The slave knows no freedom until he has learned the lesson of self-dependence. He must grovel before his master until his subsistence is assured, or until his ability to earn it has been demonstrated clearly. The longer his bondage the more remote his release—the greater his servility, the more difficult his independence.

After centuries of servility and subservience to man, what wonder that woman should learn resistance slowly!

From being a mere object of lust in the eyes of men since the birth of humanity, how can she expect to enforce her new position in a mere fragment of time and while yet independence is but an embryo within her?

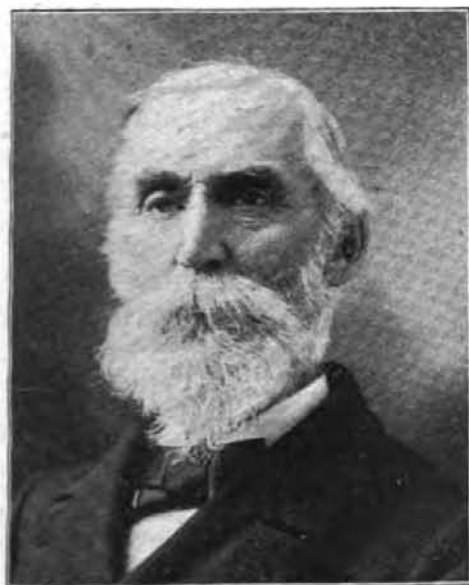
Every union of body without harmony of soul perpetuates a race whose blood is bitter with the rancor of disgust and dissatisfaction. Every marriage unhallowed by honest love furnishes its quota of mortals to the struggling throng whose moral natures are perverted and whose consciences are branded by the lawless or legalized prostitution of generations. For the few who have triumphed over the evils of past and present there is honor without stint and gratitude unspeakable, but for those others who have not yet worked out their souls' salvation, there should be at least a full measure of pity.

SACRED BOOKS.

BY E. C. MAYNARD.

So many sects; so many creeds
 So many paths that wind and wind
 When just the art of being kind
 Is all this sad earth needs.

EVIDENTLY the author of the above lines had acquainted himself with the history of religions past and present, that have had, and now hold, sway over the minds of the people of this earth. Doubtless he had become cognizant of the fact that, so-called, sacred books have been the



E. C. MAYNARD.

prolific soil upon which these numerous sects and creeds have gained their sustenance; and that designing men claiming superior acquaintance with the gods planted the seeds from which these sects and creeds have grown. And quite likely he had become more familiar with the past and present of the Christian religion than with any other; and through that close contact could witness to the sad effects produced in human society by the multiplicity of creeds. How could he come to any other conclusion than that expressed in the words,

"When just the art of being kind
 Is all this sad earth needs?"

Stopping right here the poet doubtless assumed that all readers understand the art of kindness. So to his lines we add the inquiry,

Can he be kind who fain would wound
 A friendly, trusting heart;
 Can he in kindness speed the dart,
 And love the while abound?

Is not the surgeon kind when he severs the gangrenous foot from the rest of the body? Is not the parent kind when he administers just punishment upon the child? Is not that person a true friend who would put truth in the place of error that has had, perhaps, a long time to take root in the heart and mind of another? If truth is that for which all should seek, the one thing of greatest value, then, wherever the seed of truth is planted, though it crowd out by the roots all error, and tear in its growth the very heart-strings of a friend, yet the sowing may be an act

of kindness. The grand result may be an abundant growth of joy, which will amply repay for the pain endured.

But in our endeavor to sow and grow the seeds of truth, some very essential conditions are requisite. Two, perhaps, may be considered the most essential; the preparation of the soil, and the manner of sowing. One must prepare the soil by a liberal application of kindness, assuring a friend of your good intent. Then, if with kindness we sow the seed, we may hope it will take root and bear the fruit of righteousness. Our next inquiry may be, "What is truth?" We may answer in a general way that truths are realities, and that we discover them through experience; either our own or that of others. Truths are

Facts found in the realm of the real,
And known through actual contact;
Experience proves our ideal
True or false in its compact.

That a book called "the Book of books" exists cannot be a matter of dispute. We come in contact with it in almost every home in this country; and we have reliable testimony to its existence in many others. That this book has been a fruitful soil, upon which has grown a great number of creeds and sects, no one will deny.

That persecutions, torture and war have been the result of the existence of these numerous sects, history does abundantly prove. The newspapers of to-day and our daily intercourse with our fellowmen prove it still a fact that persecutions exist, and that people of one kind of faith rejoice in war because they believe it will tend to displace another faith, but establish their own; and yet both sects grow upon the same soil, "the Book of books."

Why is it that a book that has produced so much contention, called forth so many bitter words, divided so many otherwise peaceful families; separating man and wife, arraying brother against brother, and sister against sister; that has engendered persecution upon persecution, torture upon torture, and caused the death, either directly or indirectly, of thousands upon thousands of human beings, should, in this day of enlightenment and general information, call forth the assertion that this book is by inspiration of a good being, called by many the God of peace?

Could we be convinced that a personal prince of devils existed, no more fitting work could he do for the general dissemination of unkindliness and hate, than to inspire men to write a book with just as many truths, mixed with just as many untruths, as are found in the book called the Holy Bible, and then inspire men after the book is compiled, and is in print and in general circulation among mankind, to forge the name of the God of peace as its author.

That truths, moral and possibly intellectual gems, and beautiful figures of speech are in that book, no one need dispute. But for every one of such we may find two false statements; many more unchaste and im-

moral personifications claiming to be the favorites of the author ; and so many ugly figures of speech that a most kindly, loving and forgiving man can hardly conceal his disgust as he reads it, but the climax comes when, with indignation amounting almost to frenzy, he reads, these, all these are the written words of a good God.

Just so long as this book is declared by parents and teachers to be the "Word of God," and children are taught to believe it, and read it with that belief, just so long will sects and creeds be numerous, and just so long will mankind continue in disputation, contention, persecution, strife and wars.

Kindliness, brotherly love such as found expression in the language of Thomas Paine, "The world is my country, to do good is my religion," can never prevail over the entire earth so long as the book called the Bible is believed to be other than the imperfect work of man in an age of greater imperfection than the present.

Just so long as this book is believed by children to be holy, just so long shall we find opportunity to teach and practice the law of kindness, for just so long will its opposite, hatred, stand opposed. Does it not seem that the condition of christendom as we see it to-day, to say nothing of its past, presents sufficient motive for activity on the part of those who love liberty, justice, truth and kindliness, in promoting those virtues through an honest life filled with honest, kindly words and deeds.

We see the great need of mankind,
When will it cease to be?
When will kindliness set men free,
Free from false creeds that bind?

When the greatest shall be the least,
And king a servant be,
Each man master of self, set free
From power of designing priest.

Then men can look forward with hope,
Then men can dare to think ;
Yes, then may superstition sink
When free from man-made pope.

Then, so few sects, so few the creeds,
That round men wind and wind,
They've learned the art of being kind,
It satisfies their needs.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY W. C. RHEEM.

(1 Corinthians, xiii.)

WHAT, though with human and angelic voice
I speak, and have not charity, 'tis noise
Of clanging cmybal or of sounding brass :

What though I can the things that come to pass
With prophet's ken foretell and understand
All mysteries, all knowledge comprehend.
And though, through faith, obedient, I make
The mountains to my will and bid them quake
And move, and have not charity, I still
Am nothing but a man of faith and will.

Though I bestow my goods to feed the poor,
Or at stake the pangs of death endure,
And have not charity, my alms and pain
To me, the soul, are profitless and vain.
A martyr cannot win a martyr's prize
Though for a cause, yet loving not, he dies.

Charity is kind and suffers long
And patiently injustice, spite and wrong,
Is not puff'd up, is not with envy moved.

She vaunteth not herself but, well approved
For modesty, with decency behaves ;
No evil thinks ; not even her own she craves.
Serene, she is not soon to anger stirr'd ;

Displeased with evil, loves the truthful word ;

In all things faithful, she all things believes ;
Enduring hopefully, all things receives.

Events shall contradict what prophets say,
And tongues shall cease and knowledge pass away.

But charity doth never fail : We know
In part and prophecy can only show

In part the truth, but when perfections here
Imperfect things and crude shall disappear.

In childhood as a child I understood
And thought and spake, discerning dimly good
And bad, but when I came to manhood's day
My childish thoughts and words were put away.

For now but darkly through a glass we see
Them face to face our interviews shall be.
Now Faith and Hope and Charity abide,
But Charity excels all else beside.

XIV.

What Charity doth prompt be apt to do,
And, docile, her as leader still pursue.

Franklin, Pa.

INGERSOLL'S VIRTUES TOLD IN VERSE.

[From the Peoria, Ill., Herald-Transcript.]

TIME was when David S. Brown lived, moved, and had his being in the city of Peoria, and here he imbibed, absorbed, and otherwise attained those sterling principles which won for him the sobriquet of "the good Brown."

While famed and loved for his virtue, however, David never manifested any special disposition to coquette with the poetic Muse during his residence in Peoria, and it was only after a protracted residence amid the bowered roses and lilies of Southern California that he felt the workings of the divine afflatus in his soul and contracted the verse-making habit.

His last effort in that line was written about Robert G. Ingersoll, and is too good to keep, so we pass it on:

A HOPELESS CASE.

He was just a common sinner,
But he'd buy a tramp a dinner,
An' he'd sort o' try to put him on his feet!
An' a feller might be needy,
An' his raiment worn and seedy,
Yet he'd stop an' visit with him in the street.

He made no ado about it—
Wouldn't brag around ner shout it,
Yet he did a heap to help his fellow men;
When he'd find a fallen brother,
In some easy way er other,
He would make him organize himself again.

He had money, an' he spent it,
Er he give away er lent it;
Seemed ez if the more he lost the more he got:
Made all sorts o' big donations,
Helped support his poor relations,
An' he bought a orphan school a house an' lot.

Never heard o' him a-shoutin',
Ner a-settin' 'round a-spoutin'
'Bout the everlastin' wickedness o' things;
But he just went on a findin'
Deeds to do an' never mindin'
Much about a crown er harp with golden strings.

Yet the deacon's folks—its very
Hard to say it—they was merry
When at last death came an' caught him in the lurch,
Fer they know'd the devil got 'im,
An' it served him right, dod rot 'im!
Fer he never had united with the church.

"THE PRACTICE OF CONFESSION IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

BY JOE J. THORNTON.

THE December, 1899, issue of the *North American Review* contains an article by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., on "The Practice of Confession in the Catholic Church."

I wish it to be distinctly understood, before more is written, that this article does not deal with Mr. Clarke personally. Personal remarks in an exchange of ideas dealing with religion, politics or any subject of common interest are vulgar, and certainly would detract some value of an argument. It is only the thoughts expressed that I intend to refer to.



JOE J. THORNTON.

In the beginning of his article Mr. Clarke states that he does not propose to enter on the thorny paths of religious controversy. I hope he will not consider it a breach of etiquette if he be answered. As long as he has written an article in behalf of confession, he should not deny any one the privilege of an expression of thought upon the subject.

The fact that he does not wish a controversy upon the subject indirectly implies a sense of weakness in his cause. Again, he takes up a cause and advocates it without being attacked. If the "confession" were amenable to reason it should certainly be able to stand alone. His defense of it also implies a weakness.

After discoursing upon the "origin" and "fountain head" of confession—which he says is to be found in an instinct of human nature—Mr. Clarke says: "The relief it affords to the heavily burdened soul is undeniable." If I should murder Mr. Smith and tell a priest that I had done so, I suppose, according to this theory, I should feel immediate relief. The pangs of remorse would disappear? I would no longer hear my conscience say, What have you done! I would no longer see the body I had slain as it lay with the lifeblood rushing from the jagged wound! I would no longer see the death quiver! I would no longer feel the gloom that accompanies death! Then, should I see the sad and tear-stained face of the widow, the innocent faces of the fatherless children, could I say I feel relieved? Then I could look upon his widow and say, I feel toward you as I do toward any other woman whose hus-

band has been murdered. I could not, according to this theory, feel any more emotion in one case than in the other. One other point. Would my confession help Mr. Smith? Even were it to lessen my grief or self-reproach, would it not be better were it not to do so? Would it not be possible for me to commit another crime with more ease of conscience than the first? The confession is to me the cradle of crime. It fosters under the folds of its hypocritical cloak the germs of crime. It engenders crime and destroys the greatest enemy of crime—conscience.

One other case I wish to present to the reader. I have a horse for sale. A man with the intention of purchasing the animal asks me if he is defective in any way. I know that the horse is blind. I tell the man that the horse has not the slightest defect. He buys the horse. I go to my priest and confess my sin. That is what the Catholic religion requires. A confession to the priest. I ask is this in accordance with the common conception of justice? Should I not go to the purchaser of the horse and say, I have deceived you; the animal is unsound; here is the purchase price? Which is the better? Which would appeal the more to justice, to honesty, to manliness? Should the confession be laid at the feet of a disinterested priest and buried within his silence? How does it do good if you tell me you robbed Mr. Jones. It does not lessen the fact that Mr. Jones was robbed nor does it do good to make an innocent party an accessory after the fact. Does it help the confessor? No. That is all a mistaken theory.

Why is it that, if a confession is to be made, it must be made to a priest? Is a priest a superior being? Why should a child be made to confess to a priest in preference to its mother? I suppose because a priest would be more capable of helping the child to do right than would its mother (?).

Following out this line would it not be better if all children were placed under the tutelage of priesthood? The parents of this world are not capable of rearing the coming generation! They are not fit to have children under their care! Then they should have no children. The world should be childless. The old would die. The world would not be peopled. Priests do not marry. It is an insult to every mother and father. Certainly a good man would not take upon himself the responsibility of paternity if he did not feel capable of assuming that responsibility. Then the good would not have children. Only the bad. Either way you reason to what an abyss you are led.

According to Catholicism I can commit murder, confess and be saved. Is there in all the creeds anything more diametrically opposed to reason? A man can confess to a priest while the black cap is being pulled over his head, and in the moment that he is living, while suspended by the rope, be transferred from certain hell to certain heaven. They must have locomotion down to a very fine point! Criminals who can reason but little will say, I can kill this man. I can confess. I can be saved. What more would they want? Their greatest object is to be saved. Their next greatest object is to kill a man. They must have both.

One is useless without the other. The Catholic church offers them both. You pick up a paper. A man was hanged for murder. Just before the hanging a priest visited the man condemned to die. The man confessed and died with a smile. He was happy. The pangs of conscience had disappeared. What is more absurd? In this way confession becomes almost a crime; I might say the father of crime, or, using a familiar expression, the fountain head of crime.

Mr. Clarke illustrates the solace that confession gives to the sinner in his "one or two instances such as often occur in modern life." One of them is this:

"A man in a position of responsibility has, under stress of some pressing need, borrowed (or embezzled) some of his employer's money. He has tided over the difficulty by some dishonest falsification of his accounts. There is every chance of his escaping undetected, for he is a man whose character stands high, and in whom his employer placed the most implicit confidence. But his conscience will not let him rest. He is simply miserable at the thought of his betrayal of his trust. He is bound to confess his misdeeds to his employer, to be dismissed in shame and disgrace, to drag down to misery those near and dear to him, his loving wife and his innocent children."

This man had evidently been speculating on the board of trade, or else had been "playing" the wrong horse. But we will suppose that his misfortunes were perfectly honorable. Something which he could not avert had happened. A debtor had become insolvent, for instance. He at any rate committed a crime—embezzlement. According to Mr. Clarke, his employer placed implicit confidence in him. He trusted him. Could not this man have gone to his employer and stated his case truthfully to him and said, "Help me." His employer could afford to help him because he was a valuable man, and he did unknowingly help him. Of course the question could be asked; suppose his employer would not help him? To this I would say, the day of Shylocks is past. A deserving man need not fear that he cannot obtain help. But we will suppose the worst. His employer will not help him. No one will help him. All whom he asked excuse themselves politely but refuse help. The man is then forced to give up his position. His family suffers from hunger. But he can work. He can commence again. I will ask the reader which is the best? To continue his position, steal from his employer, tide over his difficulties, confess to a priest and retain his position, or, to be honest? To commence at the bottom rung of the ladder and work up. To have his conscience say, You are a thief, or you are a man. Which would a man choose? He might confess a thousand times, but whenever his eye met the eye of his employer he would feel, although he might not outwardly show it, the depth to which he had fallen. He might confess, I say, a thousand times, yet he could not feel that he had done right. Confession is an illusion. It does not, can not, cure a conscience pang. It is unnatural for it to do so. The other case to which Mr. Clarke cites us is this:

"Another man is in business for himself, say as a picture dealer, and he is much troubled in conscience as to certain misrepresentations which he has made with regard to the antiquity or the origin of the picture that he wishes to sell. These misrepresentations are not actually false, but they are of a nature to mislead the intending purchaser. They are in line with the universal practice of the trade in the city where he dwells, and without them his business would be liable to be ruined. What is he to do under these difficult circumstances?"

If misrepresentation is of a nature to mislead, it is certainly false or else practically false. At any rate it cannot be strictly honest. Any one who has ever had any experience in business affairs will know that a successful business cannot be conducted on any but strictly honest business principles. I do not like the case as supposed, for it is not probable. I do not think that there is any city in the world where all the picture dealers are rascals. But again, we will suppose the worst. We will stick to Mr. Clarke's case. Suppose they are all rascals. I will again ask the reader which is the more manly. Confess to a priest every time you sell a picture under a misrepresentation, and make yourself rich, or give away your pictures and start with nothing except the essential element of success, honesty? Which will the true man choose, rascality and silks, or honesty and rags? What is a priest? A sort of public crime bureau, where one can throw in a confession and in return draw out a pardon? A "penny-in-the-slot" machine?

In regard to the purity of Catholic schools and colleges, I would say but one word. The world knows the reputation of these schools and colleges. The reputation is based on facts. That is enough.

True confession is not to God, not to a priest, but to one's self. Go into the woods where birds are singing and brooks are laughing; sit under a tree where a dove is cooing, and to yourself and Nature say, I have done wrong, I have committed errors, I shall not do so again. A promise to yourself is more liable to be fulfilled than is a promise to a priest.

Magnolia, Ill.

"The Predestination of Preachers," by Daniel K. Tenney, will appear as the leading article of the July Magazine. It is one of Tenney's best.

Prof. T. B. Wakeman will have an article in the July Magazine entitled "Comte and Spencer Read for Us."

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"—DOES CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ANSWER THE QUESTION?

BY ROBERT C. PHYSIOC.

EVER since the dawn of history and before, man has been searching after Truth, striving in some way to solve the awful problems that confronted him. Flood and hurricane destroyed the results of his rude labors, pestilence brought desolation to his poor dwelling, and from the



ROBERT C. PHYSIOC.

time when he first began to feel the effect of these gentle buffets from the hand of Nature he began to inquire into the causes thereof. From the hair mantled anthropophagus down to your highly cultivated, beautifully plumed biped of the nineteenth century, mankind have been guessing at the eternal cause of things, and yet "the secret of his being is still like the Sphinx's secret, a riddle that he cannot read and for ignorance of which he suffers death." In spite of the revelations that God at intervals has been so good to deliver to certain of his earthly favorites, mankind still suffer from innumerable diseases both of body and mind. Science and philosophy have done much toward alleviating the conditions of life, and while the advantages for ob-

taining health and happiness are by no means so bad as they might be, yet we long for them to be better.

A system that promises to the weary world a balm for all its wounds, that offers to bring about perfect conditions, is presented in "Science and Health," by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. A system altogether unique, that obliterates at a single stroke all forms and modes of grief by destroying sickness, sin and death. And how? Simply by denying their existence. All is Love, Spirit, Truth, Perfection, and their opposites have no reality in the universe. Everything is harmonious and beautiful, and aught that appears discordant or repulsive is but the illusion of false mortal mind. Our lying senses declare pain to be real. The exquisitely spiritualized senses of Christ's scientists deny that sickness or sin is anything but erroneous belief.

It seems to have been the rule with those who have hitherto offered a solution of the life problem, or introduced any new religious ideas, invariably to claim God as their authority and dogmatically proclaim the

truth of their theory or doctrine. Mrs. Eddy does not depart from this custom. "God," she says, "has been graciously fitting her during many years for the reception of this final revelation of the absolute Truth." "The time for thinkers has come." "Truth is knocking at the portals of humanity." Truth, that phantom which has eluded the wisest and purest spirits of every age (even thou, O Socrates), has been captured at last, and can be found between the covers of a little book entitled "Science and Health," which may be purchased for the trifling sum of—from three to six dollars, according to the quality of the binding. O, weary traveler on life's rugged way, the hour is at hand when thou shalt lay down thy burden. O, suffering man, read this precious volume and learn that there is no sensation in matter. But understand this: Get this little chunk of Truth into your narrow cranium "and it shall make you free." 'Twill break the fetters of necessity that begirt you. What a book! Only it is a little obscure to ordinary mortals, and it seems if God was so gracious as to reveal the deep secret of life to one particular individual, he might have been generous enough to the rest of the species to have endowed that one with the faculty of making it clear to others. Mrs. Eddy feels this deficiency herself and deplors the poverty of a language that makes it difficult to present the great spiritual ideas with which her divine mind is overflowing. She has attempted to overcome this obstacle by inventing certain meaningless terms that can only be understood by those who have drunk deep of the fount of spirituality and learned the dialect of the angels. From the standpoint of human reason, excepting a few touches here and there, the whole thing is incomprehensible and absurd.

Mrs. Eddy's vanity is sublime. "The twelfth chapter of the Revelation of Saint John," she tells us, "has a special suggestiveness in connection with the nineteenth century. In the opening of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age: 'And there appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.'"

It is a principle long ago laid down and generally accepted, that man cannot go beyond the horizon of his experience, even in imagination. If he makes a God it must be created out of the materials of his brain. If he sees visions they shape themselves according to his experience. Can one who has been born blind imagine the beauties of the landscape, or the marvelous harmony of coloring in the summer sunset. How can one who has been born deaf conceive of the delicious melody of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, or the grand and awful music of the elements at war. Yet in this new system all knowledge that is based on experience, on the testimony of the senses, must be considered as false and unsubstantial, while the things that no man can experience or explain, propositions at which reason and common sense revolt, must forsooth be accepted from the pen of a woman who egotistically claims to be the mouthpiece of God. Fantastic wanderings of a diseased brain, visions produced by unhealthy

thought are traded off as great spiritual truths to a credulous multitude. Divine Science reverses the order of things. The unreality of the real is the reality of the unreal. God, having created the world and all that therein is, is satisfied with his work. He says so. Therefore, if any presumptuous mortal dares to assert that certain evils do exist, that conditions might be better, he casts the lie into the teeth of his maker, which is an awful thing to do. It is an error easily fallen into, however, since God himself is on record as having said, "It repenteth me that I have made man." Mrs. Eddy, with a mysterious flourish of the pen, disposes of questions that have overwhelmed the greatest thinkers of every age. When Plato first ventured to explore the mysterious nature of the Deity he was at a loss to understand how the simple unity of his essence could admit of the infinite variety of distinct and successive ideas which constituted the model of the intellectual world. No such difficulty obstructs Mrs. Eddy in her analysis of God. She just closes the question by simply annihilating the material world.

Christian Science has for its basis the two testaments. The incidents of the sun pausing in the heavens in order that Joshua might have daylight in which to accomplish his atrocious deeds; the three Hebrew captives invulnerable to the flames of the furnace; the hungry lions becoming as lambs in the presence of the prophet Daniel; all these and many more are quoted to prove how one possessing the unadulterated truth can rise superior to all material conditions. Moses, being saturated with Divine Science, proved the subserviency of matter to mind when, on touching the rock with his magic staff, a copious stream flowed forth to relieve him and his little band of the illusion of thirst. He passed through the Red Sea with a wall of water upon either side, thus demonstrating that matter is nothing in the presence of divine mind. And yet this mighty man, with the attributes of a God, who commanded the forces of Nature, was compelled to yield to the touch of death. Poetry, striving to make the stern reality beautiful, says that angels dug his grave in the lonely mountain.

Although we have seen how many of the miracles of the Old Testament are given to verify the truth of Christian Science, yet the principal foundation upon which the structure is erected, and from which is derived its name, is the new one. Just for the sake of argument, we shall agree to the premises. It shall be assumed that all the gospels, record of the teachings and works of Christ, are positive truth. That the miracles, so called, from the blasting of the fig tree to the raising of dead Lazarus, are facts as absolute as the multiplication table. Can the conclusions that Mrs. Eddy reaches be considered legitimate? She says, "Brains, Blood, Lungs have nothing to do with life." That "the mortal or material is without sensation or existence." "Spirit is all, matter is nothing." "The senses are false and the evidence received through them must on no account be accepted." Faith, that fundamental virtue of Christian philosophy, is not a necessary element of the Divine Science, although its votaries have astonishing faith. Christ said, "Thy faith hath

made thee whole." Mrs. Eddy says, "Even the scoffing atheist can be healed of the material illusions of disease," and she has "found Christian Science more than usually successful in such cases." Faith, or, rather, understanding, is only necessary in the divine physician and not at all in the patient. It seems that this is a slight departure from the doctrine of him who said, "As thy faith is so be it unto you." Is there anything in the New Testament that can be understood to mean that Christ disbelieved in or disregarded the material world. He recognized the necessity of convincing the physical senses when allowing Thomas to thrust fingers into his wounds. Of the miracles that Christ is said to have performed, how is the truth to be established, except upon the evidence of the senses? Eyes declare they saw him walk upon the wave, saw the lepers that he cleansed, the dead that was raised. Ears declare they heard the Sermon on the Mount. Again, was not Jesus himself subject to the laws of Nature? What hero does history describe who suffered more than did he during the brief period of his ministry? Did he deny pain as real when fainting under the cross on his way to Calvary? Did he not acknowledge his belief in physical suffering when, with thorns upon his brow, nails in hands and feet, he implored the Almighty Father to let the bitter cup pass from him? Did he not finally succumb under the ordeal and cry out in the agony of despair, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" So piteous an appeal might have made "milch the burning eyes of heaven" and moved a stone god to pity. Poets have described the sufferings of Christ. Painters have used all the powers of their art in depicting his sorrowful features. Famous composers have exhausted the powerful eloquence of music in representing his passion. And all for what? A thing unreal. Christian, you can no longer boast that your Savior suffered and died for humanity. The sublime tragedy enacted upon the theater of Jerusalem has turned out to be a hideous farce. Even rejecting his divine nature, the man dying for his convictions, the glorious spectacle of human martyrdom is converted into a base hypocrisy. If Christ was the embodiment of Truth, as Mrs. Eddy claims, and knew what she knows, why did the words not ring from the cross, "Do not weep, my friends; I suffer not. Pain is but a belief of mortal mind. I am Spirit and Spirit cannot suffer." But words that would have prevented nineteen centuries of errors came not; something sealed the lips of the dying man.

That so fantastic a system should in this prosaic age gain such a numerous following is, after all, not so strange. It seems that the human mind is naturally credulous, likes mystery and is going to have it. Who would accept the cosmogony of Moses had it not come from God? Without the mystery of the immaculate conception the philosophy of Christ would be smiled at. So with "Science and Health;" had it not been divinely inspired it would be regarded as a literary curiosity. From man we require the rational, the probable. It is not necessary that God should be reasonable or consistent. Ringing down the centuries since the beginning of the Christian era, comes evidence of the most authentic

character of miracle upon miracle being wrought by the bones of some saint who probably ought to have been hanged; splinters from the wood of the true cross have suspended the laws of Nature. The baby linen of the Son of God has performed prodigies. Pilgrimages to certain holy places have been productive of the most marvelous cures. Constantine the Great was healed of a leprosy at the tomb of St. Peter. Louis the Ninth of France was possessed of an insatiable mania for these holy relics, and his fanaticism almost impoverished a nation. He redeemed at an enormous sum the crown of thorns that was worn by Christ at the crucifixion, which had been pawned by the Byzantine emperor to the State of Venice. As late as the middle of the seventeenth century an inveterate ulcer was touched and cured by a holy prick of the holy crown. The wonder is attested by the most enlightened Christians of France, "nor is the fact easily disproved," says Gibbon, "except by those who are armed with a general antidote against religious credulity." Not long ago people would gather in great masses to be touched and cured by the hand of their prince. In England, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the practice was largely carried on by the Stuarts. But when William of Orange became the British monarch, despising all the hypocrisy, he abolished a practice that he knew to be an imposture. On a single occasion was he importuned into laying his hand on a patient. "God gives you better health," he said, "and more sense." Macaulay is authority that so great a man as Johnson believed in the efficacy of the king's touch until he tried it. In view of these facts, is it surprising that in our age we have the evidence of some highly honorable and intelligent men and women for the marvelous cures effected by the Christian Science method. They heal anything from the slightest ache or pain to the most dreadful of organic diseases. The one is as easily conquered as the other, since sickness and sin are of the same family of lies, and only need a good dose of Truth, administered by one who is spiritually qualified, and then they vanish "as doth the demon Darkness before the god of Day." There must be something very consoling about a religion that abolishes sin and sickness, aye, even death itself. It would appear that a good digestion might be indispensable to such a faith, and because of my inefficiency in that respect, or, perhaps, too, on account of the extreme dullness of my spiritual sense, I cannot apprehend the real Truth, I rejoice if it be the possession of any other of my more fortunate fellowmen. After all, if it should happen that Mrs. Eddy be mistaken, which is probable, as "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," are not her followers as happy believing that they have it as if they really did possess the absolute Truth; and is not happiness the main purpose of living? It would be pleasant if we could believe of the countless millions that have passed away, their dream of bliss has been realized; that Buddha is able to fulfill to his faithful followers after death the promises he made to them in life; that Jesus can meet the engagements in heaven he made on earth; that the true believers in the "one God and Mohammed his apostle" are now enjoying the delicious society, so-

ciety of their lovely black-eyed maidens. But, as God has revealed so many systems to mankind, and as no two of them will agree except upon a single point, which is that the others are wrong, the thinking mind finds it more in accordance with reason and common sense to believe that, whatever is the nature of God, he had nothing to do with any of them, and that all emanated from the imperfect brain of man. No religion is worth any more than the amount of happiness it gives in this life. Truth has not yet been found, nor will it be till man develops the capacity to receive it. We know too little about the nature of man to presume to investigate the nature of God. Man should strive to comprehend the finite before attempting to explore the infinite. Surely nature presents scope enough even for a gigantic intellect like Mrs. Eddy's. Perhaps too much meditation upon the things divine has dethroned sovereign reason, and she is like the Paulician monks who, after going round and round in a circle, mistook the dizziness of the head for the presence of the Holy Spirit. But Truth is Truth, no matter how opinions may differ concerning it. The old earth performs its yearly circuit about the sun and its daily revolution the same now as when, in past ages, it was believed to be stationary and flat, careless of the petty creatures that crawl upon its surface. Systems are born and perish. Empires rise and fall and man "struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." Do what we will, believe as we may, we cannot escape the inevitable. All that lives must die. "A grave must mark the end of each and all."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

We are encompassed on all sides by the inexorable material laws. We cannot burst the chain of necessity, and he who would be wise should pitch his tune to the key of Nature, for therein lies the true harmony of being.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Col. Ingersoll's Works, the Dresden Edition, will soon be out. The price, after July 1st, will be: Cloth, \$25.00; half cloth or half morocco, \$50.00; full Turkish morocco, \$100.00.

CONFUSION OF MORALS.

BY DR. E. B. FOOTE, JR.

[From the *Conservator*.]

AS I did not see the play *Sapho*, and have not read the book, my only knowledge upon the subject comes from the very lengthy (and quite full enough) reports which the newspapers gave of the evidence offered for its suppression by the moralists. Its offense appears to have been in



E. B. FOOTE, JR.

the main such a presentation of the allurements or bright side of fast life, its critics allege, as would render it unsafe for the average "young person" to view, since familiarity might breed enchantment. Our worldly wise yellow journalists joined with others in the declaration that there are some phases of life, however real, for which the stage may not hold the mirror up to nature—whatever the ultimate moral trend of the story. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the actual lesson of the play was surprisingly overlooked in the discussion, possibly because those who were capable of comprehending it were not asked to give their views for print or before the magistrate, or maybe because they

lacked the courage to say a good word for anything so generally tabooed. Certainly any young man would be convinced from the last scenes of *Sapho* that the prior experiences of the "hero," however alluring, are not worth the cost—that things are not what they seem, especially seductive sirens, whose meshes it is better to avoid than to play with. May not the viewing of *Sapho* in the play so seriously impress many an inexperienced youth as to save him from compromising his morality by following the example of *Sapho's* Jean? To my mind this lesson is as certain as another so pathetically presented in *Madam Butterfly*, that a man may come keenly to regret having trifled with a childish maiden's affections, even though she be a "heathen."

Sapho is only one of half a dozen recent stage productions that critics have condemned as unfit, improper or immoral, but I notice that none of these keen-scented hounds of impropriety have mentioned *The Ambassador*, which, no doubt, the theater-going public regards as one of the most innocent, if not most pleasing, of society dramas, its author, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Cragie), being a refined lady who moves in "our best society." But let us see the moral of the play. It portrays

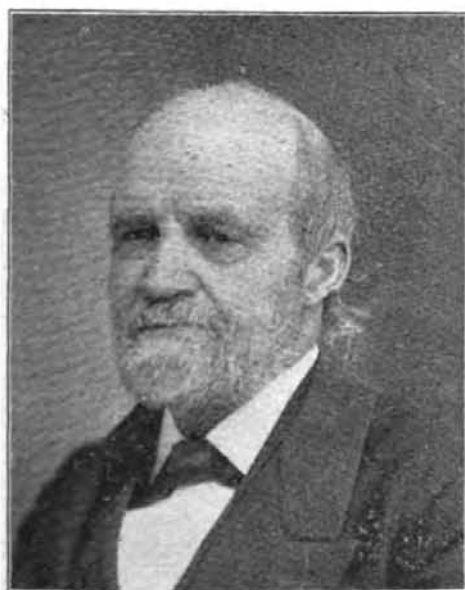
in its chief character a gentleman of fine intellect and irreproachable manners, charming to meet and above criticism (from society as it is), but nevertheless a man of the world, a friend of publicans and sinners and a hail fellow well met in circles of very doubtful character. Concerning his newly-awakened love for an "innocent" young woman, the Ambassador makes a confidant of an old chum, who at the time is entertaining "ladies" such as attended the ball in Sapho. Though the Ambassador is evidently about fifty years old, he somewhere admits that the reason he has not married is not because he could not trust women—he has all faith in them—but because he could not trust himself. He is plainly one of the many men who indulge their fancies ad libitum until with advancing years variety cloy, and what is left of their affectionate nature becomes enamored of a dear young thing just ripe enough to leave her mother—in this case her guardian, as the Juliet of the play is an orphan. The guardian herself is a fine woman of middle age, who is manifestly "utterly crushed" when she learns from the Ambassador that he has fallen in love with the orphan instead of herself. From the point of view of good morals this guardian is herself far too good for him, but more suitable than the immature maiden, while in the play there are others also, more nearly his age and somewhat on a par with him as to experience. The curtain falls with the assumption that "they were happy ever after," which is generally not the case with such ill-assorted marriages. The misfortune of such a situation is that the blissfully innocent girl in the audience goes home a little envious of the good luck of the heroine and is ready to be led a victim to the altar by some very respectable elderly friend of the family who has sported round town for thirty years and now concludes that "love is the only thing worth while after all." If one could publish the pitiful tales told in the confessional of the family physician by young wives yearning for unborn babes, they would prove quite sufficiently that such marriages as that of the Ambassador and the orphan are occasions for weeping rather than rejoicing, and that they should be deprecated rather than made alluring to matinee maidens. For such reasons I unhesitatingly proclaim the Ambassador to be an immoral and unfit play (or at least unfortunate in the standard it implies), while Sapho seems to me useful as a terrible example, in that it illustrates what a young man may well shun. Whenever a play-writer finds occasion to make a woman of forty fall in love with a young man—even if so far along as thirty or more—it is made ridiculous, as though there could be only one idea of it and that absurd; while, over and over again, these matches of old chaps and merry maidens are brought about as being serious and satisfactory, commendable and worthy. From a physiological point of view both are a mistake, and for posterity's sake and the happiness, in the long run, of unsophisticated young women, it would be well if novelists and playwrights would write to make such matches less acceptable. Professor Sumner has estimated that not ten per cent. of those who enter matrimony find it to square with their ideals. Not a tenth of one per cent. of the younger girls who yield to the matri-

monial wiles of seductive old bachelors of the type we are considering are even half-way pleased after ten years—if so fortunate as not to be disillusioned in a year or a week.

It is a mistake, too, for the man who is merely a burnt ember to attempt to play the part of the young husband. The man may be pitied for his folly—the final error in a misspent life (he was at least old enough to know better)—but the more deserving object for our regret is the unsophisticated maiden who has been hired or driven into the unfortunate alliance, and who, from this most important step, realizes, instead of the fulfillment of delightful expectations, only the bitter dregs of disappointment. Court records in any city would provide more than enough instances of tragic terminations of marital unions of this class. It is confusion of morals to make them seem attractive in story and play. The status of society morals needs leveling up.

"A VALUABLE WORK ON SPENCER."

UNDER the above title the Chicago Tribune has this to say of Judge C. B. Waite's late work entitled "Herbert Spencer and His Critics": Mr. Waite, a Chicago author, has added another volume to the already imposing array of Spenceriana. His book is of undeniable merit,



C. B. WAITE.

instructive, and interesting. It is not often that both these qualities are combined in a work of this character. At the beginning of his first chapter the author says: "No writer of the nineteenth century has had greater influence in the world of thought than Herbert Spencer. At the same time no one has been more severely and unsparingly criticised." That is quite true, but is it not equally true of the great thinkers of all times?

Mr. Waite's "Herbert Spencer and His Critics" may be said to consist of three parts—a digest of Spencer's new philosophy, a digest of the most important criticisms of Spencer's system, and a dialectic analysis and criticism of certain

definitions, arguments, and conclusions of Spencer, by the author of the book himself.

The digest of Spencer's philosophy is of unquestionable merit. It is presented in systematic form and in clear, concise, and simple language. It is the work of a thorough student, a capable thinker, and a painstaking and conscientious writer. The author, it is clearly evident,

has made a most careful study of the subject and has approached it with the honesty and fairness of a true man of science.

In the second part of his book the author presents a digest of some of the most salient features of the criticisms by Malcolm Guthrie, John Stuart Mill, Frederic Harrison, Watson, Bowne, Robertson, Mansel, Caird, Hodgson, Max Mueller, James Martineau, Professor Green, and other distinguished contemporaries of Spencer. With admirable discernment the author has selected the most characteristic points of those criticisms and in the briefest form compatible with clearness.

In the third part of his book Mr. Waite himself appears in the arena of dialectics and proves himself a skillful antagonist, a fearless aggressor. His logic is invulnerable, his arguments are direct and to the point, and his criticisms never trivial or undignified. The author makes no attempt to belittle the genius of Spencer, for whose greatness and intellectual power he expresses the most profound admiration. The book is entitled to respectful consideration from all students of philosophy.

BROTHER BROWN HOPES HE IS NOT AMONG THE "ELECTED," BUT FEARS HE IS.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

IN a recent friendly letter received from our friend, W. S. Brown, Attica, N. Y., he closes with the following remarks on the Presbyterian confession of faith, and the doctrine of "Election," which seem to me to be pretty good. If you choose to publish it I will stand between you and all harm, although it is a random shot and not for publication:

"Hoping we will greet each other well in the near future, and finally prove to be among the 'elect infants,' I feel well prepared to 'cross the river' at God's earliest convenience, and remain friendly to yourself, Dr. Patton, and the rest of the sacramental host of God's elect, including Grover Cleveland, whose election was assured years ago in Buffalo. * *

* You see, I haven't a doubt of our election, but I regard it as a pretty mean job put up on us, if that election forces us to stay away from such characters as Darwin, Huxley, Paine, Voltaire, Hume, Ingersoll, Tyn-dall, Parker, and a large catalogue of worthies, and spend an eternity with Patton, Jonathan Edwards, Sam Jones, and the Salvation Army—David, Solomon, etc.

"Let us waive our rights under the Divine decree and take the other road. But if we are 'elected' we can't choose our companions, so you see that an 'elect' individual may have to play his harp 'mid very uncongenial surroundings! This doctrine of election you see may prove a dreadful curse to the very elect!

"The point that I am this moment most anxious about is, whether I am one of the elect? I propose to write to Dr. Patton upon the subject, and if, according to my description of myself, he decides that I am (which no doubt he will), I will ask him if, by any stretch of the creed, he can

help me out of the sad fatality? If not, then I am doomed! It all depends upon Princeton's interpretation of the creed!

"In your own behalf, please give this matter your early and most serious attention. W. S. Brown."

I will close by saying that I think your magazine grows better with age, and that I wish we had a thousand such publications in this country. McKinley's Sunday closing of American exhibit did not work, but it was not his fault. Some votes lost and some won. Ira Adams.

North Java, N. Y.

SOME THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

BY J. C. WATKINS.

IT IS undoubtedly true that Free Thought sentiment is growing in the world. Avowed Freethinkers, skeptics and infidels are not regarded with that holy horror, even by orthodox ministers, that they used to be, though it still requires a great deal of moral heroism for persons in many places to come out boldly for the cause of truth. To do so means loss of trade and patronage, the inability to be elected to official position, social ostracism and to be regarded as a dangerous person. In many communities there are only one or two, or at most half a dozen, persons known to be unbelievers. Not being able conscientiously or consistently to go with their orthodox neighbors in church work, though anxious to help in all efforts to promote real morality and relieve human ills and suffering, they have to content themselves with doing all the good they can in private ways. They do even contribute to the support of ministers, and to keeping up the church—on the ground that while the teachings and ceremonies of the church are often erroneous and not founded upon good reason, yet it has a moralizing tendency and does a great deal of humanitarian and benevolent work in the world. It goes against the grain, though, for Freethinkers in this way to seem to indorse the theology and absurd claims of the church. They believe that morality and uprightness of life may be inculcated and promoted without the necessity of making people believe things that have no foundation in fact—without teaching superstition and without requiring them to regard blind faith as above human reason.

But, desiring to show their appreciation for the apparently sincere efforts of the church to make people better, and to do good in the world by establishing charitable, benevolent and humane institutions, they contribute of their means to these objects, though they don't get much credit for it. Of course these isolated and scattered Freethinkers are exerting a quiet influence. They are the leaven which is at work silently but effectively in the world for its enlightenment. Their light is shining and is seen by many, and is having its influence. But if Free Thought is to extend rapidly, other means and agencies for its promulgation, in addition to those already in operation, must be employed. Much is be-

ing accomplished by lectures, by the distribution of books and pamphlets, by periodical publications like the Free Thought Magazine. We have now a general organization. What we want next is local organization, State, county, district and community. Wherever there are as many as half a dozen Freethinkers in a community, or within a boundary of five miles square, they should constitute themselves into a local branch of the general or national society, to which they should, at stated times, make report. A branch of propaganda work that it seems to me is neglected is the publication of Free Thought novels. Thousands of people read novels who will not read Free Thought books or papers. Yet it is possible, even in the pages of an interesting love story, to inculcate Free Thought ideas and thus powerfully influence public sentiment.

I am sure that among the many talented Freethinkers of this country there are some who could write such novels, and since fiction is now more read than any other class of literature, and is so extensively employed in influencing public sentiment in all imaginable directions, why may it not be utilized in spreading the gospel of Free Thought. We ought to have a good youth's or young people's magazine, one that would be instructive, entertaining and free from superstition in its contents. I believe it would be supported and do a great deal of good. The great newspapers of the country, many of them at any rate, while published and edited by men who are a long way from being orthodox, are afraid to publish anything that might offend their orthodox readers. A few of them, much to their credit, have been brave enough to say what they think on this question, and will publish unorthodox contributions sometimes. These papers should be encouraged by Freethinkers, and our ablest writers should keep them supplied with all the Liberal copy they will use. In this way Free Thought doctrine will be brought to the eyes of thousands of readers who never see much if any Free Thought literature, but which may make them want to see more of it.

Kanawha Falls, West Virginia.

JOHN L. BEAN DEAD.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

ROCK ISLAND FREETHINKER succumbs, after an illness of three months. Settles in that city in 1842.

John Liberty Bean died at Rock Island, March 28th, 1900, at his home, 1201 Third avenue, after an illness of three months.

Mr. Bean was one of the early settlers of Rock Island, having taken up residence in that city in 1842. He was born in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1814. He was reared on a farm and taught the village school at Palmyra. When 21 years of age he moved with his parents to Adrian, Mich., where he engaged in the hotel business, and where he met and married Miss Marilla Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio. From Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Bean went to St. Louis, and then came to Rock Island. By trade Mr.

Bean was a carpenter, and for several years ran a sash and blind factory in Rock Island.

In 1860 he went to Colorado in search of gold, remaining in the West until 1868, when he returned to Rock Island, which city has been his home continuously since, with the exception of a brief residence in Davenport, Iowa.

After his return from Colorado, Mr. Bean retired from the activities of life, having earned a sufficient competence, which was profitably invested in real estate, which he had at the time of his death.

Deceased's wife died two years ago. The survivors are three children: W. H. Bean, of Rock Island; J. L. Bean Jr., of Mississippi; and Mrs. Marilla Minchen, of Carroll, Iowa.

Mr. Bean was a member of the Rock Island Old Settlers' Association, and served two years as president of that organization. Mr. Bean served two terms in the City Council as Alderman from the old First Ward, in the '50s.

The funeral was held at the residence, March 31st, at 2 p. m., and Mr. Dillworth, of the Moline Unitarian Association, delivered the funeral oration, which was a grand and eloquent tribute to the dead Free-thinker.

There could be no death in Rock Island that would cause more universal sorrow among his acquaintances and friends than that of J. L. Bean. The earnestness and simplicity of his life made those that knew him his friends and admirers. He was one of the nestors of Illinois Free-thinkerdom; was a faithful attendant at almost all its gatherings, and his wise counsel was eagerly sought by all advocating and championing the noble cause of Free Thought. He was a most high-minded man and his life was its practical illustration.

In politics he was as sincere and true as he was on the question of religion. He never voted to "tickle the people;" every measure had to meet his good judgment before it secured his approval. His life was one of simplicity and nobility; in fact, an ideal, for nothing unclean ever entered his mind.

His conversation on nearly all questions was a mirror of terseness, sound thought and judgment, and he was always a true guide.

I may say he was a strong partisan in politics and religion; but along broad lines Mr. Bean was aggressive and always sincere in his convictions.

In the death of J. L. Bean we have lost one of our noble brothers, but the world has been made better for his having lived. All his friends will cherish his memory.

He remained true to his convictions and principles until his death, and should any preacher have come to him, to convert him, in his last hours, this man would have had the courage and goodness to curse him.

With Thomas Paine his motto was: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."

H. G. Scharfenberg.

Davenport, Iowa, April 30, 1900.

THE INGERSOLL MONUMENT—A SUBSCRIPTION FROM ONE OF INGERSOLL'S PUPILS.

OLD Peorians, and many not so old, will remember Nathan Frank, who was born, raised and educated here. He moved to St. Louis, studied law, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. He was elected to Congress some years ago on the Republican ticket in a strong Democratic district, and is now among the leaders of the St. Louis bar. He sends a generous check to the Ingersoll monument fund, and with it the following letter:

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 16, 1900.

The Ingersoll Monument Association, Peoria, Ill: Gentlemen—I take pleasure in sending you the enclosed check as a contribution to the proposed monument which the people of Peoria intend to erect in memory of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

I believe that I come within the terms of each and all appealed to by the circular of your association. In my early youth I was a neighbor of Colonel Ingersoll; I was his friend in later years, and always his admirer. I may say the first inspiration of liberty-loving thought, the emancipation of mind and body, I received was from Colonel Ingersoll.

His personality, and by that I mean his civil relationship to the cause of his country in the early days of the war of the rebellion, his later years of honor and trust, fired my soul with ambition and desire to emulate his example.

I believe there are very many of my early associates in the home of my birth, Peoria, whose conduct of life, like my own, was in a measure fashioned by the strong influence which Colonel Ingersoll exerted over them.

I am glad to know that no time is to be lost in erecting a monument to his greatness. If I can be of any further assistance to your association in co-operating or contributing in carrying out its purposes, kindly command me. Very sincerely,

Nathan Frank.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Ingersoll's example did not seem to be very bad on this young man, and Mr. Frank assures us that he believes "there are very many of my early associates in the home of my birth, Peoria, whose conduct of life, like my own, was in a measure fashioned by the strong influence which Colonel Ingersoll exerted over them," and the same, we believe, can be truly said of hundreds, if not thousands, of young men in all parts of this country. We hope many of them will follow the noble example of the Hon. Nathan Frank, by contributions to the Peoria monument fund.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

PEARL W. GEER AND THE LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

PEARL W. GEER, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine, is a young man of only twenty-seven years of age this present month, but he is about as well known to the Freethinkers of this country as any other Freethinker of America, and this knowledge of him extends into foreign countries. This extensive acquaintance with him comes from the fact that he is the special agent in the work of building up the Liberal University established in Silverton, Oregon, the only University of the kind in the world. And we consider it the most important work the Freethinkers have ever undertaken, and every friend of Free Thought should assist Mr. Geer in the undertaking to the extent of his or her ability, for if it is to prove a success it must be by the assistance and co-operation of people who are free from superstition. No others can be expected to aid it. And as there are very few rich men who are outspoken and independent Freethinkers, the contributions must evidently come mostly from poor men, and therefore it is very necessary that each Liberal contribute what he can afford to. There are probably 50,000 professed Freethinkers in this country, and if each would give the small sum of \$2.00 it would give this new institution \$100,000, which would place it on a firm and permanent basis. Only think of it. If each one of us will contribute this small sum, we will have an institution in this country that will be the light of the world. An institution that will attract the attention of every intelligent friend of Human Progress in all civilized countries.

It may be said that the old and well-established colleges and universities are becoming very free, and are doing much to liberate the public and the minds of their students from medieval superstition, and that we therefore need no others. That they are more liberal than formerly we readily admit, and we rejoice that we can truthfully make the admission, nevertheless the truth compels us to say that there is not, in this country at least, if there is in any country, an educational institution that is entirely free to teach the whole truth, and that is what a University should be able to do. For instance, suppose a professor in our most

liberal college should say to his class of students, studying theology, that God had no more to do with writing the Bible, or inspiring men to write it, than in writing Shakspeare. He would be immediately discharged and turned out into the world to starve. Now, there is not an intelligent professor in any university in the world who does not know that such a statement is as true as that four and four are eight.

Cornell University, established some thirty years ago, it was claimed was to be a perfectly free institution, where the truth could be freely taught. And during the first years of its existence it gave great encouragement to the friends of Universal Mental Liberty. It engaged as its teachers such independent thinkers as Andrew D. White, Prof. Russell, Prof. Oliver, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. George William Curtis, and Prof. James Russell Lowell, and others of less note, but equally as liberal in their religious views. These broad-minded men did not propose to attack any creed, or introduce any new religious ideas, only to teach scientific, demonstrated truth, and to keep the institution as the founders intended, free from sectarianism. These grand men, who were among the truest, bravest and noblest this country ever produced, tried their best to carry out the grand work they had undertaken, but they had not more than got well started in their work before the bigots of the country commenced to scent heresy, and charge that Cornell University was run by pagans and haters of Christianity, and a united effort was made by orthodox Christians everywhere to destroy that institution, and in a few years they succeeded in driving out of that university most of these Liberal professors, and those whom they did not drive out they put a muzzle on. Prof. Oliver felt compelled to join the Unitarian Church, that he might be known as a Christian, notwithstanding this good man (no better ever lived), was always at heart as liberal in his views as Col. Ingersoll.

To prove the truth of what we have above stated about the attack made by the Christians on Cornell University, we will here quote from a letter from the President of the University, Andrew D. White, published in the Evening Post in November, 1870:

From the day when Mr. Cornell's offer was made to give a large sum to establish the university, there have been a few persons eager in scenting out heresy. Before a stone was laid or an officer chosen, it was hinted that the institution was to be dangerous. The same bitterness was shown against it which was shown against Oberlin College, now widely known as an evangelical stronghold.

As soon as a word was uttered, the open war began. The President of the University had the honor to be first attacked. Words were put

into his mouth which he never uttered, words were suppressed which he had uttered, and reports were circulated that he was very unsound, although at that time he was a trustee of Hobart College and professor elect in Yale College—two institutions whose “soundness” will hardly be brought into question.

Professor Agassiz was denounced, although every scientific man knows him to be the great bulwark of the Church against the Darwinian development theory. He was attacked for those very doctrines regarding creation which are now conceded in the orthodox book of the Rev. Dr. Thompson.

Professor Goldwin Smith was also attacked, although one of the most self-sacrificing and truly religious men, and a communing church member.

Professors George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell were attacked, although their lectures were purely literary; and, to cap the climax, heresy was detected in the earnest prayer at recent public exercises, though made by a pastor whose orthodoxy was never before questioned, and who is a trustee of one of the most venerable evangelical colleges in the land.

Our Resident Faculty have fared no better. Though selected from the leading Christian Colleges of various denominations; though all bore the highest commendations from the faculties of those institutions; though all, so far as I know, are members of or attendant upon Christian churches, portions of the community have been led to believe that these men are plotting against Christianity.

Of all this, sir, I make not the slightest complain. Those of us who have pledged our lives and fortunes to this building up of what we think a better and broader university education expected such attacks—and perhaps they are the most sure signs that the work is going on well. We simply commend these facts to every thoughtful man and woman.

That was the kind of treatment that Cornell University received from the orthodox Christians, just because it proposed to be non-sectarian. Bigotry is not quite as rampant to-day as it was then, but no institution would now be allowed to live where Christians had the least control, that should declare itself as the especial advocate of ascertained truth on all questions. In saying this we are not in the least blaming the professors of the present established educational institutions. They are mostly men of broad and liberal ideas and are doing the best they can under the circumstances—the best they can and keep their places.

Thus it appears conclusively that we need a university built up and established by emancipated men and women, where Christian superstition has not the least control—such an institution as it is proposed to make of the Liberal University at Silverton. If such an institution is to be established, as we have before said, it must be done by Liberals, as no

other people will favor it. There are no words that will adequately express the great value such a university would be to the world.

In this work of building up such an institution, every Liberal journal in this country, and also in every other country, ought to be intensely interested, and ought not to publish an issue without calling their readers' special attention to it, and urging upon each and all to aid it to the extent of their power. Our Free Thought public lecturers should urge its importance upon every audience they address, and if we have any Free Thought millionaires in this country, who have a few thousand dollars that they cannot take to their graves, they can best invest it in bequeathing it, or, what would be much better, giving it before they die to the Liberal University.

\$62,750,000 in GIFTS FOR EDUCATION IN 1899.

FROM the forthcoming Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia the New York Times of April 7, 1900 (in supplement), gives the above amazing sum as the amount of contributions made chiefly for education in this country for 1899, aside from public appropriations. Only gifts of \$5,000 and over are noticed, and yet the list fills eight columns of that paper, which says that the word "amazing" can only describe it.

There is one other amazing thing to be noted, that is, that not a single one of the contributions is made to a Liberal university, college, school, institution or purpose of any kind. The institutions and purposes are such as would generally be called "secular," in that they are not avowedly "religious," but there is no emancipation in them—nothing liberal in them. In the end all of these immense streams of intended beneficence are guided and applied by or under the influences, teachings and limitations of the old theology, and directly or indirectly for its benefit. The intention is to increase education without taking a step to break the old limitations of religious traditions. What the Jesuits did within the Catholic church for "education," these wealthy donors are doing within their little larger circle of "religious" influences. The result is that their enlarged sort of Jesuit education is found to be a failure. In and by it education is practically divorced from evolution, growth and emancipation. It gives no solution of the main purpose of life—that solution, which is the controlling and all-important element in real education, is avowedly or tacitly left to the old theologies, creeds and churches. The watches may be rich, beautiful, perfect, but the church behind their manufactory is left to put in the mainspring and carry the

key, and whose watches are they? And what time do they keep? That of the old or of the new world? The old, of course. But the fundamental religious ideas of the old world are, in fact, no solution of the new, for they are not true. They belong to a past environment. There is no mistaking the law of science that any organism which does not keep up to and answer its present environment is a failure and must decline and die. The same is especially true of society and education. It is unscientific and childish, therefore,

"To attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

The evils of our present time are simply the results of such "attempts." All of the education which leaves it to theology to say what it shall do, or what shall be done with it, can only end by increasing our difficulties. It is only putting our new wine into old bottles. Follow out this line of thought and see how back of every evil that ought to be remedied or changed you will find a dogma of theology or a "principle" or fancy of metaphysics. The education that leaves these errors undisturbed is simply surface work and illusory. The millions spent upon it disturb not the old rotten foundations upon which no new, solid and healthy republic or civilization can be built.

Is it not the plain duty of Liberals to provide this foundation? Only those who are Liberals, that is, are emancipated, can see or feel the absolute necessity of placing the new foundation of Science and Humanity under our costly modern education. It must be done by them, and each must judge as to the means and method. But certainly the Liberal press and every educational school or institution under Liberal influences should be sustained to the uttermost. When we see how those who are under the influence of the old views or of vanity only gain, and then throw away their wealth like water, can you wonder that the few editors and teachers of "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," struggling with adversity, feel as though they were cruelly and unjustly deserted. Is it not a worthy and the proper object of life for every Liberal to work and gain wealth and influence in every way he honestly can, in order to build up fundamental Liberal education? What other object of life is so satisfactory, what other will so certainly make life immortal?

T. B. W.

THE SILVERTON, OREGON, LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

WE call the attention of our readers to this institution, and to the necessity of giving it a liberal and hearty support. There is every indication that this university has come to stay. It has land and buildings, and is, as we are informed, out of debt. It is also well equipped with a corps of professors and teachers. Among these is Professor Wakeman, whom we best know, and who, though not the President of the Institution, may be said to stand, giant-like, in the center of the group.

The other members of the faculty are:

J. Earl Hosmer, President, Superintendent Department of Cosmology, Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Dynamics.

Abel A. Leonard, Superintendent Department of Biology, Anatomy, Physiology, Animal Electricity, Physiological Psychology, Microscopy.

Minnie P. Hosmer, Superintendent Preparatory Department, History, English Grammar, Botany, Vocal Music.

Pearl W. Geer, Secretary, Business Methods and Correspondence.

Freedom W. Hoffmann, Botany, Mathematics.

Mary Childers, Kindergarten and Primary Classes.

Sophie Wolf, Piano Music, Elocution, English Literature.

M. G. Cooley, Violin and Cornet.

Clara Wakeman, Drawing and Painting.

Alice Davenport, Stenography, Typewriting.

Louis Rauch, Assistant, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic.

Lora Ames, Assistant, Physiology, Hygiene.

Katie Matteson, Librarian.

Profs. Hosmer, Wakeman, Geer, Lecturers on Religion of Science and Humanity.

With Emily L. Wakeman, Matron.

Professor Wakeman himself is Superintendent of the Department of Sociology and Law, and Professor of General History, Sociology, Law, Linguistics and Ethics.

Thus it will be seen that this is no mere speculation; no mere experiment; no gas-inflated balloon; it is a bona fide institution. It is a fact. And now, since the vessel is afloat, the question is, whether its sails shall be filled by a stiff financial breeze.

Much has been said by Freethinkers, in their Congresses and else-

where, as to the necessity of efficient, organized action, in order to answer the question, "What will you give the people in its place?"

Here is an opportunity to answer the question. By properly supporting this institution we will give the people, instead of superstition, knowledge. Instead of the old humdrum pulpit nonsense, we will give them a scientific education; and the students will not inquire "what they are taking;" they will know of their own accord. The professors have taken a high position; they will have nothing but science—no sublimated stuff of any sort—no religion of any kind whatever; and if there be any metaphysics it will be administered in doses of the most attenuated potency.

A good many people nowadays are remembering institutions of various kinds in their wills. It is becoming a fad; and a very good fad it is. It is to be hoped that Freethinkers may become infected with the donative virus, and that when they come to shuffle off this mortal coil they will shake some of its adherent pelf into the coffers of the Liberal University. We have already heard of several cases where parties have made up their minds to leave their property, or a large slice of it, to the Free Thought cause. But instead of leaving it generally, to be expended at the discretion of trustees, it will be better to be more specific. Leave one portion to the liberal press, or to such papers as you think most worthy, and another portion to the Liberal University; and if there be any left, still another portion to other workers in the cause.

Moreover, you need not wait until you die. We understand that Secretary Geer is now prowling around the country somewhere for the very purpose of gobbling up any sums of money which may be lying around loose, and which ought to go into the treasury of the university. And you need not be afraid of Mr. Geer. He will see that anything intended for the treasury of the institution will go to the place where it belongs; or you can send it to the treasury yourself.

In case of a will, we do not know whether the devise or bequest should be made to the University direct, or to any individual in trust. On this subject consult with Mr. Geer or correspond with Prof. Wake-man.

C. V. W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MONEY RECEIVED TO AID THE MAGAZINE.

CONTRIBUTIONS received from December 16, 1899, to Jan. 1, 1900: Guy C. Irwin, \$46.25; E. B. Foote Jr., \$10; Jane C. Hitz, \$5.50; Geo. Mills, \$2; John Meakins, \$1.10; Emily C. Jones, \$1; Wm. Neiswender, \$1; K. F. Heinzen, \$1; C. Leighton, \$1; W. H. Conley, \$1; John W. Jones, \$1; Paul Dinkelspiel, \$1; John J. Riser, 50 cents; John H. Taylor, 50 cents. Total, \$72.85.

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Contributions received in March and April, 1900: Mrs. J. S. Shepard, \$50.

DONATION DAY.

Contributions received from February 27th to May 12th, 1900:

Judge C. B. Waite, \$5; a friend, \$5; E. B. Foote Jr., \$5; Frank M. Young, \$5; Mrs. Phebe McKell, \$4; C. K. Tenney, \$3; Thomas P. Shanks, \$2.50; John H. Taylor, \$2; E. A. Potter, \$2; James Farrell, \$2; N. F. Griswold, \$2; W. W. Dunbar, \$2; Dr. I. S. Curtis, \$2; Dr. T. B. Englehart, \$2; J. H. A. Lacher, \$2.

\$1 each: Dr. S. W. Wetmore, Walter C. Wright, Capt. J. A. Olmsted, Nelson Barnhouse, Reuben Cousins, Newton Mitchell, Louis Krub, Henry J. Smith, O. P. Loomis, Harriet M. Closz, Dr. F. W. E., T. F. Carney, Mrs. E. S. Kent, L. D. Mosher, G. T. White, L. P. Maxam, Carl Burell, H. M. Fitch, David Wilson, J. Trowbridge, C. H. Russell, P. F. Chambard, Peter Stewart, a Minnesota friend, A. N. Curtis, B. F. Wing, John Ohlweiln, Esther M. Sawtell, E. Stewart, D. H. Davis, J. J. Unzicker, Emily C. Jones, J. J. Stouffer, Mrs. L. M. Stevens, J. T. Justus.

Fifty cents each: J. Y. Houser, Wilbert Marquardson, John Peck, M. S. Troyer, John H. Biglow, Chas. Eberling, John C. Riser, M. T. Ryan, John Volle, Mrs. Anne Boyle, C. J. Held, J. Keller, Wm. M. Acher, A. Pinkerton, F. R. Gaylord, G. Y. Paton, W. E. Warner, C. E. Glaze, Chester Martin, Richard Dougherty, John Fay, P. W. Butler, E. D. Nauman, John R. Smith, O. W. Casey, John Stratford.

Twenty-five cents each: C. M. Paddock, Thomas Ross, S. G. Hodge, Gregg D. Wolfe, J. C. Watkins, Aug. Westphal, Geo. B. Wheeler, John Baldwin.

Solomon Kaufman, 55 cents; Mrs. Geo. B. Ferguson, 30 cents; Mary M. Stroup, 20 cents. Total, \$96.55.

ALL SORTS.

—No man was ever put on trial by the church for lying; it is always for telling the truth.

—Our friends who forgot "Donation Day" will be permitted to send in their contributions at this late day. We are liberally inclined, it will be noticed.

—C. H. Moore writes from Clinton, Ill.: "Your first article in the May Magazine is worth the year's subscription." And we fully concur with Brother Moore's statement.

—The School Board of Chicago, to please the Catholics, made "Good Friday" a holiday for the school children. Will they, to please the Free Thinkers, make Paine's birthday, Jan. 29, a holiday?

—On the way home from church:

He—There was one beautiful passage in Dr. Thirdly's service this morning.

She—What was that?

He—The passage from the pulpit to the vestry.

—Dr. Gregory's Agnostic church of Chicago is receiving new members every Sunday. Every lover of truth residing in Chicago, who is emancipated from Christian superstition, ought to join it.

—George Langford, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "The May Magazine is just splendid. The article by Mr. Blythe defending Ingersoll's matchless poem, 'The Declaration of the Free,' is worth a year's subscription."

—There are three editorial articles in this number of the Magazine on the Liberal University. Read each and all of them carefully. Two of them are written by the ablest writers and best thinkers in the Liberal ranks.

—"Rational Warship," by Dr. S. B.

Gregory, the Chicago Agnostic preacher, published in this number of the Magazine, has been put into pamphlet form, with likeness of the Doctor, and sells for 10 cents a copy, or twelve copies for \$1.

—Board of directors of Chicago Theological Seminary voted to cite Prof. Gilbert for heresy.—Chicago Tribune.

This only proves that Prof. Gilbert knows more than the whole Board of Directors, or that is the way that all intelligent people will understand it.

—Bishop Bowman is the only Methodist bishop who ever attended the theater.—Chicago Tribune.

But notwithstanding these bishops know more about theaters than common people who have attended them often for thirty years.

—The intelligent preachers now admit that what has been preached in the pulpits for the last thousand years is mostly falsehood. Should not that admission incline us to be a little skeptical as to the validity of what they are preaching to-day?

—If as much money, time and energy had been spent by the human family during the last two thousand years to learn how to save the body as has been expended in efforts to save the soul we all might be able to spend a short but happy eternity here on this planet.

—"I'm afraid," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

"Well," she replied, "Abel was killed by a club, and your club will be the death of you if you don't come home earlier."

—The Independent Thinker is a Liberal sixteen-page monthly magazine published at No. 27 West 42d street,

New York, and edited by the well known independent preacher, Henry Frank. Price \$1 a year, 10 cents a single number. It is filled with most valuable matter.

—"Friend," said the sanctimonious clergyman, "are you not ashamed to make your living playing poker?" "Huh! you and I are very much alike," replied the unregenerate man. "When we hold a good hand we don't care to accept a call unless there is a raise with it."—Troy Times.

—T. S. Sanborn, of Westchester, Pa., writes:

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which send me twelve copies of "Is This Your God?" for missionary purposes. The question is so pertinent, so short and sharp. It can be asked of any one with fairness—Jew or gentile. The only answer required is "Yes" or "No."

—Prancing up to his mother, a little country boy said lately: "Ma, hain't I been real good since I've begun goin' to Sunday school?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the mother, fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you, ma?" "Yes, darling." "Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the jam locked up in the cupboard the same as ever?"

—New York, April 9.—The Rev. Arthur C. McGiffert to-day formally withdrew from the Presbyterian church. His resignation was contained in a letter to the presbytery of New York, which met to-day in its regular semi-annual meeting, and Dr. McGiffert's request that his name be dropped from the roll of the presbytery was granted.

—"You bad boy!" cried the clergyman, whose silk hat and dignity had been injured simultaneously. "You mustn't throw snowballs. Some day you'll know how it feels to be snow-called yourself."

"Not if I keep on bein' bad," replied the incorrigible youngster. "'Cause

I'll go to a place where they ain't no snowballs."—Philadelphia Press.

—An order has been issued from the Postoffice Department at Washington denying the use of the U. S. mails to "Divine Healers," on the ground that they are frauds, which is doubtless true. But then, the one thousand, more or less, priests and orthodox preachers in this country pretend to be "Divine Healers" of the soul, which is as great a fraud. Are they to be debarred from using the mails in their nefarious business?

—The Open Court, of Chicago, for May, contains an article entitled "James Martineau," by Moncure D. Conway, that every Free Thinker should read. We should copy it into this Magazine by permission if our space would permit. The article, of itself, is well worth the price of the Open Court for one year and more, \$1. We advise each of our readers to send 10 cents for the number containing it. Address The Open Court, 324 Dearborn street, Chicago.

—A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup, with an angel at the bottom. And when she filled it for him, he used to drink it to the bottom; and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, Ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel at the bottom." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and a devil engraved at the bottom. He drank all the same; and she again asked him the reason. "Why," he replied, "because I won't leave the old-devil a drop."

—Our Methodist friends, at their late conference in Chicago, anathematized, among other things, "dancing." In our younger days we attended many dancing parties, and some Methodist "revivals." At the dancing parties we never saw the attendance sprawled on the floor without regard to sex, screaming like fiends. We have seen that

spectacle at Methodist revivals. They called it "Having the Power." We call it a species of religious insanity, produced by the preaching of hell and damnation.

—Georgie's mother insisted upon his repeating the prayer of childhood. He started sleepily, requiring prompting at the beginning of every line. Drowsiness had nearly won the mastery by the time that he had obediently got as far as "my soul to take." "God bless—" prompted his mother. Georgie has a long list of relatives. There was a flutter of his sleep-laden lids as he lumped them all together: "God bless the whole shooting match!" And he was asleep.—Chicago Chronicle.

—What, by the way, is the meaning of the announcement that President McKinley has instructed the American ambassador in Paris to see that the Sabbath is observed as far as possible in the American section of the Paris exhibition? Does this mean that the American section is to be practically closed on the Sabbath, and is the instruction a sop to the Puritan element of the States? Seventh-day pleasure is surely not to be stopped because an arrangement of six days' labor among employes is necessitated.—The (London) Freethinker.

—We read in "God's Word" that there is "no peace to the wicked," but in these days the righteous appear to have most of the trouble. It will be seen by the following that the poor colored preachers down in Dixey cannot be allowed to have a little fun:

Norfolk, Va., April 13.—Bishop Handy, the venerable presiding officer of the Virginia conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, created somewhat of a sensation to-day by announcing that he had received letters making charges of drinking, dishonesty and immorality against some of the preachers then on the conference floor. He said that he would place the entire matter in the

hands of an investigating committee and that the guilty preachers need expect no quarter.

—Mrs. McMahan, of Griggsville, Ill., came to the Methodist general conference of the United States, held in Chicago May 1, as a delegate from the Methodist church to which she belongs. Her credentials were all right; she was a woman of ability far superior to many of the other delegates, but she was a woman, and therefore the conference would not admit her as a delegate, as the conference was of St. Paul's opinion, that women are inferior beings, just fitted for the work of cooking chickens, making slippers and morning gowns for the clergy.

—The Middleton (N. Y.) Sunday Forum we have had on our exchange list for some three years. Until about a year ago it was a very ably conducted and interesting paper; then it was purchased by a Mr. Thomas Pendell, who proposed to make it more acceptable to that Christian community by excluding all anti-Christian articles, but now, behold, Brother Pendell has been compelled to write his editorial "Adieu" to his Christian patrons, for they have failed to give him a living support—only a mansion in the skies, upon which he was unable to realize any "filthy lucre" with which to pay printers.

—The Rev. Bartholomew Swinko of Dunkirk is defendant in an action brought for \$2,000 damages for assault in the Supreme Court before Justice Hooker. The plaintiff in the action is Anna Stolinska, a young married woman, who alleges that the priest struck her in the face and pinched her arms until they were bruised and blue.—Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Republican.

This is too bad; trying to receive \$2,000 damages of a poor priest for the small matter of striking one of the sisters in the face, and pinching her arms. If the truth could be ascertained, it would likely be seen that Sister Anna was the one who caused all the trou-

ble, by in some way offending the priest.

—The Rev. Frederick Haist, a student at Garrett Biblical Institute, who lives at Maple avenue and Simpson street, Evanston, was arrested yesterday, charged with administering a severe whipping to 11-year-old Carl Griggs. Mr. Haist officiates in a small church in the country and has a family at Evanston. He was brought before Justice Levere and his case set for next Friday. He says the boys in his neighborhood snowballed him and he admits that he slapped the Griggs boy. The boy charges that the preacher knocked him down and struck him in the head.—Chicago Tribune.

As a good Christian, the Rev. Haist should, when the snowballs hit him on one cheek, turn the other for more snowballs.

—The Methodist ministers, at their weekly meeting, had a warm debate over whether the rules of the church against card playing, dancing and theater-going should be abolished. The general opinion was that the rules should be done away with, because they tend to induce hypocrisy and keep many from joining the church.—Chicago Tribune.

These ministers prove themselves hypocrites. If card playing, dancing and theater-going is sinful, why abolish the rule against them? If they are not sinful, why was the rule ever made. This action looks like throwing heavy baggage overboard to keep the "old ship of Zion" afloat.

—"Come, bruthering and sisters," says the leader, "I trust you'll okkeep the time. Let us be up and a doin' or a sayin' suthing for the Lord. If you have a word of exertation, say on; if you feel nothin' but a glory, let it out!" Notwithstanding this encouragement, there were frequent and prolonged silences. At length a man rose in a distant part of the room, and, after vigorously clearing his throat, began at a high, nervous pitch: "Bruthren and

sisters, I'm a poor ignorant creacher, as you know; I hain't had no advantages up there to Squit, where I was raised; and I've putty much forgot what little I did git into my head. But there's one thing I hain't forgot, and I hope I never shall, nither in this world nor to all eternity. Bless the Lord, bruthren and sisters, I hain't forgot how to spell Jesus—Jl-i-s-o-u-s!"—New York Independent.

—The Methodist Board of Bishops, who called for the week of fasting and prayer just passed, urged that additional to prayer and supplication each evening in the churches, special prayer be rendered in the homes of the devout, asking God to "bring to his altar at least 2,000,000 penitent seekers who shall find peace and security in his church." Asked "in faith, nothing doubting," the two millions, full count, ought to have been forthcoming very promptly. How many recruits did they actually get?—The Progressive Thinker.

These bishops would, no doubt, be glad to accept of a half-dozen millionaires in place of the 2,000,000 asked for, made up of ordinary sinners who have no ready cash for the bishops.

—Rev. Mr. Dye, of Fairfield County, Connecticut, was traveling through Western Ohio mounted on a tall, lank, raw-boned animal (a good frame to build a horse on), when he came to the junction of two roads, and not knowing which might lead to his destination, asked a ragged, dirty-looking urchin which of the two roads would lead him to W—. The boy in a rough and uncouth manner said: "Who are you, old fellow?" Mr. Dye, being greatly astonished at the boy's incivility, replied: "My son, I am a follower of the Lord." "A follower of the Lord, eh? Well, it makes a mighty little difference which road you take; you will never catch him with that hoss."

—Louisville, Ky., April 8.—A sensation came to light to-day when it became known that the Rev. E. Kopsch,

pastor of the Third German Methodist Church of this city, had tendered his resignation and departed for Cincinnati with his family. Charges had been preferred against him, alleging improper conduct toward female members of his congregation. A trial was about to begin when he resigned. Mr. Kopsch came to Louisville from Greenville, Ohio, several years ago. His church is wealthy and influential and he stood high among the church folk of this city until recently, when stories of a damaging character began to go the rounds about him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Hundreds of people in the vicinity of Clark and Adams streets saw a man risk his life at noon yesterday to release a pigeon from captivity. The bird, it is supposed, had been trapped and had escaped, as a long string trailed to its foot. The pigeon had flown to the roof of the building on the northeast corner of Clark and Adams and the string caught on a nail. For half an hour the bird fluttered about, and, finally becoming exhausted, dropped and hung head downward. Then a window was raised and a man emerging started on his perilous attempt to rescue the bird. He succeeded after a time and cut the string. The bird dropped a short distance and then ascended. The crowd cheered and the incident was over.

That act with an honest God ought to entitle that man to the best seat in the "Kingdom of Heaven."

—"May you take this lesson home with you to-night, dear friends," concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon. "And may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?" There was no response. "Deacon White," this time in a louder voice. "Deacon White, will you lead?" Still no response. It was evident that the deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal, and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the

drowsy man. "Deacon White, will you please lead?" The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wonderingly. "Is it my lead? No—I just dealt."—Detroit Free Press.

—Divine healers have come under the ban of the Postoffice Department, and in a few days an order will be issued debarring them from the use of the mails. The department has been gathering information respecting the methods of these divine healers for a month or more, and it is now so well convinced their business is illegitimate that it is the purpose of the officials to institute a general raid.—Washington Bureau, Chicago Tribune.

These "Divine Healers" that are to be denied the use of the mails we understand are the "Christian Scientists." But there are thousands of other "Divine Healers." What is to be done with them? The others propose to save souls. That is just as much a fraud as it is to pretend to save bodies. The late Methodist conference, held in Chicago, proposed to raise \$20,000,000 to use in saving souls. Will they be allowed to use the mails for that fraudulent business?

—Kansas City, Mo., April 14.—Robert Kline and his half-sister, May Kline, evangelists, who have been holding meetings in Kansas City for some weeks, are locked up at the police headquarters for investigation. When arrested Kline had over \$9,000 in currency in his possession. Trunks filled with silks, capes, gloves and other articles of feminine wearing apparel to the value of several thousand dollars were taken from their rooms to the police station. Representatives of the John Taylor, Jones Brothers and Doggett dry goods companies claim to be able to identify the goods as having been stolen from their stores.—Chicago Chronicle.

Suppose these two evangelists had been Free Thought lecturers, what a howl would have gone up from the Christians about the demoralizing effect of "Infidelity." "Over \$9,000 in currency in his possession." Evangelizing seems to pay, besides the evangelist is "laying up treasures in heaven" that

draw big interest. No wonder they can sing with a vim: "I am happy, soul and body; come go along with me."

—A small boy in the mission Sunday school of Bishop Fallows' church propounded an entirely new theory of creation last Sunday.

"Who made man?" asked the teacher, beginning, as in the good old days, when orthodoxy used catechisms.

"God." was the prompt reply.

"And how did he make him?"

"Out of dust, ma'am; nothing but dust."

"And who made woman?"

"God made her, too, ma'am."

"How?"

The small boy hesitated, and then replied cheerfully: "He caused a deep sleep to fall upon man, and then took out his backbone and made the woman."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

We can laugh at the story as the small boy tells it, but if it had been stated as God tells it, it would have been blasphemy to indulge in any levity about it.

—This printing by machinery, using lines cast from metal, in place of type, often gives the reader riddles to solve. Often you will see two lines nearly alike, side by side, or you will see that a line has been left out. It comes about in this way: For instance, in correcting the proof you change some letters in a word, or change a word. Then the compositor takes out the whole line and casts a new one to put in its place, and he sometimes leaves the old line in and puts in the new line corrected by the side of it, or he puts the new line in some other place. If the reader will turn to page 291 of the May Magazine he will see a sample of this kind of work at the top of that page. In this case we corrected the word "plec," striking out the letter "c" and putting in its place the letter "s," making the word "pies." The compositor made the correction, then left the imperfect line in, the second line from the top of the page, and then put the corrected line

in fifth from the top of the page, and took out the fifth line entirely, which read, "you sell me that ple for a 'hot' mince ple?" "Because," said the boy that," Now, any one who will send us that verse, or paragraph, correctly written, we will send one-half dozen copies of "Is This Your God?"

—The Ministerial Association of Boston is composed of the evangelical clergymen who meet fortnightly to discuss religious questions pertaining to the welfare of the city; also to read essays and papers on biblical topics, after which questions are asked and discussions follow. On a recent occasion they met in the Young Men's Christian Association parlors, and the question turned on a quotation purporting to be from the Bible. The interrogator appealed to the text and the essayist consented to suspend further discussion till the chapter and verse should be examined. A thorough search of the Y. M. C. A. library and adjoining rooms failed to unearth a copy of the Bible to settle the question. Hence a committee of one was self-appointed to retire to a neighboring bookstore to purchase a Bible to settle the issue that the discussion might go on.—Notes and Queries.

Will Brother Washburn, of the Investigator, purchase a cheap edition of "God's Word" and present it to the Y. M. C. A. and charge it to the Free Thought Magazine?

—Lincoln, Neb., April 21.—Daniel Freeman, a politician of some prominence in Gage County, who claims the distinction of being the first homesteader in the United States, some months ago began suit to restrain the teacher of the public school in his district from using the Bible, offering prayer or singing gospel hymns as part of the school exercises. The District Court at Beatrice dismissed the injunction. Mr. Freeman to-day appealed the case to the Supreme Court.—Chicago Chronicle.

We do not know who Daniel Freeman is, but he is engaged in a good cause and we hope he will succeed. What blasphemy against reason, to compel children to listen to Bible reading, prayers and gospel hymns in the public

schools, supported by all classes of people. The Bible is a book of fables. No prayer was ever answered, and gospel hymns generally run after this style:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
A sudden plunge into this flood
Cleans all immoral stains."

—New version.

—H. Hazelton, of Billings, Mont., sends us thirteen subscribers and the money to pay for the same, and writes:

Mr. Green—This is a good demonstration of what would be done if the Free Thinkers would only put forth a little energy. I secured these thirteen names in less than sixty minutes, and some of them are church members of good repute in our community. I have my business to look after, and I am also connected with several societies which call on my time for assistance, and it seems it's like stealing to take time in this line. I suppose you get hundreds of such letters as this, and really it is just this condition with scores of influential Free Thinkers in all communities that makes our work lag, and allows every town and hamlet to ring out the meetings of mythology when they should ring with the calls of Liberal educational gatherings.

Brother Hazelton is one of the leading business men of his town, employs many hands, and still finds time to spend an hour now and then to help the cause of Free Thought. He is a good example for other Liberals to follow.

—What would Jesus do? "Jesus," Dr. Parker says, "would make the times lively." Once more we agree with him. Jesus would make them very lively. He would keep the world humming. When a town like Ladysmith was besieged, he would do his bread-multiplication trick, and make the enemy a laughing stock. When the drink ran short at weddings and other jollifications, he would "Hey! Presto!" a lot of water into beer or whisky. Now and then he would give a fine public performance of his pedestrian powers and

walk on the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster. He would enter hospitals and cure the most hopeless patients on the spot. He would meet funerals on the way to Highgate or Finchley, and practice the "Get-up-and-walk" business on the parties in the coffins. He would die and get buried himself, and slip back and join the funeral party over the cake and sherry. Oh, yes, Dr. Parker, he would make the times lively. It would be a constant beanfeast for the newspapers.—The (London) Freethinker.

—New York, May 8.—Holding in her lap an open prayer book, from which she evidently had been reading the funeral service, while her companion sat opposite with his hands clasped in an attitude of prayer, Mrs. Sophie Arnold and her husband Martin were found to-day seated in the kitchen of their handsomely furnished apartment, 486 Chauncey street, Brooklyn, dead from asphyxiation. That their suicide had been carefully planned was evident from their surroundings.

To a chandelier directly over the heads of the aged couple—he was 60 years and she was 55—gas tubing had been attached by means of a string to prevent it from slipping, and the ends had been placed to the mouth of each and affixed by a string tied about their heads. They had been dead for five or six hours.

No doubt the suicide was the effect of Ingersoll's teaching. They should have had in their laps "Ingersoll on Suicide" and Paine's "Age of Reason" instead of a Christian prayer book, and should have been repeating Ingersoll's "Declaration of the Free" in place of praying. They evidently got things badly mixed.

—Many an honest woman has roasted herself over a hot stove to cook a fat chicken for a lazy preacher. Many spinsters and housewives have worn their shoes out tramping the streets to gather in donations for their loading

pastor. Many a good woman has rustled with church fairs, grab-bags, sociables and church lotteries till every bone in her little body ached and she tossed all night in restless inharmony from her fatigue. Millions of women have done a cruel penance of this or a worse sort in the hope of redeeming her soul from the blight which designing pulpit-thumpers have plastered upon it with that legendary cock-and-bull story about the fall of man. Wherever woman has reared her head over mediocrity or manifested a desire to express, or even entertain, an opinion of her own, she has been read a stanza about "tempting Adam" and knocked down with the Bible. She has been told for 1,800 years by her dear pastor that her disobedience to God's command brought ruin and degradation upon the race.—The Searchlight.

—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst said in his Easter sermon:

If we are thorough Presbyterians and believe what our doctrinal prospectus advertises us as believing we believe it probable that some of the children in your homes, little children, perhaps the babe of your bosom, is damned, already damned, damned before it was born, damned from everlasting to everlasting, and then you are invited to come into church and say "Our Father."

Why, any man who should become a father for the sake of joy and "glory" he would use in burning and racking his own offspring, deliberately creating a child with a view to the agony into which he was going to torture it, would be chased from the earth as a fiend and as an ebullition. It does not meet the case to say that it is only in "the book" and that nobody preaches it. It is true that nobody preaches it, and equally true, I doubt not, that nobody believes it; nevertheless, it is printed on the flag beneath which the Presbyterian army is marching and it hurts us as a denomination. Men are staying out because it is there, and men are going out because it is there.

Dr. Parkhurst favors an entire new creed for the Presbyterian church. We will here suggest one that every honest

person could subscribe to: "We believe only those doctrines that science has demonstrated to be true; as to all other doctrines we are Agnostics."

—The following letter, written to Mr. Blythe, will interest our readers, and no one of them more than George Jacob Holyoake:

Mr. Will Blythe:

The Freethought Magazine for May arrived in our family circle last evening, and your criticism of George Jacob Holyoake's criticism of the beautiful poem of Mr. Ingersoll was carefully read. Please accept our expression of appreciation of both your motive and your ability.

We believe Mr. Holyoake to be both good and great, and believe he would have made the same criticism had Mr. Ingersoll been alive and then Mr. Ingersoll would have answered him heartily, and we little folks would have considered it unnecessary to pop up. Now that the ball is set rolling, we are bound to say that our celebrated English friend missed the mark woefully from the poet's viewpoint and likewise as an agnostic.

The agnostic is just as sure there is no "king in air" as was Columbus sure there was no "giant hand just behind the Canary Islands so large it could grab up a ship and crush it at one grip." Yet that hand was spoken of in Portugal as a reality. Columbus was sure of the roundness of the earth before he even indicated it on a chart; he knew if he didn't live to sail round it some one else would.

Yours for science and grit,

M. H. GARRISON AND FAMILY.
South Charleston, Ohio.

—In Zanesville, Ohio, there are many colored persons who live by barbering and other light work. They are for the most part an orderly and quiet people, many of them religious, having a church of their own and an ebony minister, of all which they are justly proud. One cold evening in the time of a great revival in the church, this ebony expounder was delivering a powerful appeal on "faith," the groans and sobs of his hearers giving token of his effect upon their impressible natures.

The tears stood upon his dark cheeks, his voice quivered like distant thunder, while he emphasized his words by vigorous blows upon the table. In the midst of all this, the stove, agitated by his jarring blows, rolled over the floor. Brother Lewis, the high man of the church, had located himself near the comforter of shins. He stood irresolute, when the voice of his minister came to him, laden with faith, "Pick up the stove, Brudder Lewis—pick up the stove—de Lord won't let it burn you!" Brother Lewis' mind was filled up with miracles of faith he had heard that evening, so he yielded to the hot stove, but dropped it instantly, and turning his reproachful eyes to the disciple of faith replied, "De debble he won't."

—A Pittsburg judge has ruled that a minister cannot collect pay for filling another's pulpit unless there is a promise to pay. Rev. George L. Lee, a Presbyterian, brought suit against Rev. J. J. McIllyar, a Methodist, to recover \$192 for preaching sixteen Sundays at \$12 per Sunday. In charging the jury Judge White said: "In the case of the hiring of a farmer or a laborer of any kind, the mere hiring is in itself the promise to pay; but with ministers it is otherwise. Very often they ask one another as a matter of courtesy to fill each other's pulpit without the least intention on either side of giving or receiving pay. According to Mr. McIllyar, Mr. Lee was without a settled charge, and he said that Mr. Lee solicited him to be allowed to occupy the pulpit, merely to keep his hand in. Mr. McIllyar says that he never promised to pay for the substitute service and never expected Mr. Lee would make any charge. It is hardly to be credited that these two ministers of the gospel would go upon the stand and deliberately swear to a falsehood, but it is clear that both of them cannot be right in what has been stated. The plaintiff said something about getting paid for preaching in a Presbyterian church. The rules of the Presbyterian Church do not apply to the Methodist Church. A pastor when he is appointed to a charge gets a salary for the whole year's services. The fact that

he gets another man to preach for him occasionally does not imply a promise to pay." The jury promptly returned a verdict for the defendant, Rev. McIllyar. —Exchange.

We wish the Pittsburg judge had found the value of those services so that we could have learned the market value of the gospel in that smoky city. The preacher estimated it worth \$12 a preach. It ought to be worth that much if each sermon save one soul from hell. It might have been the kind of preach that a colored minister described. He said to a friend that he was preaching for \$1 a Sunday. The friend was an ungodly man and replied: "That must be d—d poor pay." "Yes," said the colored divine, "but it is d—d poor preach."

—"Doctor" Blanchard has found out what is the matter with the church. He says:

Secret societies are undermining religion, and to them is due the decrease in church membership and the decline in interest in the teachings of Christ," said C. A. Blanchard, president of Wheaton College, to the students of the Moody Institute at the Chicago Avenue Church last night. The speaker continued in a tirade against secret societies in general, and the Masonic order in particular.

After Blanchard got through slander-ing secret societies another of God's anointed had this to say:

The Rev. P. B. Williams of Portland, Ore., followed Dr. Blanchard. He related an instance of a funeral he had attended when a man was being buried according to the rights of the Odd Fellows and the chaplain was drunk and allowed the Bible to fall from his hands.

In saying this the Rev. Williams was probably following the teaching of St. Paul, lying for Christ's sake.

The Rev. Mr. Williams said it was a shame that the secular and religious newspapers and the ministers of the gospel do not "cry out against this great monster which is sapping the life of the church."

Our authority for the above is the

Chicago Inter Ocean of May 8. One thing that is "sapping the life of the church" is such ministerial blackguards as "President" Blanchard and Rev. Williams.

—The following we clip from American Progress of Chicago:

The following is a copy of a letter received from the late Mr. Ruskin, in reply to a circular asking him to subscribe to pay off the debt upon Duke Street Chapel, Richmond:

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

Sir—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing!

My first word to all men and boys, who care to hear me, is, Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind, if it's needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for! And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me.

Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or in a coal hole—first? And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit, Hindoos, Turks, feather idolaters and mumbo jumbo sun and fire worshipers, who want churches, your modern English evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my book—any other sort of sect could—before bothering me to write to them.

Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN, Art Critic.

American Progress is a new monthly magazine just started in Chicago. The April number is before us. It is what its name indicates. Send 10 cents for a sample copy to Albert R. Delmore, 121 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

—His friends say that he missed his vocation when he went into the real estate business. He looks like a large and amiable minister, and for reasons

known only to himself he carries out the delusion by dressing entirely in black. His business rivals say that the benevolent and ministerial smile which he assiduously cultivates has been the chief means of closing a number of big deals, and the Commuters' Cinch Club acknowledges him the best player in its membership.

The other day he came down-town and went into a big State street hat store to buy a new silk hat. A wise clerk, one of those who is able to read human nature at a glance, came to wait on him.

"A silk hat? Certainly," said the clerk, taking in the ministerial appearance of his customer. "Now, here is the style which most of the ministers are buying this spring. It seems to be popular with all our leading clergymen."

The man from the western suburb smiled his slow, ministerial smile. He put on the hat and stood before the glass for a moment. Then he turned again to the clerk.

"I like the hat, personally," he said, "but I'm afraid my congregation would think it was the devil of a note to see me flash a dicer like that. They'd tell me I looked like a four flush in a jackpot and hurt my feelings in all sorts of ways. When we preachers buy glad rags you know we always have to think how the congregation will like them. Can't you show me something else?"

But the clerk told the manager he felt suddenly faint, and asked to be excused for a few minutes. Since that time he has been slow to jump at conclusions.—Chicago Tribune.

The Chicago Methodist Conference concluded to change their constitution so as hereafter to admit women as lay delegates, as from appearance soon there will be few men left in the churches. There will be music in the next conference.

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Charles D. B. Mills,

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

JULY, 1900.

THE PREDESTINATION OF PREACHERS.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

PEOPLE whose minds are not warped by theological entanglement seem too much inclined to abuse those who are thus entangled. We seem to forget that churches and their pastors are as natural factors in the evolution of human opinion as are primordial germs in the evolution



DANIEL K. TENNEY.

of physical life. So are infidels. Whatever existed in the past or shall exist in the future, in mental or physical affairs, has been and will be brought about by antecedent conditions rendering such existences an absolute necessity. In other words, "what is to be, will be." The discussion of this subject in the past has been sufficiently prolific to fill many thousand volumes. It involves the question of "free will." All sorts of conclusions have been reached and sternly advocated, with that great variety of metaphysics and apologetics always involved in antagonistic attack upon demonstrated truth. The divine writer, Shakspeare, expresses

the idea this way: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will." We may as well admit that everything exists because the laws of Nature require it. That the condition of men and women is one of inevitable necessity, over which they have no possible control. Though seeming an absurdity, this is a solemn fact.

Our Presbyterian friends have become desperately uneasy of late, over their doctrine of foreordination, as it is commonly called. A brief extract from their long-winded confession of faith, states it thus:

By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These men and angels, thus predestinated and foreordained, are practically and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

According to this solemn creedal anathema, it is apparent that, if there is an orthodox God presiding over universal affairs, the salvation of souls which he has predestined to hell, is an impossibility. It would be idle to waste the blood of the Lamb on such a fruitless endeavor. Rev. Dr. Hillis, one of the brilliant lights of Presbyterianism, just extinguished, lately declared that he would "shake his fist at the Eternal and fling every vile epitaph toward his stainless throne," rather than believe that, before the foundation of the world, God had predestined certain people to eternal damnation, without possibility of escape. We should glory in the courage of this new infidel, but it is not certain that the Eternal was much scared by his threats.

Why did not the reverend gentleman shake his fist at the very clear biblical doctrine that eternal torture, in fire and brimstone, awaits any human being whatsoever, whether predestinated or otherwise? That this horrible doctrine of predestination is firmly founded on the so-called Holy Scriptures, is certain, and the good man knows it. Besides, it is about the only doctrine found in the Westminster Confession of Faith, which has any foundation in science or common sense. If the omniscient or omnipotent author of all has provided such a place of eternal punishment, and a devil to preside over it, as the Bible certainly asserts, he has done so for the definite purpose of having it abundantly populated. The rules of admission, plainly laid down, consign to that awful torment the soul of every human being, child or adult, who has ever lived, or ever shall live, who has not or shall not "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." In other words, all those are thus foreordained who, from ignorance, or from immaturity of mind, have no opinion on the subject, and all others who are unable to believe what they know to be false. Only those who take things on faith, can possibly enter the abode of the blessed. In his torrid orthodox abode, the devil will have all the wise, all the children, and all the heathen. What a horrible crowd there will be there! The familiar sign, "Standing room only," must be conspicuous at the entrance! The golden streets of the other place can have only "here and there a traveler." If any such places as these have been provided for the future abode of souls, it is as certain as the rising of the sun, that those

who enter the one or the other, will do so, because the forces of their earthly environment have determined their destination. In that respect "what is to be, will be." Neither God nor man can stop it. Why did not Doctor Hillis shake his fist at that Biblical God, who, in his much-adored book, has provided such a receptacle for souls, "the smoke of whose torment ascendeth up forever and ever," and who, if he wanted to, could abolish it "in the twinkling of an eye?" The reason why the good Doctor did not do so was because his environment was such that he dared not do it. He was predestined to do just as he did—the same as the writer was predestined, if you please, "before the foundation of the world," to produce this commentary on affairs theological.

Priests and preachers are predestined to perform the many foolish things which they do, to please and astound the multitude and to preach the falsehoods and horrid doctrines to which they are so much accustomed. In old times the clergy probably believed all they preached. Their congregations believed it, also. They were too ignorant and foolish to know any better. Times have changed. Every scholarly clergyman now knows, beyond any doubt, that Jehovah, Jesus and the Holy Ghost, whether severally or in combination, are ideal and not historical characters; that they are mere phantoms, born of barbarian brains thousands of years ago; that these and the divinity of the Scriptures, with all their wondrous and miraculous tales, have been nurtured in the minds of the simple and thoughtless multitude, by the persistent efforts of an ignorant and designing priesthood, until, instead of phantoms, they have become, in the common mind, sacred and solemn truths. The educated clergy of our time also know that the infinite power which controls the universe in all matters, small and great, from the atoms to the celestial spheres, bears no resemblance to any of the gods of any sacred book; is without form or personality; is unchangeable in its operations; does not covet or listen to prayers or praise, nor take thought of the conduct or desires of men, but exercises its eternal sway strictly according to the unyielding course of Nature.

All real scholars, whether clerical or otherwise, now concede that the general doctrines of evolution are conclusively demonstrated. Everything in Nature has ever slowly proceeded from lower to higher development, and so will continue forever. Nothing remains just as it was yesterday. There is an advance all along the line, both in mental and material development. Theological opinions, no less than animal or vegetable life, have proceeded from primordial germs, the fittest for the time

usually surviving, but still proceeding to a higher development and higher light. It is this evolution of thought, which originated, in the primitive days of our race, the crude theological ideas which have been handed down to us and which have now been discredited by all careful and conscientious students. Nature predestined this result and is continually at work in the same direction.

Why do intelligent clergymen continue to perform their senseless ceremonies, utter their unctuous prayers, and preach those horrid biblical doctrines, all of which they know to be false and misleading? It is because they are predestined to do so. They cannot help it. The forces of their environment render their conduct imperative. They know that their hearers, in the main, are fond of the same old story eloquently told, with immaterial variations. Their congregations employ them for this purpose and to continue the deceit upon the rising generation. Selfishness is the principal evolutionary force controlling the conduct of men. The social swim in this country is controlled, to a certain extent, by church influence. A selfish, natural desire to be in the swim induces multitudes to maintain adherence to the church, who inwardly despise its doctrines. They think it will pay them better, both socially and financially, than to tell the sober truth. It probably will. They yield to the force of their environment and are thus predestined to be hypocrites and cowards. There is no help for it, except that of increasing intelligence, which will gradually inspire greater courage and frankness. Do not abuse the clergy too much. They are simply creatures of a slowly improving environment. The wiser ones are already ashamed of themselves. Now and then one acknowledges it. Evolution of human thought will in time win them all over. In the meantime, many will still continue the "blind leaders of the blind."

We should not fail to consider that, however shocking to common sense are the creedal doctrines of the churches, the combined influences of their organized associations is a most potent evolutionary force in the correction and maintenance of public and private morals. Their influence, in this respect, seems to me superior to all others, and entitles them to the high respect of all classes of every community. Though the foundation of their instruction is faulty, even ridiculous, the superstructure is of great value. If the churches should permanently close their doors, it seems to me there would be a gradual and great decline in the standard of morals. The clergy are certainly an important factor in this field. There is no one to take their place. Nowhere are there any other strong associations so well adapted for the purpose. Declara-

tions from the pulpits of churches of doctrines and principles, based upon truth, would certainly better promote both education and morals, than the puerile nonsense at present prevailing there. But the clergy are not ready for that reform yet, and no one stands ready to supply the deficiency. Scientists and scholars dare not yet publicly attempt it. Free-thinkers, in general, are wholly unorganized and do not seem to care much about the matter. But, in spite of these inevitable and predestined truths, it is as clear as day that the clergy themselves are very gradually approaching the goal of common sense and will get there in due time. Theological drivel cannot subsist forever.

But are there no other Christian cowards and hypocrites? Yea, verily. It is my opinion, from long observation, that ninety per cent. of the adult males of this country, of even ordinary scholarship, regard all theological systems as "baseless as the fabrics of a dream." About ten per cent. of the adult women are of a like opinion. How many of them dare publicly declare their honest thought? Not more than one in a hundred. Why? The evolutionary force, which keeps their mouths closed, is the same, which causes so many infidels to pretend to hug the churches. It is the cowardice and hypocrisy of personal and social selfishness. Infidels and Christians are alike such, because predestined so to be by their heredity and social environment. How many infidels are subscribers to this magazine, or to any other journal antagonizing theology? Not one in ten thousand. Why? Chiefly because they fear that some one would find out that they are patronizing the cause of honest thought. They must maintain a healthy reserve, they think, lest they lose social standing and patronage. Freethinkers have not to go into the pulpits or the pews to find moral cowards. Among their own number they are "thicker than blackberries."

But evolution is working wonders. The day is not far off when clergymen will dare to tell the truth and talk common sense from their pulpits, accompanied by the usual soul-stirring music. Educate and encourage the scholarly clergy in their advancing endeavors. That is the best way to accomplish our purpose. We shall never organize for the contest. The churches are, at any rate, our greatest moral schools. Do not bother too much about their exemption from taxation. Give them a chance for internal reformation. It is predestined that they will get there in due time. Nothing can prevent it. Encourage the cause of Free Thought. Do not fear the enemy. The journals devoted to our cause are one of the prime evolutionary factors in theological destruc-

tion. Circulate them wherever we may. Show your fellow-citizens by your example that good behavior is better promoted by honest thought than by superstition; that gods and devils are not essential to the advance of civilization and that love of our fellowmen, shown by kindness and benevolence, is a better criterion of good citizenship than a solemn countenance coupled with faith in any fiction.

IMMORTALITY: A NEGATIVE VIEW.

BY HUBERT LORRAINE.

THE theory of evolution, first brought to general attention forty years ago by Charles Darwin, compelled an abandonment of nearly all the old arguments for Immortality; and to-day no common ground of defense has been arrived at by those driven from the old pre-evolutionary position. Men are still groping in the dark. Every new hypothesis possessing even the appearance of plausibility is eagerly hailed. Anything that offers hope to human selfishness is always with difficulty overthrown; and in consequence the disrupting of former ideas as to the problem of Immortality did not render any less tenacious the grasp of mankind on that hope. In the Arena for March and April some of the most tenable of modern excuses for belief in a future life are touched upon; and in the following lines I purpose to briefly consider the most salient.

It is maintained that the inchoate, one-celled organisms are gifted with Immortality, and that this fact affords an earnest of a spiritual hereafter for man.

In the first place, it seems to be now pretty well established that these simple forms of life are not immortal; but that, after division has proceeded to a certain extent, death ensues. Such, at any rate, is the position of many who are entitled to speak authoritatively. The Immortality attributed to these organisms is not spiritual, but of the earth earthy; and it is not plain exactly what relationship can be instituted between such life and the assumed life of the soul.

But even though we concede the potentialities of Immortality to one-celled organisms, life nevertheless ceases upon violence being encountered; or, this absent, the ultimate dissolution of our planet necessarily gives the quietus to the dream of Immortality. Though life were to exist through one thousand or one billion years, it is only planetary at the best; and comes as far short of Immortality as a point comes short of filling infinite space.

The argument possesses the implication that a form at the very foot of the ladder of evolution has in it the germs of endless existence; while man, a many-celled structure occupying the position of pre-eminence, is doomed to death so far as are concerned the visible results; and, as a matter of fact, Geikie has declared that "the longevity of an organic type has, on the whole, been in inverse proportion to its perfection." This is of a surety not very encouraging to the egoistic sentiment of man; for to get a good working hypothesis, in favor of the view of Immortality, the approach to that desideratum should become more and more pronounced as the types become higher and higher, instead of contrariwise.

Furthermore, even were the organisms of one cell not condemned to an eventual death occurring in a natural manner; and even were this globe to always present climatic conditions favorable to the continuance of life; the resultant Immortality would consist, not in a perpetuating of self-consciousness such as to a developed degree characterizes man, but merely in a perpetuating of little more than a kind of motion which by a euphemism is called life. Thus, it is not an Immortality at all like that understood in the discussions usually had on the subject, but one hardly more alluring than is the admitted atomic Immortality of the dust, the rocks, the water, and other manifestations of matter whose atoms can never be destroyed. What boots it to enlarge upon analogies founded on grounds of this nature?

The Atheistic standpoint is not averse to Immortality within prescribed limits. Immortality of atoms is held as a tenet. Nothing can be annihilated. As consciousness has appeared upon the earth, the potentialities of consciousness are ineradicable from the universe. A barn contains certain atoms. The barn is destroyed. The atoms may continually be in process of being, metamorphosed into other material objects all throughout the protean ages. But the potentialities of the barn-structure are there; and some time the atoms are almost sure to assist in the forming of barns on some other planets, though the intervening times be measured by quindeillions of millenniums. The identical barn will never exist again; but the atoms composing it will all undoubtedly be found in barns at different periods in that eternity which awaits them. And so it is with consciousness. The consciousness-fund of the universe is a fact of nature, and cannot be destroyed. When the world shall have cooled and life shall have become extinct here, the potentialities of life and consciousness will be, not dead, but dormant, and awaiting only days

in a distant future to well up once more in their past and present redundancy. Self-consciousness cannot continue; even as no barn is immortal as a barn. But who shall say that, in conjunction perhaps with parts of those funds of consciousness which must be regarded as appertaining to the myriad of planets of space, a fraction of the consciousness of each one of us will not within a trillion years contribute to the reappearance of life on some mighty globe yet to be fashioned?

The next hypothesis announces that, whereas, according to evolution, progress has been from primitive protoplasm to man, it is no strain upon the imagination to infer a continuation from man as exhibited in ethuic consciousness to man the owner of an immortal soul.

This, it should be remembered, is not by any means proffered as proof of Immortality. It is simply an attempt to establish a rational possibility of it. Not proof; but only something that shall not appear positively absurd. Let us examine it.

The stately march of evolution working by inerrant laws is by slow gradation from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and through millions of years of time; each new fact in life appearing in response to a call from nature demanding the change. A wing is formed in numberless generations out of an ancestral fin. The want is a prelude to the satisfaction. The satisfaction is unavoidable, once the want is made known, and requires eons of imperceptible but persistent variations. How is it with the putative assumption of Immortality by the spirit of man? How is it possible for Immortality to gradually develop in him? A thing is either immortal or it is not. It is an endless fact, or it is a mere snap of the fingers. There is no intermediary ground. However long may be a period of time, it is as nothing in comparison with the duration of Eternity. Immortality, then, if it ever becomes the priceless possession of mankind, must burst suddenly out of the antecedent finite at some stage of the advance in intelligence. Even if man acquired the power of living ten years after death, this period being gradually lengthened in succeeding generations until he lived ten thousand or ten million years, a terrific leap would be requisite to command Eternity itself; besides, the notion savors of the grotesque too much to be taken seriously. The assumption of spiritual immortality by man, then, must take place through a sudden change of vast and well-nigh inconceivable magnitude, and not in obedience to the mandates of Evolution working everywhere else with tortuous labor. If it be remonstrated that the butterfly bursts as suddenly from the worm, we may urge the ready answer that the

metempsychosis of the worm is an event confined to the lifetime of a single creature; and is similar to changes occurring elsewhere all around us; like the birth of a child, the growing of horns on a goat, etc. But to accomplish these rapid changes in the individual life, boundless ages of prehistoric Evolution were necessitated, working slowly up to the revelation witnessed by the onlooker; while in the case of man and Immortality, the assumed transformation cannot have had the way paved for it by regular advances approaching steadily nearer the goal. In the worm, ancestral transformation has gone from the incipient and abortive to the perfect. In the man, no ancestral participation in the beginnings of immortality could have been possible. In one is a process. In the other is a bursting without preparation. There are great numbers of links in the chain of ancestral progress from worm to butterfly. There can be no link, in the very nature of the problem, between mortality and Immortality.

We may trace the uplifting of the race from ape to cave-man, from cave-man to bushman and savage, and from these latter to Drummond and Spencer; and at no time in this subtile progression can that person be indicated whose soul is to live on forever, but whose father and mother are destined to sleep always in utter oblivion. And were it possible to do this the disproportion in the enjoyments participated in by son and by parents would be so utterly overwhelming, that the injustice might well appall the stoutest heart.

The great strides hitherto made manifestly in the advance of man are adduced as indications that Immortality is not necessarily out of the reckoning of common sense. But surely the physical advance from jelly to civilized man may be taken as being fit to be placed against the advance from incipient feeling to the elaborated consciousness of to-day. No matter how astounding may be the gulf between moneron and the wonderful anatomical structure of nineteenth century man, the human body always dies; and, no matter how vast may have been the achievements of the brain in comparison with those of protoplasmic sensation, is there any logical reason for maintaining that somewhere Immortality evolves? If the body were not actually seen to die, doubtless Immortality would be ascribed to it as well. We see the body die and decay notwithstanding its remarkable evolutionary history. We do not see the consciousness become obliterated: but neither did we see its genesis; nor have we been able to apprehend it by the senses, as we apprehend the body, at any period of its life. Upon the death of the body, conscious-

ness ceases its manifestations; and it then dies like the body, with a certainty just as clearly—or just as vaguely—to be apprehended as was the certainty of its birth as compared with the certainty of the birth of the body. Of course, hypothetically, room may be found in the cosmos for almost anything. Each person, upon death, may possibly develop into a gigantic frog-shaped creature, having fifty thousand eyes. But the argument is against it. If no limits whatever are to be set upon the power of Evolution, what is to hinder every one from evolving steadily to planes higher and higher; until, in the immensely remote future, every living man finally himself becomes the entire universe to the exclusion of every other man? This is a *reductio ad absurdum*, to be sure; but why should a little thing like that be permitted to damp our enthusiasm?

The position deduced from the alleged universality of the notion of Immortality is apparently the weakest of all, in spite of the fact that its age is very great. Is it not foolish to heed the voice of the unlettered, ignorant, superstitious multitude, and declare that whatever it is, it is without doubt true? Why not pay some attention to the attitude of the greatest and most penetrating minds, instead? In the early stages of the introduction of the locomotive, probably fifty men could not have been found in the whole world to give a serious thought to the once preposterous supposition that metal might be made to travel. Would the universality of the guffaws prove anything?

It may be said that men pass through three epochs of thought—the first, when intelligence has not distributed itself sufficiently to give out any deliverance, either favorably or unfavorably, to the doctrine of Immortality; the second, when, in an attempt to solve the knotty questions of life, the somewhat further evolved intellect arrives at the conclusion that a life beyond is a verity; and the third, when the highly evolved intellect, after relentless investigation, rejects for all time the dogmas and fables of younger generations. The third epoch has even now been reached by large numbers of the most acute minds; and it would seem self-evident that the logical conclusions of class are more to be deferred to than the mere “intuitions” or presentiments” of those widely diffused classes who are nearer the beast and the earth.

As a matter of fact, however, belief in a future life is not universal; and numerous other beliefs can be named to which the same measure of universality must be accorded as is accorded the particular belief in dispute. It is still an open question whether the God-idea be universal or not; but as to the belief in an after state, no doubt can remain; it is not

now and has never been absolutely universal. Among the superstitions that have been nearly everywhere believed, may be mentioned the reliance on oracles; and the idea that spirits, whether called gnomes, genii, fairies, elves, or otherwise, throng the air, and interfere with the course of events. In Chamber's Encyclopedia, Art. "Omen," we read:

"The belief in omens has existed in all ages and countries, and traces of it linger even yet in the most civilized communities; in the dread, for instance, that many entertain at sitting down at table in a party of thirteen. Not a little of the philosophy of omens is contained in the Scottish proverb: 'Them who follow freits, freits follow;' meaning a fantastic belief in impending evil paralyzes the endeavor that might prevent it."

The ancient Jews and Gypsies are in the category of those who have had no faith in Immortality. Many other peoples might be instanced, but space is insufficient. That the universality of a belief should have any importance attached to it, is only proof of how men will cling to chimeras.

Yet another plea is that man, constituting the highest product of evolution as so far exhibited, is the goal of sentient existence, and consequently demands as his just heritage that he be endowed with Immortality. At the outset of the consideration of this reasoning, we discover that such a view is but slightly more attractive than the Jehovistic inculcation, that everything on the earth was to be used for man's pleasure; that man was the only real thing in creation; that beasts and birds and fish were to be slaughtered with no compunction, and that their flesh was to be torn in pieces and eaten by man: in short, that the supreme court in the clouds had handed down the decision that an animal had no rights that a man was bound to respect. The theory now broached undertakes to say, not only that man is entitled to a much greater enjoyment on earth than is allotted the animals; but that, in addition, instead of the disparity in enjoyments being done away with by future rewards for the latter alone, man himself shall have Immortality, thus rendering the disparity cumulative for all time. This strikes the modern apologists for the doctrine of Immortality as just and noble.

Human beings have to regard the eternal problems from the valleys of the finite: and although, surveying history from a place commanding at the most only a few thousand years, man might appear to be the goal toward which everything tends, yet evolution is an everlasting actuality; and, perhaps on other planets, perhaps on our own planet, life is or will be displayed in forms inconceivably superior to that known here

as man. Should this be so, the man whom we now know could not arrogate to himself Immortality because of being the goal of all life. Nothing can be more sure than that once serpents were the type farthest advanced. Apes and baboons, too, must have had their day at the top. And even the despised jelly-fish would have received homage from all else living, at some long-past stage of existence. The jelly-fish would have seemed the goal of everything. Thus, unless these outcroppings of sentiency, considerably lower in the scale than not a few to which Immortality is now generally denied, are to be admitted to the sacred precincts, the argument employed for man's benefit falls to the ground.

No valid reason can be adduced as to why, because at some particular time a form happens to be the highest known, it should therefore be supposed to have a future life. All the marvelous development of mankind, and especially during the century at present drawing to a close, has been a resultant of intellectuality ever growing more pronounced. A prevailing conception makes the soul a thing largely apart from the mere intellect. People astonishingly simple and astonishingly pious and good, are usually assigned in the popular understanding more soul-power than purely intellectual men. Some maintain that annihilation will be the lot of the great mind which is totally divorced from belief in religions; and many more hold that the most complete fruitions of Immortality are not to be participated in by intellectuality, which is more or less inclined to scepticism, but by generous and plain minds having often a soul capacity in inverse proportion to mind capacity. If that intellectuality which has raised us from the sod is not immanent in the soul, is it not patent that Immortality cannot be claimed for mankind simply on account of the material, glittering results effected by the soul-divorced intellectuality?

The last defense to be reckoned with declares that, unless Immortality be a fact, no point or value can be said to appertain to life, with all its wrongs and imperfections.

Millions of lives are blotted out in this world for every human life that perishes. What has been the "object" of these lives? For untold ages man's predecessors in the ancestral line that stretches back into the dead forever, lived, endured unspeakable wrongs, and passed on. Through all the multiform ages, outrages beyond number characterized the lives of our struggling relatives—outrages that were never righted and never will be. What was the object of it all? One cubic inch of the "rotten-stone" used as a powder for polishing contains the

skeletons of forty-one trillion creatures, each of which at one time was a poem of intricacy and symmetry. There they are—every one. Forty-one trillion skeletons scraping away at the silver baubles of poor humanity! What in the name of every breath drawn in the grand journey from Dust to Democracy was the object of it?

The earth is the stamping-ground of pain, agony, injustice, imperfection, horror, death. A bird in the fresh springtime lays her eggs, brings her offspring to the light, nourishes them with tender care into the likeness of their parents. One day they have their flying-lesson. The cat approaches with scintillating eye. At a favorable moment it springs. The young budding birds are pierced and torn. Their feeble cries are silenced in death. The mother, dashing to the rescue, is caught and crunched beyond recognition. They are gone—and gone forever. What is the "object" of it? When will the retribution occur? No; the mere fact of injustice experienced here cannot be said to prove Immortality for the injured.

We are told that, without the hope of a hereafter, the present life would not be worth living; that this life is too short. Why, then, if there be in reality a ruling power over everything, should this existence have been imposed on anyone? If it is worthless per se, better have made away with such a failure long ago. But, as the next life is now conceived as an unfolding, taking up the thread where the present life leaves it, some difficulty is experienced in understanding how continuation can palliate the misery. This life is worthless because of its shortness, unless we are to live again; if it is to be prolonged beyond the grave, it is not worthless—that is the position urged upon us. A thing is either miserable or not miserable. If miserable, how can trillions upon trillions be lengthened into an ecstasy, while a few hundreds alone are unbearable? The more we have of an experience inherently miserable, and not merely miserable at the first because of an uncurbed imagination, the more detestable it would be, instead of vice versa. If a thing is not inherently miserable, then prolongation can only add to the joy; and cessation can only cut it off. Emerson says in his essay on "Experience:"

"It is not the part of men, but of fanatics, or of mathematicians, if you will, to say that, the shortness of life considered, it is not worth caring whether for so short a duration we were sprawling in want, or sitting high. Since our office is with moments, let us husband them. Five minutes of to-day are worth as much to be as five minutes in the next millennium. Let us be poised, and wise, and our own, to-day."

The baneful reliance on what is to be, to the exclusion of present affairs, is what philosophers have protested against long and vigorously; and the view now before us, instead of aiding in its banishment, emphasizes it, elevating it into a tendency inherent in men. Constant brooding upon better times to come, it may be unhesitatingly said, is one of the most malign causes of unhappiness in life. When the "better times" arrive, they are not appreciated as had been expected; but attention is still directed toward a hazy future. And thus life is frittered away. Young remarks in "Night Thoughts:"

"Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair."

Let us put away the selfishness that besets us; and resolve that even though offered Immortality, we should hardly accept it so long as there remained a dumb animal whose wrongs remained unavenged. Let us take the moments as they are; and use them for our good, regardless of whether they be numbered by the hundred or by the eons to come.

Probably no man has ever existed in whom some desire to live forever did not dwell. The reasons offered against the belief in Immortality spring, not from captiousness, not from an impossible desire to snatch joy from the hand that would grasp it; but from a courage which does not hesitate to front every fact possible of apprehension face to face in the light of investigation. And if that courage shall some time prove to have inspired erroneous conclusions—which is very doubtful—and to have led men to underestimate the bliss in store for them, its possessors will not expect to have their spirit of abnegation ruthlessly condemned by any judge or judges in all the infinite cosmos which has for so long been the wonder of the world. The Atheist throws full and fair in the face of a cringing world the challenge to combat on these lines.

—We have just got out a second edition of our pamphlet: "Jehovah Interviewed; or, Orthodoxy from Headquarters," by D. K. Tenney. Price, 6 cents, or ten copies for 50 cents.—Editor.

COMTE AND SPENCER READ FOR US.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

NEXT to reading a great book or a great continuous work containing many volumes ourselves, is to have some one read it and read it well, by proxy. In this way Judge Waite has read for us the works of Herbert Spencer and his critics; and Prof. Lucien Levy-Bruhl has done the same for the works of Auguste Comte. And Judge Waite has also given a last word on Comte in the *Free Thought Magazine* for April last.*



T. B. WAKEMAN.

There is danger that these books will not be taken at their worth without some consideration of the importance of the careers of the two greatest modern philosophers. In these criticisms all they felt and thought are brought to a contrast; and more than that, their results are fused together and practically reconciled. This solution and union our great philosophers themselves could never have effected—so different were they in date, environment, ancestry, nature and genius.

But in France Prof. Levy-Bruhl, in this most interesting "*History of Modern Philosophy in France*," has brought the Philosophy of his country from Des Cartes down to its final outcome and result in the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. In so doing he has taken a true measure and perspective, for in the long run it will be found that the great gifts of France to the world have been the French Revolution and its consequences, and Auguste Comte's Positive Philosophy and its consequences. Nothing can obscure the fact

**Herbert Spencer and His Critics*, by Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of *History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200*, etc., Chicago, C. B. Waite & Co., 1900, pp 184, price \$1.00. *History of Modern Philosophy in France*, by Lucien Levy-Bruhl, Professor of the Free School of Political Sciences, and Master of the Conference in the Sorbonne at Paris, with portraits of the leading French philosophers. Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Co., 1899, 12mo. large, pp. 482, price \$3.00.

that Comte was the first to make a great, serious and successful attempt to weave and co-ordinate the methods and victories of the special sciences, by the scientific law of their succession and correlation, into one grand Philosophy, which should be a scientific solution of the world, and take the place of all Theologies and Metaphysics, as the basis of human life and conduct—social and individual. In the course of human evolution this great work had to be done. That achievement was to be a great event—mark an epoch in the history of the human race. Another might have done it—but to the inextinguishable glory of Auguste Comte, the fact is indisputable that he conferred upon his race this “unmeasurable blessing.” In so doing he invented and applied the word “sociology” so as to turn human history and the collective life of man into a science; and also the word “altruism,” so as to give a scientific basis to morals and the lot, fate and aspiration of man, the individual.

If Comte did these great things, and, more, what has been the matter with him, that Liberals fell away from him, and could never “to this day” take to or become reconciled to him, and would like to forget him if they could? The trouble was that Comte was limited in the application of the Scientific Philosophy by himself and his environment. He was a Frenchman of royal Catholic descent, and was never able to step outside of France, in fact or in heart. All of his intellectual emancipation was thus applied to sustain the old, to transfer to the Future the Middle Ages of Thomas a Kempis and Dante, to revived Papacy of De Maistre, and even Imperialism by the aid of the Czar, the Sultan, Eugenie and Louis Napoleon. In heart he was the spiritual and political descendant of St. Francis Xavier; he could see no future but Roman Catholicism revived minus Theology and plus Science, and sustaining a restored industrial phase of the Middle Ages. In everything except his Philosophy and Humanity Comte was a “survival” of past ages, and has been generally so recognized—and justly. He was never a modern, but a hero in his fight for the past, and did his best to bring Science, his Scientific Philosophy, and the Religion of Humanity itself to galvanize the Papacy into life. But of course the law of Evolution and the facts of progress forbid any such reconstruction of a dead past. History can never repeat itself, nor the stream of Time run backward. The line of cleavage between the Scientific Philosophy and the Human Religion of Comte, and his effete Politics, and inhuman Papacy has been drawn nearly alike by all Scientists, Thinkers and Humanists—Senator Littré taking the lead in France, and John Stuart Mill in England. But

no one has done it better and in a gentler and wiser way than Prof. Levy-Bruhl. In his hands the Positive becomes the Scientific Philosophy; the Religion of Humanity—first invented and described in the Seventh Number of the *Crisis*, by Thomas Paine—becomes, as that first great Apostle of Liberty, Science and Humanity meant it should be—the basis of Democratic Republicanism and of Republics, ending in a Federal “Republic of the World,” to be the future of the human race—the ideal towards which every Liberal heart and life is “oriented” as our “Earthly Paradise” and true heaven. His critic has turned Comte’s face from the Past to the Future. It is a matter of great importance, and a reason for great rejoicing, to find this grand view of Comte is taken by this leading Liberal thinker in France. We may hope that the so-called “strict” or Papistic Comtists will finally become reconciled to Democratic Republicanism in France and elsewhere, and cease “to kick against the pricks” of actual facts and the law of Evolution. When the Positivist, Frederic Harrison, puts out another edition of his splendid “*Meaning of History*” will he still ignore the “Hero Author,” the real “Father of Republicanism and of Republics?” Will he forget who first used the words, “The Religion of Humanity?” Who first made it the tribunal and conscience of the world? Who first gave the seed of the “Positive Philosophy” in the First Part of the “*Age of Reason*,” and who planned the abolition of war and conquest by a Federation of Republics and the “maritime compact” of civilized nations?

Now, what has Judge Waite done for Herbert Spencer? Very much what the French critic has done for Comte. Comte and Spencer are generally named together and will generally go and pull together as one team, though Spencer protests against the association mightily. But if Comte had not given the world “Sociology,” “Altruism” and the “Positive Philosophy,” it is hard to believe that we ever should have had the “Sociology,” “Data of Ethics,” and the synthetic or “New” Philosophy of Mr. Spencer. They must go together because their problem is practically the same; to lay aside Theology and Metaphysics, and make a Philosophy of the sciences upon the scientific method, so that we may base our human life upon what we do know instead of what we don’t.

But then Herbert Spencer had his limitations as well as Comte, as Judge Waite well points out: First, he never had a good, solid, scientific, philosophical or historical education to begin with. He was what we Westerners call a “self-made” philosopher—with the strength and weak-

ness of all self-mades. He was all his life bothered by the metaphysics of the Hamilton and Mansel intuition-Idealists; then the political economists of the Birmingham Free Traders and *laissez-faire*, Political Economists were hard for him to shake off or outgrow. The consequent unprogressive Anarchy, Hedonistic morals, and unsocial outcome of his "Social Statics," Ethics and "Coming Slavery" all reformers know. Now the use and beauty of Judge Waite's book is, to show that Mr. Spencer, unlike Comte, has really outgrown the limitations of his early mental, social and political environment. His voluminous works are, as Goethe said of his, largely the snake-skins, in which he worked himself into clearness, and then threw off for other people to wrestle over, and to grow strong and enlightened in trying to find out what they really meant. This, too, was largely the course Spencer adopted in regard to Comte. He would not allow that the great Frenchman ever did anything right. Spencer fought Comte's Agnosticism or Atheism; his law of the "Three States;" his "Classification of the Sciences;" his Religion of Humanity; his basis of morals—in fact, about everything that Comte did, or said, whether right or wrong. But now comes one of the most amusing things in the history of Philosophy, for our Judge Waite, after well weighing the whole matter, shows that Mr. Spencer has not only mostly outgrown his early limitations, but that he has substantially come to agree with Comte in regard to the weighty matters above referred to, these being the substance of Comte's work (except his Papal Policy aforesaid, which all reject, except Comte's "body guard"), and that he has actually done this pursuant to Comte's own law of "The Three States or Stages." Therefore, the readers will thank us for this quotation from the Judge's book (pp. 5 to 57):

"Mr. Spencer appears to have passed through and exemplified in his own person the three stages of mental evolution described by Comte as the theological, the metaphysical and the positive.

The first stage is to be seen in 'Social Statics,' written when Mr. Spencer was thirty years of age. In this work he writes of 'God's World,' of the 'Divine Idea,' of the 'Divine Rule,' of the 'Divine Arrangements,' of the 'creative purpose,' of the 'Creator's silent command,' etc., etc. He refers in high terms to the Christian religion, using language in marked contrast with that in his later writings. He has also an entire chapter on 'The Moral Sense;' something which appears strangely to have dropped out of the 'Data of Ethics.'

"In 'Social Statics' he speaks of the moral sense as generating moral

intuitions. In the 'Data of Ethics' he antagonizes the intuitionists, who 'hold that moral perceptions are innate—that men have been divinely endowed with moral faculties.'

"In 'Social statics' human rights are primarily derived from the axiom that human happiness is the divine will, and that the duty of man is to conform to the will of God. In the 'Data of Ethics,' the author, speaking of the ancient school of morals, 'that which recognizes no other rule of conduct than the alleged will of God,' says it originates with the savage.

"In the first, the theological state, God was ruling the world in accordance with divine arrangements.

"In the second, the metaphysical state, we have the Unknowable as the Unknown Force, the Inscrutable Power, behind all phenomena.

"In the third, the positive state, the Unknowable, is an abstract, philosophical conception.

"The 'Unknowable' was the entity of the metaphysical state, which was substituted for the divinity of the theological state. It was the "intermediaire" spoken of by Comte, which conducts one from the theological state to the positive state.

"In the positive state of thought, Mr. Spencer used the term 'Nature' to designate the 'Unknowable' or 'Ultimate Cause of things.' Nature is not the great Artificer, and the philosopher deems it sufficient to study her manifestations.

"The progressive character of Mr. Spencer's thought is further illustrated by one of his very latest utterances—his reply to Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' (1895). Mr. Spencer there speaks of the Universe as being without conceivable beginning or end, and without intelligible purpose.

"This is his last and most positive state of thought.

"In the theological state, intelligence was ascribed to the Power behind phenomena.

"In the metaphysical state we were cautioned against ascribing to that Power either intelligence or the want of intelligence.

"In the positive state it is clearly implied that the same power is without intelligent purpose. In this state there is no Divine Will, conformity to which was so strongly enjoined in 'Social Statics.'—Herbert Spencer and His Critics."

To confirm all this, Prof. Levy-Bruhl shows (p. 371) that, notwithstanding Mr. Spencer's dissent from Comte's classification of the

Sciences, it has been generally adopted ; and it would be easy to show that Mr. Spencer has practically followed it himself, both in the plan of his Philosophy, its order of execution, and its method.

Thus these critics show that Comte and Spencer converge in a Scientific Philosophy made up of the laws and facts of the knowable world, and they both make that the basis and means of all human life. Their Sociology solves the need of immortality in Humanity, and its future on this earth. The affirmative and constructive value of these Philosophies are inestimable. They are to be the scientific foundation of our modern work, civilization and aspiration.

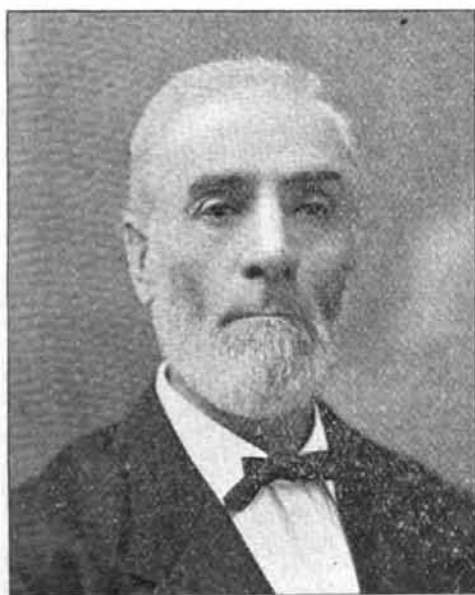
But it is not only the affirmative in these colossal wonders of thought which excite admiration and gratitude. It is what we do not find that largely makes their value ; and this view becomes more important, as we see how each of these critics have cleared away from each the limitations to which we have referred. Thus the French critic has dropped from Comte his absurd and retrograde Papal Polity, with all of its consequences, and has wheeled him and his Philosophy into the line of modern Science, Republicanism and Progress.

In a similar way Judge Waite has removed the limitations from Spencer, by showing that he has dropped the anthropomorphic out of his conception of "The Unknowable," with all of its retrograde consequences and implications. The Cosmos, Universe or World is simply the "Not I," the Objective without Knowable, "beginning, end, or purpose." This is the happy ending of the two great philosophic novels of modern thought. They show that the world is unlimited, open and free. It is the permanent home and no longer a temporary scene of probation for Man. Its changes or forces are correlate and leave no room for gods or devils, bogies or spooks of any kind. Even the immortal Egotism vanishes. Man has the powers of nature in his own hands to such an extent that it only remains for him to co-operate in order to realize an "Earthly Paradise" far transcending any mirage heaven in the skies of which the past has ever dreamed.

THE POWER THAT CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE.

BY ROBERT STEWART COLVIN.

CIVILIZED man finds himself surrounded by phenomena that call into active operation all the faculties of the mind. During the hours of darkness he looks with wonder and amazement on the starry firmament, shining like diamonds in the sky. He views with pleasure the field



R. S. COLVIN.

and the forest when arrayed in their mantle of green. The lofty mountain and the low valley, the calm, placid waters of the beautiful lake, and the wild billows of the ocean excite his admiration and wonder, and he asks himself the question, What power produced or brought into existence the many wondrous things we behold?

Current theology explains all this by placing on the throne of heaven a personal being, about the size and form of a man, called God, whom they clothe with almighty power and then triumphantly exclaim that this God created all things, himself included, from nothing, in the short period of six days. Theologians claim that God

is eternal in form and substance, omnipotent in power, infinite in wisdom and goodness, and is absolutely just and merciful.

Now, if such a being as this exists, we will all receive such blessings or punishments as we deserve, neither more nor less, consequently the preaching and praying of priests and ministers availeth nothing.

The discoveries and teachings of modern science tend to show that the theological idea of creation is false and misleading.

Science declares that something cannot be produced from nothing, that matter is eternal, that it was not created, that it cannot be destroyed, that it always existed in some form or other, and always will exist. Science further declares that all existing forms must have had a begin-

ning and must necessarily have an end. Hence it follows that if God exist in the form of a man, He must have had a beginning and consequently cannot be eternal, because there must have been a time when he did not exist.

Furthermore, it is a necessary or self-evident truth that a personal form must consist, not of simple but a compound substance, and we know that a compound substance cannot be eternal because there must have been a period of time when the simple elements existed before the process of uniting or combining took place, consequently we are forced to the conclusion that the substance of the deity, if such exist, must be subject to the same laws as that of man or other forms of organized matter. Theologians say that God is not matter, but consists of an immaterial substance called spirit, and right here the question arises, What is an immaterial substance? It is generally conceded that immateriality is merely another name for nothing. Observation teaches us that matter is of various kinds and exists in an almost infinite variety of forms, and that, although each kind may and does possess properties or qualities peculiar to itself, they all contain some properties in common with each other; consequently, if this thing called spirit be a substance, it must be material and possess some properties or qualities in common with other matter, although its own peculiar qualities may be multiplied to infinity.

If a chemist were classifying his substances he would not class one as material and another as immaterial, because they possessed different properties; he would class all substances as matter, however much they might differ in their properties or qualities; consequently, an immaterial substance does not nor cannot exist.

I heard the late lamented Col. Ingersoll, in one of his lectures, say, "I do not know whether there is a God or not; there may be one or more for anything I know, but I do know that an infinite personality is an infinite impossibility. I also know that a just God will condemn no man for expressing his honest thoughts." And Prof. J. W. Draper, in that excellent book entitled "The Conflict Between Science and Religion," page 24, says, "We must bear in mind that the majority of men are not educated; it is enough for us ourselves to know that, although there is a supreme power, there is no supreme being, an invisible principle, but not a personal God, to whom it would not be so much blasphemy as absurdity to impute the form, the passions, and the prejudices of man." The above quotations appear to me to be sound and logical.

I am therefore quite willing to rest my faith and risk my salvation on the teachings of such men as Ingersoll and Draper, which, in my humble judgment, are vastly superior to the teachings of popular theology. Modern Christianity is a jumble of confusion and contradictions; what is known as Protestant Christianity is not only subdivided, but is literally broken into fragments through contentions and strife within its own ranks. It has so many different forms of faith, and consists of so many different sects and parties, that it is a difficult matter for a person of ordinary intelligence to determine which of the many existing forms of faith, if any, is the true one. Hence the anxious inquirer is left in perplexity and doubt, not knowing what to accept as truth or reject as heresy. The doctrine of the Trinity is a mystery that cannot be comprehended by the human mind, the doctrine of the immaculate conception is opposed to reason, observation and experience, and the doctrine of the atonement is so abhorrent to the feelings that reason itself rebels against it.

If Jesus was God, or equal to God, he must have known what pain and suffering he had to endure; yet, when the fatal moment arrived, we find him exclaiming in the anguish of his soul: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." Surely such an exclamation was not the expression of a God; it is much more like the despairing cry of a human being who expected God to rescue him from his murderers, but failed to do so. The death of Col. Ingersoll will be deeply regretted by all Free-thinkers. In the language of Burns:

"Oh, why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time;
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime."

"The poor man weeps, here Robert sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned."

In the first above verse Burns laments the death of his friend, the Earl of Glencairn; the second is an epitaph which he wrote on his dear friend, Gavin Hamilton. I have intentionally substituted the name Robert instead of Gavin, thinking that the words of the verse will apply to our lamented friend, Col. Ingersoll,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE PASSING OF THE CREEDS.

BY DAVID B. PAGE.



DAVID B. PAGE.

THE creeds are passing. Well they may,

For men are ceasing to obey
The rules of those beneath the sod
Who thought they knew the mind of
God.

Who thought that God was as a king
Disturbed by human bickering;
Delighted with man's fulsome praise,
Angered if man forgot his ways.

The creeds are passing. Let them go;
Long have they filled the world with
woe;

Long have they bound man to the
rack,

And kept the tide of progress back;
Kept millions in the sad belief
That doubting was eternal grief,

But, to believe, were joy supernal,
And favor with their King, eternal.

The creeds are passing. It is well,
Man needs no more a heaven or hell,
One as a worshipful incentive,
The other as a sin preventive.
Man thinks, and thinking has changed God
From tyrant ruler with a rod
To First and Universal Cause,
To Changeless, Everlasting Laws.

The creeds are passing. What will be
The fruitage of this liberty?
Ah! this shall be, where once they stood,

A Universal Brotherhood.
 In place of creeds, to save or damn,
 We each shall be the Great I Am.
 His own redeemer man must be;
 For God is but Humanity.

"THE DECLARATION OF THE FREE" DEFENDED.

BY J. N. SEVERANCE.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

A CRITICISM of Col. Ingersoll's last poem, which appeared in the March number of your Magazine, seems to me to be somewhat premature, for I fail to find any of the inconsistencies which your correspondent thinks may be "usefully pointed out."

Perhaps a careful consideration of the title will throw a different light upon the objectionable lines. The poem, as I understand it, is not the declaration of slaves to superstition, but, the Declaration of the Free. We know there are people who believe there is a God to "serve and fear," but I am not aware that Col. Ingersoll was ever their mouthpiece.

I understand him as voicing the sentiments of the free. "We (the free) have no God to serve or fear." There can be no question in the minds of those who knew the author's views, as to where the emphasis should be placed. We (the free) acknowledge no bondage to a master on land or a king in air.

Your correspondent says there may be one for all we know. But the agnostic cannot be expected to bow the knee to a mere possibility. He must have something that seems reasonable, at least. The free have no prayer to offer to an unknown being. "Without a manacle we stand." I understand the poet as saying, We, the free, declare that in our judgment,

"Behind the things that injure man
 There is no purpose, thought or plan."

We have become so accustomed to ministerial, dictatorial trash, that when anyone simply expresses an opinion we are apt to think they are "assuming infinite knowledge."

My object in writing this is to show that the lines quoted by your correspondent are not inconsistent with Agnosticism, and not to prove that Col. Ingersoll had no positive convictions. For every one who knew him knows that he had.

On one occasion I recall hearing him say something like this: I do not know that there is no God, but this I do know, that if there is, he needs no service from us. How did he know this? Well, probably by some such means as I know that if I should fall from a balloon situated a thousand feet from the earth it would certainly kill me. Some might

say that I do not know this, because I have never tried it, but I feel so positive about it that I would not give seven cents for a balloon with which to prove it. And right here it would seem appropriate to make a slight comparison between inspired priestly positivism and assertive agnosticism.

The notion seems to be quite common that an Agnostic is one who "doesn't know a single thing," and therefore should not talk about anything. As I am not an Agnostic, this notion does not bother me much, but I do like to see fair play, and to my mind there is a difference as wide as limitless space, between the agnostic who claims to know something which is perfectly reasonable and in harmony with the experience of most thinking people, and the priest who draws his salary for claiming to know something absolutely antagonistic to reason and all human experience.

It would seem that one who has watched the changeless processes of nature through a long lifetime, ought to be allowed to know something in regard to them without being obliged to produce material evidence at every turn. I believe we may arrive at a conviction without positive demonstration, and may also declare that conviction without "assuming infinite knowledge."

I suppose there is hardly a betting man in existence who would not gladly wager his life against a merely nominal sum of money that the sun will be visible at noon to-morrow with the proper provisos—a cloudless sky, etc., and yet it would be impossible for any one to produce to-day a slice of to-morrow with the sun shining upon it.

I have no hesitation in declaring that the moon is not a green cheese, nor the sun a plum-pudding, and yet I have never been in possession of even a small piece of either. If I could obtain a good living by convincing others that they are, I might possibly resort to the old fake of claiming to possess positive knowledge through inspiration.

It seems to me that every word in "The Declaration of the Free" is extremely well chosen. In dealing with the forces of Nature the author speaks, as the exponent of Free Thought, with the positiveness of personal conviction, but when approaching a subject almost beyond conjecture, observe his care.

"An endless sleep may close our eyes,
A sleep with neither tears nor sighs."

Col. Ingersoll knew there was no God for the free-minded to fear.

"No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer
When life is done."

But he did not know about the "endless sleep," and did not claim to know.

Let's be lenient with the poor Agnostic, even though he may claim to almost know some easy things. Let's be fair to all who disagree with us—both the living and the dead—and, to use a favorite expression of the great Agnostic, "Let's be honest."

Springfield, Mass.

JOHN BURROUGHS' AGNOSTICISM.*

[From THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

THE public has grown accustomed to be dipped into the "cosmic chill" of interstellar space whenever John Burroughs discusses religious matters. Having applied the tests of science to theology and found it wanting, he considers it necessary to demolish theological doctrines occasionally for pastime, much as other men go hunting for big game. Yet it must be admitted that he is one of the kindest as well as one of the ablest of the successors of Huxley and Tyndall in this field of inquiry. In fact, his rationalistic musings remind one of Amiel rather than of any of the stormily aggressive champions of science.

In his latest book Mr. Burroughs has brought together his magazine essays on religious subjects, chiefly written twelve or fifteen years ago, and given them the general title of "The Light of Day." He explains that the title is based on the fact that in Central Asia there is said to be a famous rock with a cave in it from which issues a mysterious light. The superstitious natives have long ascribed the light to some demon in the cave, but a bold English traveler recently climbed up and found that the light, after all, was only the light of common day. The cave proved to be a tunnel, and the mysterious light came through the rock from the other side, making a strong glow or nimbus at the mouth of the cavern. Mr. Burroughs points his moral by saying that the mysterious light of divinity supposed to play around Christianity is but the light of human knowledge. In his preface he says:

"The old theology has few, if any, fast colors, and it has become faded and worn under the fierce light of the intense activity of our day. Let it go; it is outgrown and outworn. What mankind will finally clothe themselves with to protect them from the chill of the great void, or whether they will not clothe themselves at all, but become toughened and indifferent, is more than I can pretend to say. For my own part, the longer I live the less I feel the need of any sort of theological belief, and the more I am content to let the unseen powers go on their way with me and mine without question or distrust."

Mr. Burroughs gives a sympathetic account of his father's robust faith, but says such faith is impossible to us, because we live in a later time. The old beliefs cannot live in a scientific atmosphere. Yet he admits that the point or view of the old theology is "more helpful and sustaining to the mass of mankind than that of science ever can be, be-

*"The Light of Day." By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

cause the mass of mankind are children, and are ruled by their affections and their emotions. Science chills and repels them, because it substitutes a world of force and law for a world of humanistic divinities."

To religion as a sacred and inborn sentiment Mr. Burroughs pays a heartfelt tribute, but to all systems that try to formulate religion into scientific guise as theology he strongly objects. He says faith and science can never be mingled; they belong to utterly different realms. Against Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" he is especially severe, dissecting it mercilessly and showing the falsity of its science to the satisfaction of any thoughtful reader. It was Drummond's attempt to speak in the name of science that especially roused the ire of Mr. Burroughs. Yet that he is not a hidebound slave of only such things as can be proved by mathematics or experience is abundantly demonstrated in this volume. He turns back to the old beliefs "with a deep longing and regret," but he says the majority of the virile minds of the century have long since taken up their abode in the new land opened up by science.

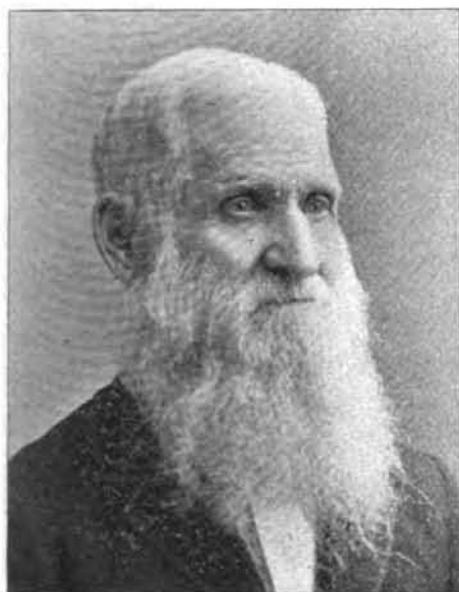
"And like the other emigration, the men go first; the women and children stay behind. Woman, more tender and emotional, cannot give up the old faiths; she shrinks back from the new land; it seems cold and naked to her spirit; she cleaves unto the past, and to the shelter of the old traditions. Probably the bravest among us do not abandon them without a pang. The old church has a friendly and sheltering look, after all, and the white monuments in the rear of it, where our kindred sleep—how eloquent is the silent appeal which they make! But what can be done? Thou shalt leave this land, the land of thy fathers, is a flat which has gone forth as from the eternal. We cannot keep the old beliefs, the old creeds, if we would. They belonged to a condition of mind which is fast being outgrown."

Those who look at life from the rationalistic standpoint will find that Mr. Burroughs has given utterance to some of their own deepest thoughts and impressions. The exquisite charm of his literary style pervades the whole volume.

JOHN L. BEAN—OBITUARY.

JOHN L. BEAN, who recently died at his home in Rock Island, Illinois, had been for many years a good friend of the Free Thought Magazine, and a worthy Freethinker, who was an honor to the Liberal cause. We published in the June Magazine the following notice of him,

but as we were not able at that time to present his likeness, we reproduce it in this number with his likeness:



JOHN L. BEAN.

JOHN L. BEAN DEAD.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

Rock Island Freethinker succumbs, after an illness of three months. Settles in that city in 1842.

John Liberty Bean died at Rock Island, March 28th, 1900, at his home, 1201 Third avenue, after an illness of three months.

Mr. Bean was one of the early settlers of Rock Island, having taken up residence in that city in 1842. He was born in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1814. He was reared on a farm and taught the village school at Palmyra. When 21 years of age

moved with his parents to Adrian, Mich., where he engaged in the hotel business, and where he met and married Miss Marilla Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio. From Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Bean went to St. Louis, and then came to Rock Island. By trade Mr. Bean was a carpenter, and for several years ran a sash and blind factory in Rock Island.

In 1860 he went to Colorado in search of gold, remaining in the West until 1868, when he returned to Rock Island, which city has been his home continuously since, with the exception of a brief residence in Davenport, Iowa.

After his return from Colorado, Mr. Bean retired from the activities of life, having earned a sufficient competence, which was profitably invested in real estate, which he had at the time of his death.

Deceased's wife died two years ago. The survivors are three children: W. H. Bean, of Rock Island; J. L. Bean Jr., of Mississippi; and Mrs. Marilla Minchen, of Carroll, Iowa.

Mr. Bean was a member of the Rock Island Old Settlers' Association, and served two years as president of that organization. Mr. Bean served two terms in the City Council as Alderman from the old First Ward, in the '50s.

The funeral was held at the residence, March 31st, at 2 p. m., and Mr. Dillworth, of the Moline Unitarian Association, delivered the funeral oration, which was a grand and eloquent tribute to the dead Free-thinker.

There could be no death in Rock Island that would cause more universal sorrow among his acquaintances and friends than that of J. L. Bean. The earnestness and simplicity of his life made those that knew him his friends and admirers. He was one of the nestors of Illinois Free-thinkerdom; was a faithful attendant at almost all its gatherings, and his wise counsel was eagerly sought by all advocating and championing the noble cause of Free Thought. He was a most high-minded man and his life was its practical illustration.

In politics he was as sincere and true as he was on the question of religion. He never voted to "tickle the people;" every measure had to meet his good judgment before it secured his approval. His life was one of simplicity and nobility; in fact, an ideal, for nothing unclean ever entered his mind.

His conversation on nearly all questions was a mirror of terseness, sound thought and judgment, and he was always a true guide.

I may say he was a strong partisan in politics and religion; but along broad lines Mr. Bean was aggressive and always sincere in his convictions.

In the death of J. L. Bean we have lost one of our noble brothers, but the world has been made better for his having lived. All his friends will cherish his memory.

He remained true to his convictions and principles until his death, and should any preacher have come to him, to convert him, in his last hours, this man would have had the courage and goodness to curse him.

With Thomas Paine his motto was: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."

H. G. Scharfenberg.

Davenport, Iowa, April 30, 1900.

A NEGRO EDITOR'S TRIBUTE TO INGERSOLL.

E. D. NORTHRUP, ESQ., a New York State lawyer, and a friend of this Magazine, writes to us as follows: "You will remember that I paid for the Magazine to be sent to my negro editorial friend, H. A. Hazlen, of 'The Augusta (Ga.) Union.' I enclose his editorial on Ingersoll. I deem it one of the best and sincerest tributes to our late Great High Priest of the Church of Humanity that I have read, because, although it is mantled with the superstitious belief of that humble negro, it is so sincere and proves the vast influence for good that Ingersoll's work exercised, even in the minds of the benighted people of the dark continent in this supposed to be Land of the Free. Here is the article referred to above:

COL. INGERSOLL DEAD.

Just as we were going to press last week the telegraph brought the news that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was dead. Col. Ingersoll held views on the question of Religion which a vast majority of Americans did not agree with, but the honesty of purpose and sincerity of the man, in conjunction with his matchless oratory and eloquence, won him respect and compelled the concession that he had a right to his opinions. He was one of the ablest lawyers of the land, and when he lectured his audience invariably consisted of as many as the hall could accommodate. He made plenty of money and yet died a poor man, comparatively. This was due to his philanthropy, his openhanded charity. No man in need was ever turned away, and while he had many critics he was the friend of all. He recognized the eternal truth that God had made of one blood all nations for to dwell on the earth. And he recognized even the colored man as his brother. He offered up his life in defense of this principle, and in the civil conflict fought to maintain it. He was at all times on the side of the oppressed, and was uncompromising in his denunciation of mob violence. His withering criticism of the burning of Sam Hose is still fresh in the public mind. He was an uncompromising Republican, and but for the fact that the people of the country were prejudiced against him because of his lack of faith in the Christian religion, would have been President of the United States.

We know but little as to the future state of man, and therefore it is not for us to conjecture whither the soul of this good man has been wafted, but one thing we know, his great heart was full of charity, and he did good whenever and wherever he could. He believed in human rights and gave bountifully to the poor. These are characteristic of Christianity, and while he said many things contrary to the general acceptance of what religion is, yet in his life he exemplified the teachings of Holy Writ. So, if it be true, and we do not doubt it, that we reap what we sow; that we shall be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body, then there is nothing upon which to predict the belief that the soul of Robert G. Ingersoll is banished from the presence of its Maker.

In this death our country loses one of its foremost leaders, our people a friend who was never disguised. The remaining small army who have kept the faith in the struggle for human liberty has lost its greatest champion. Let us hope that the spirit of this good man has found a place with those of Phillips, Garrison and Douglass in the presence of God, who gave it, and that its reward shall be "the rest of an eternal day."

SPIRITUAL ADVISERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE are, in New York City and elsewhere in the land, clergymen and men who call themselves disciples of Christ, who are living lives of deception and falsehood.

If one of them reads these words he will recognize himself. It is

useless for him to attempt to deceive his own soul; he cannot do it. He knows he is a liar and a knave at heart, but he has hardened himself to the thought by saying that he is no more than other men. I saw once upon a time a town placarded with the announcement that a certain man of God was to deliver a free lecture to young men on "Morality."

Only a few days previous a distracted woman had confided to me her desperation and misery because in a moment of weakness this very clergyman had caused her to lower herself in her own moral sight.

She had told him of her husband's neglect and unfaithfulness, and asked his counsel and assistance as a clergyman and spiritual adviser. He had given the sympathy most agreeable to a man. The woman was a weak, hysterical fool. The man was a hypocrite and devil. Had he not pretended to be a man of God—a teacher and guide for humanity—I would say he acted the role of a mere man and that the weakness was mainly on the part of the wife who appealed to him.

A man's recipe for curing the wounds made by another is another sin.

A young lady of my acquaintance accepted a position in the employ of a clergyman, and was obliged to leave after a few weeks because of the shocking discoveries she made regarding his methods of life. Other young women were in his employ as secretaries and assistants in his large charitable organizations, and so much that was secretive, suggestive, and unwholesome prevailed in the environment that my friend beat a hasty retreat. The clergyman still preaches the word of God to hungry souls.

Better never hear the Bible or religion mentioned than to sit in the presence of such a hypocrite and blasphemer. It is bad enough when a physician of the body enters a household to spread moral disease and wretchedness within its walls. There are such doctors in the land—men who take advantage of a sick woman's weakness to mislead and pervert her mind and soul. But when a doctor of divinity acts such a role it makes one willing to believe in an old-fashioned hell, with an old-fashioned devil, cloven-footed and horned, preparing his pot of brimstone for the sinner.—New York Sunday Journal.

MRS. STANTON HAS THE RIGHT VIEW OF IT.

[From THE NEW YORK SUN.]

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I write you as the Honorary President of the National Legislative League, in order to interest you in our Republican work, which is to forward the re-election of William McKinley. Yours sincerely,

Grace White.

Bowling Green Building, New York, May 25.

In reply to this letter I would say, while I have no interest whatever in the success of the Republican party or the re-election of William McKinley, I would do my utmost to rouse the women of the nation to serious thought on the immense importance of their own emancipation,

constituting, as they do, one-half the people of the nation. Presidents and parties, finance and tariffs, are of minor importance to the civil, political and social rights of the mothers of the race.

The enthusiasm of the mass of women for political parties and church fairs, for building statues to statesmen and parsonages for bishops, I would turn into stern demands for their own recognition as equal factors in a true republic.

William McKinley has never as yet, to my knowledge, uttered one word in favor of the education, elevation and emancipation of the women, wholly unrepresented in this Government. Though we have made our appeals in the capitol of the nation, year by year for over a quarter of a century, asking for a XVI. Amendment to the National Constitution giving us an equal share in all the rights and privileges that men enjoy, we have thus far appealed in vain. We have no champions in the Senate or the House to plead our case.

In the twenty-seventh chapter of Numbers we are told that the daughters of Zelophehad appeared in their capitol, asking for their rights of inheritance. They had a respectful hearing; Moses, the great law-giver, being deeply impressed with their demands, immediately retired to his closet to lay their case before the Lord, who said: "The daughters of Zelophehad speak right; give them their inheritance."

Their legislators promptly obeyed the message through Moses and the very first appeal of the Jewish maidens was answered, while the daughters of Jefferson, Hancock and Adams are still pleading in vain, though every fundamental principle of our Government is violated in woman's disfranchisement.

The "Fathers" said: "No just government can be formed without the consent of the governed." "Taxation without representation is tyranny"—and yet half the people of this nation are both taxed and governed without their consent.

As long as this policy continues Presidents and parties have no interest for us. My message to our countrywomen is to give all the time and thought they are now expending on political clubs and church festivals to securing their own civil and political rights.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES D. B. MILLS—OBITUARY NOTICE.

CHARLES D. B. MILLS, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, we have known quite intimately for over forty years, and during all that time, since we made his personal acquaintance, have held him in very high esteem, and we wish we were more competent to write an obituary notice of him such as his memory deserved, but following what we here have to say will be found notices of him by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Giles B. Stebbins, two of his special friends, who are as competent as any two persons living to describe his noble character.

In the fall of 1856 we moved from Marathon to Cortland, N. Y. We found in Cortland William H. Fish, an independent, anti-slavery preacher, of the faith of Theodore Parker, occupying the pulpit of the Universal Church of that town. For a number of years he, with his friends there, maintained, each winter, a course of lectures in his church by the most eminent lecturers of the country, such men as Emerson, Garrison, Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Starr King, George William Curtis, Horace Mann, Parker and others. Mr. Fish would engage them to give their popular lecture Saturday evening, and then occupy his pulpit on Sunday morning, and on those occasions the "Old Stone Church" would be packed by Liberal thinkers from that town and from the country for ten miles and more from the church.

One Sunday, at the close of the services, Mr. Fish announced that the succeeding Sunday morning Mr. Mills, a young man from Syracuse, would occupy his pulpit, and that he himself would preach in an adjoining town. A curiosity was aroused in the minds of the congregation as to this "young man," who was to stand in the place of our previous noted speakers. The Sunday morning came and the young man walked up into the pulpit. His personal appearance was not altogether prepossessing. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, short, thick-set, of sandy complexion, and we heard one person observe: "I wonder what that little red-headed fellow can say?" There passed over the audience an expression that seemed to say: "Fish has sold us for once." After the opening hymn had been sung, the speaker arose and read as the "morning lesson," extracts from the Christian Bible and

from a number of other "Sacred Books," and the character of the selections and the impressive manner of his reading them made a profound impression on his listeners. They were ready to listen to what he had to say. He commenced in his characteristic style, in a low, clear voice, but with the appearance of a little diffidence, as if fearful that he would not be able to present fully, and intelligently, all that was crowding on his mind for utterance, but as he proceeded he seemed to become more and more inspired, and after the ending of each paragraph, as it seemed, he would increase the volume of his voice and become more and more eloquent. On this occasion he had not been speaking over fifteen minutes before he had gained the closest attention of all present, and his hearers were convinced that the color of a man's hair was not so important as what lay just beneath it for oratory. The general expression, at the close of his lecture, was, that Mr. Mills had given us one of the ablest, most eloquent, impressive and instructive lectures that we had ever listened to, and that was high praise coming from that audience.

Mr. Mills was the founder and principal speaker, for many years, of the annual meeting of "The Friends of Human Progress," held near Waterloo, N. Y. We will here give his own words:

My acquaintance with Waterloo, as the place of the holding of a yearly meeting of some importance in relation to advanced thought, began in 1855. Reports had come to me that here were people who were seeking to gain intellectual and spiritual freedom, who were throwing off theological and sundry other shackles, and were striving at least to come into the broad light of perfect liberty. I heard that on the year previous (1854), after an animated debate, the meeting had passed a resolution declaring that the name it was to be known by should be hereafter "The Friends of Human Progress," instead of "The Congregational Friends," as at first they had called themselves. This seemed to me to indicate the spirit of a true independence, not so easy to find in those years; a disposition to break away from the trammels of sect and dogma, and come to the ground of seeking freely Truth Universal.

My first visit was made there in 1856. A small party, I think there were three of us, set forth for Seneca County, to find this little company of declared Friends of Progress. Uncle George and Aunt Margaret Pryor, as they were called—who were our host and hostess, I remember—Thomas and Mary McClintock, Amy Post, and others, all of whom had been honored members of the Friends' denomination, were present and actively engaged in the work of the meeting. The gathering was dignified and earnest, much occupied with questions of practical purport

and bore, I remember, what seemed to me some positive birth-marks of Quaker life from which in the main it had been born.

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In subsequent years I have met at these meetings Lucretia Mott, Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May and others not unknown to fame. The walls of the old Quaker meeting-house in Junius have rung with the eloquent appeals spoken there in behalf of Justice and the Rights of Man. Their echoes and undying spirit are still there, perceptible, palpable to the inner ear and sense, and they will remain and audibly speak in the long years to come.

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They foresaw what we now begin to see. Their word was announcement of a new birth in society, already in part come; still more was it prophecy of what still remains a dream, an anticipation, a beckoning possibility—the final complete enfranchisement and deliverance of man.

We think these meetings were the first Free Thought meetings that were ever held in this country. They were not at first very heretical in their utterances; they did not make it a point to attack the theology of the churches, but their aim was to advance various reforms, but as they progressed from year to year, finding that the church was the greatest enemy they had to meet they grew more radical in their utterances. To give some idea of the position they took on the subject of religion, we here publish some resolutions passed at one of the first meetings of this society. The resolutions were drawn up and presented by Mr. Mills, and seconded by Lucretia Mott.

Resolved, That in the universal, ever-living presence in the human soul, as ideals within, of Order, Beauty, Truth, Justice, Wisdom and Goodness, is to be recognized the Revelation of God, greater than all statements, and higher than all Bibles; in the expression ever-varying, and ever-constant; of these in Nature without, is to be seen the manifestation of God; in the utterance of these by tongue and pen, along the ages of human history, is to be heard the spoken Voice, and read the written Book of God; in the warm embrace and loving obedience of the soul to these, as the sublime aim of its existence, the sovereign purpose of its life, is to be found the worship and service of God, the attainment of richest blessedness and eternal life in his bosom.

Resolved, That the ordinances of Religion, therefore, are not ceremonial but natural; not arbitrary and formal rites, but those free true acts, those earnest and unremitting endeavors which may be demanded on behalf of Truth, Justice and Goodness, to extend their prevalence, to exalt and widen their sway over this earth.

Resolved, That the so-called ordinances of the Christian Church, the ceremonial baptism, and the ceremonial supper, are not at the present day, the natural and spontaneous expression by the human soul, of its

reverence, and consecration to the high ends of its existence, but dry, formal rites, void of quickening life and refreshing power, and have ever (as history and observation abundantly testify), been fruitful occasions of dark superstition, deep delusion and dreadful idolatry.

Resolved, That to the true and loyal soul, the sacraments are as broad as the earth, rich as history, fresh as humanity, from whose varied repasts of fellowship and communion, whether in the walks of solitude, in the place of assembly, by the fireside or frugal board, he gathers ever new refreshment, resolution and strength for the battle of life.

Resolved, That to such a soul, life is ever a sacred act of devotion, from each of whose labors and trials, endeavors and sufferings in behalf of his fellows, he is anon rising, bathed, purified, and quickened afresh, in a new and heavenly baptism.

It was our privilege for some ten years to attend these annual meetings and listen to the eloquent men and women who spoke in the old Quaker church, and there was no one who spoke on that platform who we listened to with more interest than C. D. B. Mills. These meetings were held the first days of June, when Nature was dressed in her most attractive garb, and on Sunday every seat in this church, below and in the gallery, was filled with attentive listeners and hundreds of people often filled the church yard who were unable to get into the church, but listened from the open doors and windows. On those occasions Mr. Mills often closed the meeting in the afternoon with one of his eloquent and impressive discourses in behalf of the Religion of Humanity. It has never been our privilege to listen to grander, nobler, we might truthfully say more seemingly divine utterances than we have listened to on those occasions.

There was a John Brown memorial meeting held in Cortland, N. Y., on Dec. 2, 1859, the day John Brown was hung. Mr. Mills was the principal speaker. It was one of his greatest efforts. He was speaking about the same hour that the slave-holders were choking Brown to death, and the occasion was one that gave this earnest friend of Liberty sublime words for utterance.

In 1861 we were present at an attempt to hold an anti-slavery convention in Convention Hall in Syracuse, at which C. D. B. Mills was one of the speakers, as were Susan B. Anthony and Samuel J. May, but the good (?) Christians would not permit it. In "The Life Work of Susan B. Anthony," we read of this attempted convention: "The hall was filled with a howling, drunken, infuriated crowd, rotten eggs were thrown, benches broken, and knives and pistols gleamed in every direction." We in our enthusiasm tried to speak, but the cry went up:

"Throw the d——d nigger out of the window," and we made our exit with the others out of a back way.

About the year 1863 there were held weekly, for some three months, nearly all winter, public meetings in the City Hall in Syracuse, to discuss the question of Woman Suffrage. Mr. Mills took great interest in these meetings. The principal speakers in favor of Woman Suffrage were Matilda Joslyn Gage, C. D. B. Mills, Samuel J. May and Stephen Dillaye. These were the leaders of those who opposed the reform: Patrick Corbett, Police Justice, and John Clark, an attorney-at-law. These discussions resulted in much good.

In July, 1870, a "Radical Club" was organized in Syracuse, and the following officers were elected:

President—C. D. B. Mills.

Recording Secretary—Marcus M. Pratt.

Corresponding Secretary—H. L. Green.

Treasurer—H. P. Stark.

This club continued in existence some seven years. Mr. Mills was the president for the first three years, and after him Lucy N. Colman held the office. Here we often listened to splendid speeches from Mr. Mills.

We think the largest Free Thought convention ever held in this country was held near Wolcott, N. Y., on the 17th, 18th and 19th days of August, 1877. At that convention Mr. Mills was elected permanent chairman and presided throughout the convention with marked ability. We had the honor at that convention of introducing Horace Seaver, editor of the Investigator, to D. M. Bennett, editor of the Truth Seeker. The convention was held in the county fair tent, and the associated press dispatch stated that "there were 2,000 Freethinkers in convention in a grove near Wolcott, N. Y." At that convention the New York State Freethinkers' Association was formed. Mr. Mills was a speaker at a number of these conventions. At the Watkins convention in 1878 he made a remarkably able speech, entitled, "The Aspects and the Duties of the Hour," in which he closed with this admonition to Liberals, that is as appropriate for this day as it was for the day it was spoken:

"There is a suspicion abroad—it comes in all times of marked revolt and breaking up—that Liberals are inclined to make their freedom the occasion of license. It is so in regard to religion, so in regard to morals. 'Tis of the first importance that we show clearly that we stand not for less but for more—that our denials come of a larger belief.

"Liberals are on trial now before the public mind. They are mak-

ing up the record on which they shall be judged. What do they hold in morality? There are precious possessions that have been brought to us from the past; they are the conquest from ages and eons of struggle and conflict. One is liberty, another is self-restraint, recognized principles of public and private virtue in respect to the chastities of life. This acquisition also is blood-bought; it has cost ages of endeavor and struggle on the part of man to tame, to subjugate and discipline himself. Every victory has been purchased with expense of heart's blood. And at the best, man has attained but a partial result, has put thus far under only very limited curb the ferocious passions within.

"These are precious possessions, sacredly cherished and not to be surrendered or permitted to be surrendered or permitted to be ravished away. The public mind, the prayer and conscience of America, of the world, in fact, is emphatic and determined here. Now, if Liberals stand in this for more than the current sentiment about them requires, then are they strong and will prevail. If they stand for less, they are weak and will go under. These movements will be fated, short-lived, and they themselves will miserably perish. Liberalism will be ground to powder if it shall appear that it seeks to loosen the restraints upon the moral nature of man.

"The law of the survival of the fittest holds rigorously here. There have been, I suppose, in natural history, types, although new, that had not vitality enough to stay. There have been reforms initiated in the Christian Church, in old ages and in recent, that failed and perished because attempted by a sect that had not more but less of moral character than the faith they sought to supplant. Nature will not spare miscarriages and shortcomings, however fresh and recent. Whosoever will fall upon this stone shall be broken, but upon whomsoever the stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder.

"There shall be a new church, the home of regenerated, redeemed men and women, realization of the hopes and aspirations of long waiting humanity. There shall be a new earth, the genial shelter, support and also temple of man. There shall be the new society, palingenesia for the race, fulfillment of the dreams of Pythagoras, nay, of all the visions and the prophecy of high bards and sages since the world began.

"We stand in the conflux of the ages; we are the mediators and the mediums between the past and the opening future. Shall we be worthy to be the anointed priests and priestesses officiating at this altar, transmitting an augmented legacy, an enhanced inheritance of light, wisdom, integrity, and love to the waiting unborn generations that are to bless or to mourn the decisions and the deeds of this pregnant and also crucial hour? As Schiller sang:

"Fear not the free man, but tremble first
Before the slave when his chain is burst."

We give below the good words relating to Mr. Mills of two of the

greatest reformers of Humanity of the past century, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Giles B. Stebbins.

CHARLES DE BERARD MILLS.—BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Charles de Berard Mills was born at New Hartford, Oneida County, on January 15th, 1821. On his mother's side he was descended from a noble French family. Mr. Mills' father was of Puritan stock and for many years was a Presbyterian minister.

Charles was the eldest son and early showed scholarly instincts. He was a student at Oneida Institute, of which Beriah Green was president at the time. He left Oneida to study at Lane Seminary at Cincinnati with Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Professor Stowe who was considered the finest Arabic scholar of his day. In Mr. Mills he found an apt pupil, one who had unusual facility in acquiring languages and who was familiar through his studies with ancient and modern tongues, reading them easily in the original.

In the death of Charles Mills we have lost another of the few remaining apostles of the three great reforms of the century, namely, temperance, anti-slavery, and the emancipation of woman. For all these steps of progress he has been a persistent and eloquent speaker.

He was a steadfast friend of Rev. Samuel J. May, living in the same town for many years and standing side by side with him in all the great battles for freedom, enduring bitter denunciations, persistent persecutions, and danger by mob-law, violence, compelling him, as teacher and preacher, to frequent changes of residence, until anchored at last in Syracuse, N. Y., where he spent the last fifty years of his life.

Now that slavery is abolished, the advocates of temperance, respectable, and woman's civil and political rights partially recognized in England and America the present generation cannot realize the prolonged battles for freedom these brave champions have endured.

As for our noble friend's home relations, they were ideal; he had almost fifty-five years of happy married life. His kindness, gentleness and unselfishness endeared him to all his friends, especially to those at his own fireside. His whole life was a sacrifice for the happiness and freedom of others. His motto might have been "*Ich dien*" (I serve). Though loving above all things his literary pursuits, he cheerfully spent the best years of his life in business occupations, for the sake of his family.

Though over-weighted with these outside burdens, which gradually impaired his health, he diligently pursued his studies as time permitted.

Early in the morning and late at night he would pore over his loved volumes, or write the results of his researches.

He was not a recluse, and enjoyed true social intercourse. He could tell a story well, and appreciate one told by another. His memory was marvelous, whatever he read he made his own. He combined with masculine vigor and courage the tenderness and refinement of woman—the eternal feminine.

He was a knight “without fear and without reproach,” with no act in his life to regret, or to recall with sorrow.

Active in all the “charitable associations,” and public improvements, the city is the poorer for his loss. But, above all, are the members of his home circle bereft in the loss of the benign presence, which was to them a constant benediction.

For nearly half a century Mr. Mills had been a resident of Syracuse, deeply interested in all that pertained to its best life. He made several tours to principal cities in the West, delivering lectures on literary and philosophical themes. He was a great lover of Emerson and had keen sympathy with Oriental thought and literature. In addition to numerous magazine articles on philosophy and kindred themes, he published “Buddha and Buddhism,” “Pebbles, Pearls and Gems of the Orient,” and “The Tree of Mythology.”

The funeral services were of a unique character, and were in keeping with the life of the departed. The remains reposed on a couch in the parlors, with a slumber robe thrown over, as though he were asleep. There was a profusion of flowers, the gifts of friends with whom Mr. Mills had been associated through his long and active career. The services were opened with the recitation of the Twenty-third Psalm by the Rev. S. R. Calthrop, at the close of which he referred briefly to the life of Mr. Mills, in the course of which he said: “Mr. Mills’ life was a benediction. He was true to his highest convictions from the earliest dawn of his being to the evening of life. He was a priest and prophet. He possessed the conviction of the surrounding presence of the Eternal, which made his life sweet. It gave him peace amid all the buffetings which beset his pathway in his earlier life.”

After several other tributes the services were brought to a conclusion by the recital by the Rev. S. R. Calthrop of the well-known lines from Browning’s “Epilogue to Asolando,” and Tennyson’s “Crossing the Bar.” The remains were taken to Waterville, Oneida County, where they were cremated, according to his last wishes.

IN MEMORIAM.—BY GILAS B. STEBBINS.

Charles de Berard Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y., is a familiar name of a friend held in high esteem for a half century. The old Waterloo Quaker meeting house, plain after the fashion of Friends, brown and unpainted, its merciful horsesheds telling of kindness to dumb beasts, its grassy yard shaded by giant survivors from a primeval forest—the ideal place for a lunch from well-filled baskets and for talk of many matters of moment—so as to be ready for the “weighty matters of the law” to be frankly discussed in the afternoon.

Three days were filled by a meeting—memorable occasions they were! This historic meeting-house stood central amidst green fields, three miles west of the town, and for some twenty years was a mecca for the yearly pilgrimage of “Progressive Friends” from far and near, C. D. B. Mills being one of the central figures.

A man peculiar for being “diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving humanity”—a self-supporting missionary; felicitous in style as writer or speaker, learned in research, especially in Asiatic religious lore, searching in his teachings of the ethical demands of duty, and knowing the soul and meaning of the great reforms. His grandfather, Charles J. de Berard, was a personal friend of Lafayette, educated in the same military school in Paris, an emigrant to this country to help us in our war of Independence in 1776, settling in and removing to Oneida County, New York. Mr. Mills’ father, of Puritan stock, was long a Presbyterian minister. The grandson was born in New Hartford, Oneida County, in 1821. His mother of a noble French family, and her gifted son a scholar and thinker, simple and unambitious.

We find him a student at Oneida, where the abolitionist, Beriah Green, was president of a school; then at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, with Dr. Beecher and Prof. Stowe. He was too stalwart an anti-slavery man to be a popular preacher, but was a gifted teacher. He wrote “Buddha and Buddhism,” “Pearls and Gems of the Orient,” and magazine articles much prized, and greatly admired Emerson and Parker. His last forty-eight years were spent in Syracuse as an active and prized participant in what was best in its life; his last fourteen years in his home, a center of the highest light, where his gifted and loving wife and daughter shed affectionate grace over all. He was deeply interested in the great woman suffrage reform; his daughter, Harriet May Mills, is a widely known advocate of woman. His religious views rose above all dogmatic theology. The soul was more than the creed.

The simple funeral was largely attended, tributes being paid to his noble life by Emily Howland, E. W. Mundy, S. R. Calthorp, Susan B. Anthony, and E. W. Mundy read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

The remains were cremated.

GEORGE BILLINGS WHEELER.

The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few.— St. Matthew IX: 37.

THIS text was often preached from years ago, and the ministers construed it to mean that more evangelists were needed to spread the glad tidings of the gospel of hell and damnation. But things have changed, and the text, to apply to the present time, should read, "The



GEORGE B. WHEELER.

laborers are plenteous but the harvest is poor." On the other hand, the text is now very appropriate for Freethinkers to use. Never before was the harvest of reason and common sense so "plenteous" in the sphere of religion as it is to-day, but the laborers are few, and that is the reason we are so much in need of Liberal Universities, and other Free Thought schools where young men and young women can be educated, not to preach orthodoxy, but Liberalism. We now need a thousand such "laborers" as Dr. T. B. Gregory, of the Chicago Liberal Society, to preach the truth. "The harvest is plenteous."

Orthodoxy is dying. No man dare preach it to-day. There are but few preachers who will declare that the entire Bible is the "Word of God." None of them take for texts at this day such passages as the following:

"And the rich man also died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and cried to Father Abraham to 'send Lazarus with a drop of water to cool my tongue.'"

"He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

"Then shall he say, also, to them on his left hand, 'Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

Thomas Paine declared that before the end of the nineteenth century Christianity was a living institution. But no intelligent clergyman preaches from those texts to-day.

Thomas Paine declared that before the end of the nineteenth century Christianity would be a thing of the past, and his prophecy has proved true. The Christianity of his day—genuine Christianity—is dead and buried past resurrection. The world is now in need of a new Gospel—the gospel of Science, which is well called the Religion of Humanity. To spread this gospel we need workers in every community, like the young man whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose good-looking portrait we herewith present to our readers.

This young man is a resident of Chicago, and is one of the most indefatigable workers for the Free Thought cause we have ever known. If each of our large towns had such a worker how our cause would prosper. He is an employee of the United States Government, and during certain hours of the day and the night he is engaged in that employment. And the government has no more faithful employee, but when his official work is done he does not spend his spare time in frivolous amusement, as many working men do, but he goes out among his fellow-citizens and tries in some way to interest them in progressive thought, in the line of advanced ideas.

Mr. Wheeler is one of the chief supporters of the Chicago Liberal Society, one of its Executive Committee, and he puts in many an hour's work each week in the society's behalf. He is also a special friend of the Liberal University, and, although a poor man, depending on his daily labor for his living, he has paid for a number of shares of stock in that institution. Another thing, he is much interested in, and that is in circulating Free Thought literature. He has constantly with him, when off duty, a copy of most of the Liberal papers and magazines, and he urges all those people whom he meets, who are intelligent and Liberally inclined, to subscribe to one or more of them. He also is a tract distributor, not the kind prepared for the purpose of scaring the ignorant and bigoted into the church to avoid the fires of hell, but the kind that will free the mind from the cobwebs of superstition and cultivate it, so that it can enjoy the beauties of nature and fall in love with the Religion of Humanity.

We will also add that Brother Wheeler is blessed with an intelligent, good-looking wife, a little inclined to orthodoxy, and two bright, wide-awake children—a boy and a girl—whom he intends to educate at

the Liberal University in Silverton, Oregon. What the Liberal cause needs just at this time is more Wheelers.

ORTHODOX-LIBERAL CLERGYMEN.

IN the June number of the *North American Review* the Rev. George W. Shinn has an article entitled "What Has Become of Hell?" The article is particularly interesting to Liberals, not because it discusses intelligently the present whereabouts of hell, but because it shows to a remarkable degree the crawfish attitude of the clergy. There is much in Rev. Shinn's article that is opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, although Rev. Shinn is afraid to say so. He presents some facts that reflect upon Christianity to such an extent as to lead one to believe that he has either been peeping into Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," or has at some time in the past been considerably enlightened by one or two of Robert G. Ingersoll's lectures.

Rev. Shinn is much surprised at the suddenness with which the doctrine of hell has fallen into disrepute. "We do not hear of it," he says, "in the pulpit, nor see any reference to it in the religious press, nor in the modern theological books, nor is it often brought up in religious conversation. It is tabooed by the pulpit generally."

And, contrasting the past belief in hell with that of the present, he goes on to say:

"We have been told of red-hot gridirons, attended by shrieking demons who have kept the gridirons well filled with broiling victims. We have heard of huge cauldrons full of boiling lead and brimstone, to be poured over new comers as the ceremony of welcoming them to the society of the lost. We have heard of a pestilential atmosphere laden with concentrated diseases, and men driven by demons to breathe this disease-laden air. We have heard of horned and cloven-footed demons, goading their victims around circles, up and down steep heights, onward and onward, simply for the gratification of their hatred and to add to the sorrows of the lost. We have been told of the great chorus of dreadful shrieks that issued from prisons into which special victims have been driven for special enormities."

This is all very good church history. And when, after these descriptions, Rev. Shinn exclaims: "What ingenuity men have used to describe the life lived by men in hell!" we heartily agree with him. But like the average liberal clergyman, he does not go far enough. He is too timid, too orthodox. Instead of placing the blame for the existence of

the doctrine of hell where it belongs he excuses both the real culprits—Christianity and its book, the Bible. The whole responsibility, according to him, rests with the translators of God's inspired book. Sheol, Gehenna, Tartarus and Hades, mentioned in the Bible, do not mean hell. "Sheol," says Rev. Shinn, "refers in an indefinite way to the grave or condition of the dead." And so, in a like manner, he attempts to explain the words Hades and Gehenna. And then, fearing he has been too liberal, or expressed himself too openly, Rev. Shinn, toward the end of his article, throws this sop to the more orthodox of his readers:

"God hates sin. But there came One in our nature who was without sin. He came to be the Lamb without spot, who, by the sacrifice of Himself made, should take away the sins of the world."

In spite of such nonsense expressed here and there throughout the article, we do not wish to criticise Rev. Shinn personally. But simply wish to use him as a type of those clergymen who have had their reasoning powers awakened by the scientists and philosophers, but who have not the moral courage to say when cornered, "I was mistaken."

These half-and-half preachers know as well as we do that their Bible is full of mistakes, full of the absurd and ridiculous, but they have told the people that it is an inspired book, and if they give up its inspiration they destroy the very foundation of Christianity. So they play the part of the hypocrite, the quibbler and the intellectual trickster. It matters not to the modern Christian apologist that the fathers of the church from St. Peter, St. Polycarp and Origen to Martin Luther and Jonathan Edwards believed in the Bible literally. These men believed in the existence of hell, witches, miracles, etc., because the Bible plainly said they existed. They knew nothing of six days meaning six ages, or that hell was simply a vague reference to the grave. There was no figurative language in the Bible for them. Hell was hell and six days was six days. It is only in later times, when the scientific spirit controls the intellectual world, that the clergy have suddenly discovered that nearly everything in the Bible that is absurd, obscene and cruel is to be taken merely in a figurative sense.

Now, the question with us Freethinkers is: Are these modern preachers—these apologists—sincere? Are they intellectually honest? We know that the early apostolical fathers—and some of the saints—were honest. We can at least say of them, as the Christian missionaries say of the pagans—they did not "receive the light." But there is no excuse for the modern clergyman who has received the light, pretends to

be liberal, disbelieves in the miraculous, etc., and yet persists in explaining, excusing, and upholding the gross absurdities, obscenities and cruelties of the Bible. If he does not believe in the doctrine of hell he should not believe in the Bible that teaches hell. If he does not believe in miracles, in witches, in prophecies, he should not believe in the Bible that tells of all these, and damns people if they do not believe them.

As far as we Freethinkers are concerned, it is needless for Rev. Shinn to ask us: What has become of hell? or any other Christian doctrine. We know where all such doctrines belong, and where they are going. For many years the clergy have been telling us that if we did not believe in the absurd doctrines of Christianity that we would go to hell and reside there permanently. Now, it is our turn, and we can tell the preachers—the orthodox ones—that their doctrines are fast going to where they formerly said unbelieving man was sure to go. R. N. R.

THE "AMERICAN PROGRESS."

AMERICAN PROGRESS" is a Chicago journal that we gave a favorable notice on page 370 of the June Magazine. The name of the magazine and a letter that we copied from that publication—a letter from John Ruskin, the noted agnostic—was what gave us a good opinion of that paper. But we see by the issue of the May number, just out, more than a month late, that we were woefully misleading our readers as to the character of the misnamed "American Progress." The following paragraph appears in an editorial in the May issue:

"There have been sent to me for notice two magazines, one, 'Free Thought,' the other, 'Secular Science and Common Sense,' Chicago publications. While the United States government is busy suppressing publications which contain only beneficial suggestions in the interest of the laborer, I would advise that these pamphlets go under the ban."

The first sentence in the above paragraph is a lie. We never sent the Free Thought Magazine "for notice" to that paper; on the other hand, the "American Progress" was sent to us, evidently to request an "exchange." That was the first knowledge we had of that paper. The editor is evidently a Christian, more properly, a Christian hypocrite, of the most orthodox persuasion. He says of himself in this article: "I have been gifted by Almighty God with intelligence." We doubt very much if "Almighty God" ever heard of him, or gifted him with much intelligence.

The editor in this issue gives us his "Declaration of Principles." One of these "Principles" reads:

Negroes should not be eligible for election or appointment to any office under the United States government.

That is the kind of "progress" this high-sounding journal advocates. It is good, old-fashioned orthodoxy that prevailed in the South, and also in the North, fifty years ago.

We do not ask that this herald of "progress" go "under the ban," to be suppressed by the government, but we predict the paper will not survive six months. At the commencement of the twentieth century the American people are not giving their support to that kind of "American Progress." We regret we feel compelled to give this blatherskite editor and his sheet so extensive a notice. And this reminds us of an incident that we met with when a small boy. Passing up the road, through the woods, one day, we discovered a beautiful white and black animal, by the roadside, that we took for a young squirrel. We caught it up in our arms to carry home, but had not gone far before we discovered, as in this case, we had made a mistake, and were compelled to drop our skunk that we had taken for a squirrel.

Out of respect for our lady contributors we at first thought we would not publish what this man who asserts, "I have been gifted by Almighty God with intelligence," says of them. But we will here give one paragraph:

"It is a fad with some men—not conviction—to scoff at all purity and sacredness, but when a woman turns to such jest and mockery for notoriety she makes of herself a sexual mistake from which even an obscene man would turn in disgust. These are not the women our manhood turns to for solace in cares, sympathy in sorrow; nor are they fit to teach the little children God so loved. Thank God their number is so insignificant we seldom hear of them at all! Prayer and woman are indissolubly joined, and even our most profane men would not have it otherwise."

There is not a woman that writes for this magazine but what forgets every day more than this man ever knew. He is evidently, by this kind of talk, bidding for the patronage of the church, but there is not a respectable clergyman in this country from whom he will gain favors by this kind of gabble. And we have more intelligent ministers on our subscription list now than he will ever obtain. We have mailed him our pamphlet, "Is This Your God?" by Lurana W. Sheldon," who is probably one of the women that has raised his pious ire. The "fool-killer" could find most desirable work for the public good at the office of the "American Progress."

DONATION DAY FOR THE LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

THE Liberal University is in great need of funds, and as "day of prayer" would be behind the times, we have concluded to appoint July 20, 1900, as a Day of Donation.

We earnestly request every Liberal in America to send us a remittance on that day, if it is no more than twenty-five cents. The name and address of each donor, with the amount given, will be published in the *Torch of Reason*. "In union there is strength."

Address J. E. Hosmer, President L. U. O., Silverton, Oregon.

We very gladly publish the above call and earnestly request every one of our readers to respond to the request therein stated. There is no one so poor but he or she can send the small sum of twenty-five cents. This call we learn is to be sent for publication to each of the Free Thought publications, so it ought to come under the notice of 25,000 Freethinkers. If each will send twenty-five cents, the whole sum realized will be \$6,250. Now let us all lift together. Remember the date, July 20, 1900.

THE SPIRIT OF ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY.

JESUS is reported as saying: Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.—Matthew 10: 34, 35.

And the following, that we clip from the Chicago Tribune of June 18, shows that Bishop Earl Cranston is a zealous advocate of the kind of religion taught in the above words of Jesus:

Denver, Colo., June 17.—(Special.)—Bishop Earl Cranston, who recently returned from China, declared from the pulpit to-day that civilized nations must rule China.

"It is worth any cost in money," he said. "It is worth any cost in bloodshed if we can make millions of Chinese true and intelligent Christians."

He said that the missionaries' compound was under the guns of Peking, and that from the inner wall of the city the native troops could blow this foreign quarter to pieces.

The United States, he said, had but a paltry company of marines to protect its missionaries and its citizens.

"I would cut all of the red tape in the world," he asserted, "and break all the treaties ever made to place the armies of the United States in the fore next to Great Britain. We must not be the tail end of everything."

"The open door must be maintained for Christianity as well as commerce, and the bigotry of Russia, which now shows so strongly in the

events taking place in China, must not be allowed to interfere with the progress of humanity, civilization, and religion."

We do not defend the conduct of the "Boxers;" their conduct appears most villainous and detestable from our standpoint, but we have not heard their side of the case; but of one thing we are sure, that no more fiendish spirit prevails among them (poor "heathen" as they are) than that expressed by this bloodthirsty Christian Bishop. He would like to have placed at his command all the armies of the United States, with which to compel every Chinaman to endorse his creed and become a Christian. He declares, as stated above, that "It is worth any cost in money, any cost in bloodshed, if we can make the millions of Chinese true Christians."

Christianity is dying out in what are known as Christian countries, as admitted by intelligent Christians, and now Christians would like to spread their "gospel of peace on earth" into nations that do not desire it, by means of the United States army, and those of the heathen who will not willingly accept it they desire to slaughter on the battlefield.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE APOSTLES' CREED. An analysis of its clauses, with reference to their credibility. By Archibald Hopkins. G. Putnam's Sons: New York, 1900. Pp. 207. Price \$1.00.

The author of this book is the son of Rev. Mark Hopkins, the noted President of Williams College. Our readers will remember that the leading article in the April (1896) number of this Magazine the author of the above entitled book had a very able article that occupied nineteen pages of the Magazine, entitled: "Are All the Teachings of the New Testament Infallible and For All Time?" Soon after that article appeared in the Magazine Col. Ingersoll came to Chicago to lecture. We handed him the copy of the Magazine containing the article. He took the number and remarked: "I read the article in this number by Hopkins with great interest. Mr. Hopkins is a personal friend of mine, and a very able man. He is the son of a noted orthodox clergyman who was the President of Williams College. Mr. Green," said the Colonel, "you are lucky in procuring such a man as a contributor to your Magazine." We quote the above statement from memory. The Colonel also remarked, in relation to the great change of views between the father and son.

This is one of the books that every Freethinker ought to own, for it is a most able digest of the orthodox creed. Although the author attacks "The Apostles' Creed" and declares "that it has been the most prolific cause of bloody wars and cruel persecution that the world has known," he defends the Religion of Humanity, and demands that this creed be abolished that humanitarian religion may do its perfect work. He says:

"The expression of doubt in regard to such beliefs" contained in this creed "has brought thousands to torture and the stake. Even now I am well aware that in venturing to discuss the Apostles' Creed as stating or implying anything but absolute verity in any particular, I shall be regarded by many as making a wanton attack on religion. I myself believe just the contrary. Whatever definition may be made of religion, no one will deny that right conduct and true brotherliness are its two most important elements." Some of the titles of the chapters in this book are the following: "The Creeds, Origin and Contents;" "Actual Fire;" "Value of Evidence;" "Jarring Sects;" "Opposed Versions;" "The Virgin Birth;" "The Descent Into Hell;" "The Resurrection;" "The Ascension;" "The Judgment;" "The Holy Catholic Church;" "The Communion of Saints;" "The Forgiveness of Sins;" "Conclusion."

LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Dean Dudley. Published by the Author. Pp. 57. Price, 25 cents.

This is another attempt to give the world the life of a man who is reported to have lived some two thousand years ago, about whom no one living at this time really knows for a certainty anything. There is one thing at least that can be said in its favor; it is a small book, not like the one that Beecher wrote, that Sam Wilkinson said "the Beecher trial knocked higher than a kite." Mr. Dudley is a Freethinker and writes from a Free Thought standpoint, therefore there are no superstitious ideas contained in this book. He closes this "Life of Jesus" in these words: "Now, after all has been said that is known of Jesus for a certainty, what was there in him which could have justified any one in calling, or supposing him to be, divine, a god or any part of a god? The Greeks and the Romans were accustomed to deify certain old heroes and even their emperors in later times. So they could very easily have been persuaded to believe in such divinities. But for our people in these times to worship a poor, weak, ignorant Jew, who lived in a miserable corner of the world and was in his life-time unknown to fame, is the most astonishing fact of which I can conceive."

THE CHRIST MYTH. By Elizabeth E. Evans. Truth Seeker Company. Pp. 123. Price, 25 cents.

The fact that this little book is written by a woman is very encouraging to Freethinkers, for women are now about the only genuine supporters of the orthodox church. Men, generally, who do support the church, do it out of policy, for the sake of trade, or for political preferment, or to get social standing, but there are a few women whose brains have been kept so undeveloped that they really think they believe the orthodox creed. But that number is constantly growing less, and so the great Methodist church has at last granted women the privilege of being "lay delegates" to their conventions, in hopes to stop this leakage that is endangering the very existence of the church. But the tide of "Infidelity" can't be kept back with Mrs. Partington's little broom. We predict that during the next twenty-five years there will be a great

revival of Free Thought among women, and that the church will have to grant them more than the right to be heard as delegates, in their conventions, to retain them.

THE SOUL OF MAN. By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Company: Chicago. Pp. 500. Price, 75 cents.

We think there is no publishing house in this country, or, in fact, in the world, that is bringing out so many valuable books of a religious or non-religious character as the Open Court Publishing Company. In connection with their most valuable monthly, "The Open Court," they are constantly publishing books by the ablest thinkers, that deal with vital questions of the day in a brave and fearless manner, the sole aim of which seems to be to get at the exact truth, regardless of the prejudices and opinions of men. And whether one agrees with what he finds in these publications or not, he cannot but admire the intentions of the publishers, for it is so self-evident that they have but one object in view, and that is, bringing to the understanding of their readers what they claim to be the only true religion, the Religion of Humanity. We quote below the two first paragraphs of the preface of this book:

"What is more interesting to man than his own soul! And what, at the same time, is so mysterious, so wonderful, so marvelous! Our pleasures and pains, our loves and hatreds, our hopes and fears, our longings, our aspirations and ideals, whence do they come, what is their meaning and whither do they tend?"

For every one the center of the universe lies in himself. In our soul, if anywhere, must be sought the key to the mysteries of the cosmos. And the problem of the human soul is of most vital importance; for every practical work, every success in human life, is a part of its solution. All progress, all evolution, all growth, means a development, an expanse, and an elevation of the human soul. We cannot think of any improvement of economical, political, social, scientific, or religious conditions that is not at the same time an advance in the psychical life of man."

These publications are all for sale at the office of the Free Thought Magazine.

ALL SORTS.

—"The Light of Day" ought to have an enormously large sale.

—"Is This Your God?" is an orthodox eye-opener. We will send you twelve copies for twenty-five cents.

—"The Ingersoll Memorial Number" of this magazine contains the best likeness of Ingersoll, many think, that has ever been published.

—Elsie—Mamma, do the little angels in heaven have any toys?

Mamma—No, dear, I think not.

Elsie—Mamma, I think they might be allowed to play hoop with their old halos.—Chicago Chronicle.

—A Doubtful Meaning: Curate—I am always pleased to see you such an attentive listener at church, Giles.

Giles—Yes, sir; I sits back comfort-

able in my pew, and while you are preaching I just thinks of nothing.—*London Fun.*

—Sunday School Teacher—Now, Bobby, we have read the beautiful parable of the prodigal son; tell me what important lesson it teaches us.

Bobby—It teaches us that it's better to be a prodigal son than a fatted calf.—*Chicago News.*

—The minister had been talking about the necessity of a new heart, and little Bessie's father, taking her on his knee, asked her if she knew what a new heart was.

"Oh, yes," replied the little miss, "you can buy one at the candy store for a penny."—*Chicago News.*

—Daniel K. Tenney, upon whom, many think, the mantle of Ingersoll has fallen, as a Free Thought writer, tells us about the preachers in the leading article in this number of the magazine. The article has been put in pamphlet form and sells for ten cents a copy or twelve copies for \$1.00. Send in your orders.

—The Parson—How did you get that black eye, Tommy?

Tommy—Fighting, sir.

The Parson—I'm sorry to hear that. Don't you know that it is wrong to fight?

Tommy—Yes, sir. That's what I told your kid when he licked me yesterday.

—The Plumber—I believe that we will all follow the same vocation in the next world as we do in this.

The Carpenter—Well, if that's true, you will be out of a job.

The Plumber—Why so?

The Carpenter—What use will they have for plumbers where there is no water?

—Presumably as an agent of civilization, 1,000 tons of assorted liquors have been dispatched in one cargo to the

west coast of Africa. Byron declared that rum and true religion were twin soothers of the savage breast. Probably, therefore, the cargo of stimulants will be followed shortly by a ship load of missionaries.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

—"Poor Lot!" exclaimed a lady in the art gallery as she paused in front of a painting representing the family leaving the doomed city. "I wonder what he thought when he beheld his wife transformed into a pillar of salt."

"I suppose," replied her husband, "that he thought he would now have a chance to get a fresh one."—*Chicago News.*

—Reporter—If you will allow me to have the sermon which you deliver on Sunday I will copy it and print it in Monday's paper.

Rev. Mr. Do Goode—I cannot allow my sermon to go out of my hands. If you will come to church on Sunday you can hear it and take notes.

Reporter (with dignity)—I do not work on Sunday, sir!—*New York Weekly.*

—The *Light of Day*, religious discussions and criticisms from the naturalist's point of view, by John Burroughs, is one of the ablest Free Thought works that have been published for a long time. See what the *Chicago Tribune* says about it on another page of this number of the magazine. We shall more fully review it in the August magazine. It is for sale at this office. Price, \$1.50.

—The Congregationalist tells of a clergyman who had a notice printed in which, after enumerating the various attractions of his coming Sunday program, he wound up by saying, "If you want to be in the swim come to our church on Sunday." His ecclesiastical neighbor was reading the notice to his wife, with no little amusement, and she, not being fully posted on current phraseology, inquired in all seriousness

if they were to have a baptismal service.—Truth Seeker.

—One of our most intelligent contributors writes in a private letter:

Dear Mr. Green: The June number of Free Thought Magazine is especially welcome to us; very welcome are the sensible lines from J. T. Watkins of Virginia. We have reason (outside the magazine) to call Mr. Watkins a gentleman of refined taste, and we like Mr. Joe Thornton; his face alone is a "letter of credit." The description of the birthday celebration of Jenny June Croly was simply a treat, and the place of honor given "Our Helen" makes us feel very much larger.

—A. W. Campbell of Thonotosassa, Fla., sends up a club of subscribers from that town and writes: "The three first names are all colored young men, trying to get out of the old theological rut that their fathers have traveled in. I have more hopes of the colored young people in the South than of the white." (We think our friend is right. As a general thing, the more intelligent young men of the colored race are Free Thinkers.—Ed.)

—It seems that Liberal papers are not the only ones that do not pay expenses. The committee on the official Methodist papers, at the Chicago Methodist conference, report a loss on "the Northern Christian Advocate" within the last year of \$15,000, and their Book Concern of over \$100,000. This statement we take from the Chicago Tribune of May 17. Evidently orthodox books are not sought for very much nowadays, and that is a most encouraging sign of progress.

—At a meeting of the School Board of the city of Chicago held May 25, 1900, the Tribune says that "The plan to introduce a book containing certain passages from the Bible was defeated at a meeting of the special committee appointed to consider the matter. A number of pastors compiled the book.

The vote against it was unanimous."

So "the number of pastors who compiled the book" can keep their bantling for their own use. The schools of Chicago do not need it.

—We notice it is proposed to have an ordinance passed for the city of Chicago forbidding the establishment of saloons within 250 feet of churches. How would it do to have an ordinance passed forbidding a church being established within 250 feet of a saloon? They are both very bad institutions and should be "established" in no civilized country. The church destroys the mind, and the saloons the body. Good schools, and hygiene and ethical institutions should be established in place of them.

—Agnosticism is the confession of inability either to affirm or deny certain propositions. It implies not intellectual weakness or indifference, but rather fearless and formidable intellectual honesty. Knowledge is exacting and arbitrary; it is attained by all in exactly the same way; it knows no distinction of title, rank or birth; it is no respecter of persons; riches cannot buy it nor power compel it, nor arrogance humiliate it, nor selfishness control it. It is approached by an open road wherein, alike and equal, travel cleric and layman, rich and poor, youth and age, doubter and believer.—Dr. J. R. Roberts.

—As a parent, in the first place, I would teach the child the thoughtlessness, the selfishness, the heartlessness, the cruelty of hunting for sport. I would put into his hands no air-guns or instruments or weapons by which he could inflict torture upon or take the life of birds or other animals. Instead of encouraging him in torturing or killing the birds, I would point out to him the great service they are continually doing for us in the destruction of various worms and insects, and

small rodents, which, if left to themselves, would so multiply as literally to destroy practically all fruit and plant life.—The Home and School.

—"Our Animal Friends" says that Bishop Lawrence of the Protestant Episcopal Church went all the way from Boston to Washington to oppose Senator Gallinger's bill against the cruelties of vivisection, and that about all he said was this: "I feel that vivisection, while it should be limited by law under certain conditions, should be given large liberty." Our Animal Friends says, "That is the only sentence worth repeating in the whole speech of about five hundred words." That paper says further: "Bishop Lawrence was so eager to give 'large liberty' to the practice of vivisection that he traveled all the way to Washington to exert his influence against the most moderate conceivable 'limitation' of it that a principled moderation could devise."

—Rev. John W. Butler, a missionary from Mexico, has this to say in the Chicago Tribune of the Catholic priests of that country:

As to the condition of the priests in Mexico at the present time, I will only say that a priest himself said to me one day: "I have been a priest for thirty years, and most of the time a father confessor, and I want to say to you that the worst you ever heard or read concerning the corruption of the clergy in my country does not begin to tell the truth." Others have said the same thing.

Now, if we could get some Catholic priest of Mexico to tell us how the Protestant missionaries conduct themselves in Mexico we would have a pretty correct view of this blessed "gospel of Christ," that we are told is to redeem the world.

—"The Home and School" has this to say:

We are accustomed to think of the

"Dark Ages" as in the past, and to congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are living in the light of the nineteenth century under the civilizing influence of Christianity.

The writer of the above has got the "cart before the horse," as the saying is. The cause of the "Dark Ages" was that during that time the people were entirely "under the civilization (?) of Christianity." Stated more correctly, they were under the demoralizing effect of Christianity. Then there was a church on every corner and the priest was the absolute ruler in church and state. Only as we have become emancipated from Christianity have we become civilized.

—A convention of Christians recently passed the following resolution, which we clip from the Chicago Tribune:

"Resolved, That we give the weight of our influence to every legitimate movement which tends to abolish the sale of intoxicants on the Lord's day, and we urge the complete closing of saloons on Sunday.

Now, if saloons are good things they ought to be open on all days of the week, and if they are a bad thing they should be open on no day of the week. How would a resolution of this kind sound:

"Resolved, That we give the weight of our influence to every legitimate movement which tends to abolish highway robbery on the Lord's day, and we urge that this crime be entirely prohibited on Sunday." And everybody knows that humanity suffers ten times more from the work of saloons than from the highway robbers.

—A cyclone struck St. Paul May 13, killing and injuring many people of that city. In the report that appeared in the St. Paul Dispatch we find the following:

It was while kneeling in prayer in St. Luke's Church that Miss Fanny Mullen met her death. The brick chimney of the church, torn loose by the wind, fell

through the roof of the building just to the right of the sanctuary, and passed through the floor. A hole five feet across was torn, and Miss Mullen was carried with the debris, although it is not thought that she was seriously injured until after the fall into the basement. After landing in the basement more bricks fell upon her, crushing out life.

Suppose this woman had been playing cards or dancing. What a warning it would have been to sinners. Now, our Christian friends will claim that Miss Mullen was too good for this earth, and the Lord took this way to take her home to glory. These Christians are curious people.

—Charles A. Casteel of Waverly, N. J., sends us the following:

I was very much amused over an argument which I heard the other day at our county seat. It being the first day of Circuit Court, there was a large crowd in front of the court house, and when I came up I found they were arguing on "sanctification," whether it was compatible with the use of tobacco, and after some very hot arguments for and against its use, an old rustic mountaineer from Kentucky testified. He said he did not think it wrong ter chaw terbacker, for, said he, I believe Joner, when swaltered by the whale had a twist of terbacker in his pocket, which, on gittin' wet, made the whale sick and it puked him out, which, said he, satisfied him as to the tobacco question. He said he thought that the terbacker being in Joner's pocket caused the delay in its taking effect on the whale, hence Joner was three days in the whale's belly.

—In the good old days of the "dark ages," when everybody was a Christian, in the time of danger the people crowded the churches for safety, especially to avoid the bolts of lightning that were then sent for the special purpose of killing the "Sabbath breakers" and "blasphemers" and boys who swore and went fishing on the "Lord's Day"; but in these regenerate times it seems these bolts are generally aimed at churches. We learn from the papers

that on June 9, at La Crosse, Wis., the St. James Catholic Church, the principal one on the north side, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. This was the largest church edifice except St. Joseph's Catholic in the city, built of brick, with a tall wooden spire. The entire basement story was occupied by the parish school. The nuns' house, adjoining, was saved with difficulty.

Dr. Mouroe of the "Seymour Times" used to say that lightning would dodge around half a dozen saloons to get a square whack at a church.

—"Modern church methods are inadequate, because they are out of step with the times and the needs of men," said the Rev. Johnson Henderson at Armour Mission, Chicago. "They are hide-bound, being influenced more by past thought than present needs. They cultivate an air of superiority, and the church becomes exclusive.

"The consequence is the church is deserted by the masses, and every vagary in the form of divine healing, ethical culture, Christian Science, spiritualism and theosophy recruits from its ranks. The preacher is often afraid to propose a remedy for the evils he discovers lest the change should not be sanctioned by the shade of Calvin or Wesley, or by some influential member of his church who pays his salary, and he at once looks around for some door of expediency or policy and dignifies his cowardice under the name of tact.

"The church is too frightened of criticism and too cowardly to be aggressive. It is so afraid of being contaminated by the world that it is losing its power to save."

Yes, the church is, as Rev. Henderson says, "out of step with the times," and before it can get the step it will have to throw overboard an immense amount of superstitious nonsense—even drop the Christian name and all the false ideas it represents.

—When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosdicks', he took little

Anne up in his arms and tried to kiss her. But the child refused to be kissed; she struggled loose and ran off to the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the parlor and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna promptly, "but mamma says she will."—Harper's Bazar.

And she probably did, and the favor was returned with a blessing. Such things have happened.

—Rev. G W. Stone, delegate to the Western Unitarian conference, held in Chicago May 16, said:

The discoveries of science and the growth of the masses in intelligence and education have destroyed the foundation and taken away the adherents of the old creeds and dogmas. For instance, we see the rules of conduct which have for years been a foundation principle of one of the greatest orthodox denominations disregarded and their repeal contemplated.

Dr. Stone pointed out the great opportunity offered to the Unitarians, and entreated the delegates to form a strong union and undertake the work of spreading their teaching with energy and enthusiasm.

Our Unitarian friends will be greatly disappointed, if they calculate on a great gain in numbers from the orthodox church. There will be very few who will stop at their half-way house on the road from orthodoxy to Free Thought.

—The *Adrian Weekly Times* has the following: "An eloquent and educated Syrian divine, Rev. A. M. Rohbany, minister of the Congregational Church at Morenci, makes a formal renuncia-

tion of his creed." The position of the Rev. R. is:

I can no more believe that Jesus Christ is Almighty God. I can no more accept the idea of the Trinity. I can no more believe that any man could be saved by faith in the blood of Christ. Salvation to me is an attainment, not a gift. I do not believe in the resurrection of the body. I can no more believe in eternal punishment or that any human soul will ever be lost. I believe that only a small portion of the Bible is the Word of God, which portion I shall hold sacred and preach all the days of my life.

Rev. R. is deserving of commendation for his efforts in illustrating Paul's injunction—"Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."—The *Wau-seeon* (Ohio) Republican.

Rev. Rohbany has taken a long step in advance. He says: "I believe that only a small portion of the Bible is the Word of God." Now if he would put in a pamphlet the "small portion of the Bible that is the word of God," it would be a very valuable little book and would doubtless have a large sale.

—We believe we have on our subscription list the names of more persons, who are between the ages of 70 and 90, than any Christian paper in this country according to the number of our subscribers. And there is seldom a day but we get a letter from some one of them. And these letters fully prove the falsity of the assertion that Free Thinkers are frightened at the approach of death, as our Christian friends claim. The following is a good specimen of these letters:

Sylvan Beach, N. Y., May 10, 1900.

Dear Mr. Green:

I inclose one dollar to renew my subscription to the *Free Thought Magazine*. I am in my eighty-sixth year. In my youth I was taught to say my prayers and tell God what I believed about him when I did not know anything about him. In January, 1831, there was a great "revival" where I resided, and being of a meditative mind, it set me to

reading the Bible and thinking on religious questions. The invariable result followed. I became a Free Thinker, for if a man thinks for himself instead of hiring a priest to think for him, he necessarily becomes one—a disbeliever in superstition and Bible myths. I am now serving my seventieth year in the army of Free Thinkers and hope to be able to answer to the roll-call for many years to come. Yours fraternally,

P. W. LEETE.

—In the kirk there will not be found so many "asleep in Jesus" when the Rev. John Donaldson's erotic and erratic recommendation has been adopted. All the young folks will be wide awake—ay, and most of the old ones. The favorite text will be, "Salute one another with an holy kiss," (Romans xvi., 16), and the advice shall be adopted with an alacrity not characteristic of divine worship generally. Janet shall no longer wear the high and ostentatious hat which, in the days of my kirk-going, was wont to obstruct the divine scope of my vision. Kissing and fair and frill bonnets are incompatible. Janet will have to leave her kephalic glory of flowers and feathers in the porch, and approach her pew while "her golden hair is hanging down her back," but she need not, necessarily, have "a naughty little twinkle in her eye." Smith, in his ecstatic moments, is a deuce to crush bonnets; but, in his commercial moments, he is not a deuce to buy new ones. Janet will, economically, recognize this; and, when she goes in for an out-and-out Donaldsonian service, she will, on entering the kirk, hand over her bonnet to the ruling elder. She may also hand him her testament and her prayer book, and a few other superfluties, when she really means business.—"Saladin" in *The Agnostic Journal*.

—Boston, Mass., May 14.—(Special.)—Charles H. Cole, late president of the Globe National Bank of Boston, was today sentenced in the United States District Court to eight years' imprisonment

in the Greenfield jail. He was indicted for misapplying \$978,917 of the bank's funds and pleaded guilty. Originally it was charged \$1,100,000 of the bank's funds was misapplied, but Cole made some of the deficiency good.

The court made the sentence eight years at Greenfield, the imprisonment to be without hard labor. The Greenfield jail is a new one with all the modern sanitary improvements. His wife and three sons accompanied him to Greenfield this afternoon and intend to live near the jail during his imprisonment.

This man had stolen only \$1,000,000, and he is to be sent to Boston's new prison with all modern sanitary improvements, is to do no labor, have his family near him and have a good time generally. If he had been a poor man, and had stolen ten dollars to keep his family from starving, cultured Boston would have given him no such treatment. It is no wonder we have anarchists among us. "All men are created equal," says the Declaration of Independence," but in the city of Old Faneuil Hall it is not now so considered. That decision, we should think, would cause Wendell Phillips to turn over in his grave.

—The State of Mississippi has just succeeded in arresting another criminal. He was, when arrested, conducting a Sabbath school on the day that Jesus Christ observed. The officer stayed to the Sabbath school, to the subsequent preaching service of the prisoner, and the social meeting that followed; and then went home to dinner with the criminal, who afterward accompanied him to jail. The crime was doing a little work on the first day of the week, a day used as a labor day by Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, and by Paul, the tent-maker of Athens. The prisoner's name is Rodney S. Owen, a preacher of the gospel. We know him personally as a Christian gentleman, but we are not so sorry for him as we are for those who instigated his arrest, through the means of a medieval law on the statute books of Mississippi. We are sure that the major part of the people of the State do not believe in this thing.—*The Signs of the Times*,

This Rev. Owen, who was arrested for teaching a Sabbath school on Saturday, is an Advent preacher, who, as the Bible declares, believes that the seventh day is the Sabbath. If there are any class of people whom our orthodox Christians like to persecute more than any other class it is those people who follow strictly the teaching of the Bible. For instance, they persecute the Adventist because he keeps the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. They persecute the Mormons for having more than one wife. They persecute the Christian scientist for relying on prayer to cure the sick. The cardinal principles, or creeds, of these three sects are in strict accord with "God's Holy Word." Our orthodox Christians are curious people.

—The following letter was not written for publication, so we will not give the name of the writer, but it shows that a little of the leaven of Free Thought is getting into many orthodox societies and is there doing much good:

Mr. H. L. Green: Dear Sir—I very much wish the address of B. Fay Mills. Can you procure it for me? I thought your "pastor," Dr. Gregory, might know if you did not. I am one of the executive committee on Chautauqua Work and Program for the Assembly to be held here in August. Our town is small, about 800 inhabitants; we have five churches and a few "sinners." Last year we had quite an interesting and successful assembly. It was not along the lines Bishop Vincent intended, nor what it is, or has become, in many places a sort of orthodox Camp Meeting. Still the majority of our speakers were Unitarians and will be this year. The men on our committee are all church members, the two ladies, all there are of us, are called "Infidels." You will now understand why I ask for the address of B. Fay Mills.

I have read several Free Thought publications, but the Free Thought Magazine suits me best. It is what Josiah Allen's wife calls "Mejum." I do believe in giving to others what I ask for myself, and that is, liberty to think

as it pleases them. I wish we could have D. K. Tenney, Judge Waite or Dr. Gregory as one of our speakers at our assembly, but we are in a hopeless minority. Yours cordially.

The address of B. Fay Mills is San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Mills is now classed as a Unitarian minister, but in fact, is a broad-minded Free Thinker, whose only creed is the Truth.

"The Little Freethinker," edited by Elmina Drake Slenker, is one of our exchanges that we generally read very carefully, but we overlooked the two following notices in the February number of that valuable little monthly:

Modern Theology and its Ideal Jesus, by Daniel K. Tenney; 16 pps., 10c.; 12 copies for \$1.00. Published by H. L. Green, 213 E. Indiana street, Chicago, Ill.

Quotation and comment, aptly joined, constitute the major part of this latest work of Mr. Tenney. A disquisition on the grave results produced "on our theological friends" by "the advancing intelligence of modern times and the persistence of Freethought" opens the pamphlet, and is followed by a critical and thorough examination of the teachings of Jesus—"the ideal man of modern theology, and the associate god of the ancient." It is written in Mr. Tenney's best style, and is well fitted for missionary work among your orthodox friends.

The Free Thought Magazine is one of the best of our exchanges. To me, the January number of this year is intensely interesting. The article on Gerrit Smith recalls the day when every real radical reformer was a red-hot abolitionist. The prominent names and mentionings in the article, and the lively, bright, common-sense way of telling it all, is in Miss Stanton's best vein. Mrs. Underwood has an interesting sketch of Harriet Martineau, a woman worthy of all our best thoughts and grateful remembrances. This number of the magazine is emphatically a woman's number. The sketch of Lurana W. Sheldon and her work shows the inevitable upward tendency of our sex—the mother sex—that some day will teach, guide and lead the world. Published by H. L. Green, at 213 E. In-

diana street, Chicago, Ill. Monthly, \$1.00 per year.

—We are very glad to learn, from the following letter, that a "popular book seller" in San Francisco, Cal., has the courage of his convictions, and hope our Liberal friend on the Pacific coast will give him a liberal patronage:

San Francisco, June 1, E. M. 300.

Bro. Green—In the May Free Thought Magazine there is an article on Frederic Dahlstrom. In it you say: "He also keeps on his shelves a good assortment of modern books, and—what no other popular bookseller in America dare do—he keeps on his shelves and on his tables, fully in sight, a full assortment of Free Thought works."

In defense of a friend who has the courage of his convictions, I wish to correct your error. The proprietor of the "Paper Covered Book Store," W. E. Price, No. 1203 Market street, San Francisco—in America—has the largest assortment of liberal publications on the cisco, California, has the largest as—only on shelves, but displayed in window and sometimes on boards outside. As to whether he is popular or not, it depends on the point of view. He certainly is not with the Roman Catholic Church, and its mental serfs, but if you should ask any of the great publishing houses of New York or your own city you would probably find out his true standing. He is also the editor of the "Book and News Dealer," "The Book Lover" and "Living Issues," and is an authority on books. I inclose cards.

Sincerely yours,

A. JOHNSON,
243 East street.

P. S.—Here is a little story that will give you some idea of the kind of a woman the mother of Mr. Price is: One

day an order came by mail for a Bible, enclosing 75 cents to pay for it. Mrs. Price was in charge of the store when the order came. She said that is about the only book we do not keep in stock, but the dear man shall have "God's Holy Word," and a good one, too, as he apparently needs something to brace him up, and she put on her things and went down to the American Tract and Bible House and bought a fine one—a gilt-edge edition, and made her customer a present of it, and returned him the 75 cents with a letter that had more truth in it than is to be found in the whole Bible. A. J.

—The Torch of Reason says:

We are surprised, delighted and enthused to find that the Mr. Spencer of Brighton, England, who some weeks ago sent us a money donation for the Ingersoll Chair, is no other than the world-famed Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher. In a recent communication, Mr. G. J. Holyoake writes: "My friend, Mr. Spencer, who sent you a subscription, is Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is an honor to your University to receive his support."

Friends of the L. U. O., our institution was never more highly honored, and personally we feel that our reward for "hewing to the line" in the advocacy of our honest thought is great indeed.

Mr. Spencer to us is the personification of scientific truth, and Mr. Holyoake, the father of Secularism, personifies the humanitarian part of our noble Religion of Science and Humanity. When such men as these have so earnestly indorsed our Liberal University, how can it help becoming a great, grand, glorious go? Everyone admits that "nothing succeeds like success," and the help of Herbert Spencer and George Jacob Holyoake is success in itself. Let us follow up our victories with victory!

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The Hon. Daniel K. Tenney, the author of these books, has been for many years the leading lawyer in one of the most distinguished law firms in Chicago, and there is not a more able writer in the Liberal ranks.
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This was the first time in the history of the world that a noted Infidel was invited to address a Christian society. We asked Ingersoll how the address was received by the club. His reply was: "The most of the lay members were pleased and most of the clergy mad."

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We have put the price of this address of sixteen pages so very low for the purpose of giving it a very large circulation. We will sell twelve copies for fifty cents.

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213 E. Indiana Street. Chicago, Ill

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THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

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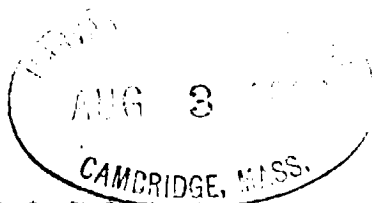
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Very sincerely
John Burroughs



FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1900.

JOHN BURROUGHS' "LIGHT OF DAY."*

BY ROBERT N. REEVES.

"NATURE," says Chaucer, in one of his poems, "is vicar of the Almighty Lord." Whether Chaucer meant this as a fact or merely as a fiction of his poetic mind, we do not know. His words, however, have evidently always been taken literally by the orthodox of Christendom. To argue from Nature up to God, and from that to Christianity and its various creeds has been the favorite method of reasoning by theologians ever since Paul, the apostle, drew his famous but false analogies from nature. Yet this method of reasoning is but one of those many delusions or fallacies which the theologians so dearly love to hug.

Nature, to be truthful, is not a good Christian. She does not teach theology. She cares little for creeds or dogmas, saviors or gods. On the contrary, she is a demolisher of all these. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the great scientists, the great naturalists, those who have come closest to Nature, have, in religious matters, been the most skeptical. We have yet to read that Humboldt, Buffon, or Darwin forsook the cause of Nature for that of Christianity.

The foremost American naturalist living to-day is John Burroughs. No living man has studied more carefully and impartially the life of the air and the field and the woods that he has; and no American writer, not even excepting Thoreau, has expressed more wholesome truths in a more charming style than has Burroughs, in his "Wake-Robin," "Fresh Fields," "Winter Sunshine," and other books in which he gives his observations of Nature. But of all his sensible books, his latest, "The Light of Day," is, perhaps, to Liberals the most interesting, because it gives in plain language the religious views of a man who has spent his life studying Nature and has found in it that sanctity which Emerson says "shames our religions."

John Burroughs' manner of living and his method of writing is

*"The Light of Day," by John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50. For sale at the office of the Free Thought Magazine.

plain, simple and honest. He hates the artificial, the hypocritical. And for this reason, we find in the sixteen essays that go to make up the "Light of Day" much to satisfy the heretical and much to worry the orthodox. John Burroughs is not a militant Freethinker like Ingersoll or Bradlaugh, but he is, nevertheless, a broad-minded thinker, the disciple of no creed save that of Reason and Nature, if Reason and Nature can be said to have a creed. He appreciates religion as a sentiment, but his reason tells him that theology is not religion but merely the science of the artificial, and for this John Burroughs shows naught but contempt. It was the artificiality of Christianity, he states in one of his first essays, that for seventeen hundred years held mankind under its sway as under a nightmare, perverting all that was truthful and paralyzing every natural instinct of the heart. He says:

"In the Catholic church this nightmare still rides mankind; in the Protestant churches its spell has been partially broken. Protestantism is more or less a compromise with reason, but Catholicism deliberately puts reason under foot."

It was the theological in Christianity, he goes on to say, that prompted men to burn witches, murder heretics and commit the most outrageous crimes against humanity. How an honest mind can sign a rigorous creed, such, for instance, as that expressed by the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church, is beyond his comprehension. "It is only after an appeal to the emotions and not the reason," he believes, "that one can possibly give assent to their literal truth."

The atonement, the trinity, original sin, sanctification, saving grace, etc., may mean something to the theologian, but it is all a miserable jargon to Burroughs. How Christ's death can shield man from the wrath of God, or how his suffering for our sins in order that our sins might be forgiven, is something he, or any other rational man, cannot understand. Nor does he find any particular sense in that verse in the first epistle of John, which the clergy so often thunder out to their timid and credulous flocks: "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." "This," says Burroughs, "is no more scientific than 'He that hath Confucius hath life, and he that hath not Confucius hath not life.'"

Nor does he find in the theological conception of God, the father, a greater or a better being than Christ, the son. "Man is and always has been," he says, "a maker of gods, but Nature is the only God, and of this God we want no evidence. * * * When I look up at the starry

heavens at night and reflect upon what I really see there, I am constrained to say 'there is no God.'

This is the honest confession of a naturalist, of an agnostic. But as we read the latter part of it we are tempted to repeat the words of Omar Khayyam:

"And that inverted Bowl we call the sky,
Where under crawling coop 't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It
Rólls impotently on as Thou or I."

Perhaps something like that passes through the mind of John Burroughs when he gazes at the heavens and contemplates the grandeur and magnitude of the universe.

To Burroughs, however, the gods of the ancient world, of the Greeks and Romans, are far more attractive and infinitely superior to the gods of the Christians. The Hebrew God is to him a crude one—"a magnified and heaven-filling despot and king," while the God of Calvinism is but an "Almighty Despot."

In comparison with many Oriental nations Burroughs believes this country to be irreligious and God-forsaken; and he quotes that famous treaty with Tripoli which Washington made in 1796, in which it was declared that "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." As a nation we have but one religious rite. "Once a year," says Burroughs, "our Chief Magistrate issues his formal Thanksgiving Proclamation, and the people throughout the length and breadth of the land fall to and gorge themselves with roast turkey."

As men grow more and more intellectual they grow less and less religious. They cease to love God as their fathers did, but love their neighbors more. The man who is concerned only about the safety of his soul is not to be taken in the same light as the man who is concerned only about what is true, or what is beautiful, or what is good, in and of themselves. It is for this reason that Burroughs cannot sanction a form of Christianity that rules out the religion of Plato and Zeno, Seneca, Epicurus, Cicero, Lucretius, Spinoza or Darwin. "Julian the Apostate," he says, "appears as about the best Christian of his time." And in this he takes the right view. Surely to an unprejudiced mind the lives of the Greeks and Romans recorded by Plutarch are as noble and heroic as

those unnatural ones depicted by Butler in his "Lives of the Saints," or by Ranke in his "History of the Popes."

Nor need we go back to the Greeks and Romans to find men who have lived lives that have been religions of themselves. If there is not as much religion in the life and character of a man like Robert G. Ingersoll as there is in the life and character of a man like Dwight L. Moody, then religion to Burroughs is all a delusion and a snare.

The theological idea is that nature is corrupt and sinful, and that this world is but a cage, a festering hive in comparison with the world to come. But to a man of Burroughs' type, the world as he knows it, is a much more desirable place than the world imagined and longed for by the theologians. And so he finds that the skeptics of to-day—the men and women who believe as he does—are not the restless and unhappy people described by the orthodox. On the contrary, he finds them to be "among the most hopeful, intelligent, patriotic, upright and wisely conservative of our citizens." And, in his essay, "The Modern Skeptic," he gives us some idea of the extent to which skepticism prevails among the professions and in the intellectual world at large. The agnostic tendencies of the times Burroughs attributes entirely to the scientific spirit which has developed an unrelenting antagonism to all that is theological, dogmatic, unnatural and false. "Science," he says, "has done more for the development of Western civilization in one hundred years than Christianity did in eighteen hundred." With this statement every person will agree whose mind has not been warped by theological training.

Throughout his entire book Burroughs has announced the same clear truths in the same fearless manner. There is no mysticism, no artificiality. Everything is clear, scientific and natural. And when one finishes the last essay and lays aside the "Light of Day" it is with the conviction that John Burroughs is to be numbered among America's most ardent admirers, defenders and promoters of science and intellectual liberty.

REMARKS ON NEBULÆ.

BY G. W. MOREHOUSE.

THE spectroscope has enabled astronomers to distinguish between nebulae and star-clusters. Before the invention of this instrument, remote, and therefore irresolvable, clusters of stars shone in the field of the telescope with the dim, foggy light of the true nebulae. Now it



G. W. MOREHOUSE.

is known that there are not only many vast clusters of stars, but also many thousands of nebulous masses of star-stuff not yet condensed into stars. This fact is not disputed by competent observers, or by scholars keeping themselves posted in the results of contemporary work.

The application of photography to the study of the nebulae is meeting with the success long ago predicted. Telescopes especially adapted to photographing difficult celestial objects are coming into use in the leading observatories, public and private, and yield rich fruits. The limits reached by direct obser-

vation with the eye at the telescope are vastly supplemented by the sensitive plate—and long exposure.

It is reasonably certain that the new method will bring to our knowledge, at the present rate of discovery, a list of more than 100,000 nebulae.

While bringing to view thousands of these faint objects heretofore beyond our visual reach, photography has given new insight into the structure of the larger ones of those already known. The modern methods show the various stages of the development of nebulous masses into star-clusters—the evolution of stars.

In this great field Dr. Isaac Roberts, the distinguished English astronomer, is a painstaking and successful worker. He uses a 20-inch reflecting telescope, and in photographing the nebulae mentioned below exposed the plates for ninety minutes.

A reproduction of a Roberts photograph, in the June number of

"Knowledge," shows the splendid nebula, M. 8, Sagittarii, Gen. Cat. 4361 (well seen with low powers), as a "cloud of nebulous matter" of uneven density, with spaces almost free from nebulosity, and suggesting in the details and its general contour the beginning stage of the spiral form. Dr. Roberts justly remarks:

"The place we should, with our present knowledge, assign to this nebula in the order of stellar evolution, would be an early state prior to a spiral formation. But we must have patience as well as moderation in our speculations, for millions of years will probably elapse before it is completely developed into a cluster of stars."

Photographs of some other nebulae by the same observer show still earlier states of this primitive class of nebulae, where the changes going forward are indicated only by irregular rifts or fractures in the nebulous masses, accompanied by lack of uniformity of distribution and density, and irregularity of shape.

Later stages of development are well shown in such well-known objects as the great nebula in Andromeda and the spiral nebula in Canis Venatica.

The nebula Herschel VI. Ceti, No. 138, Gen. Cat., as photographed by Dr. Roberts, is shown to be in an advanced state of development—a most beautiful spiral with numerous distinct star-like condensations. It is a convincing object. Thus is the material of dead and disintegrated worlds utilized.

Seldom has there been so great an advance into the depths of unknown space, and never, probably, has a new method added more millions of square miles to the territory of the known, yet these newly-discovered embryos of suns and systems, and newly-disclosed features of the known nebulae, point not to the purpose of infinite mind, but rather to the steady sequence of cause and effect—the inexorable logic of natural law.

Here as everywhere, the boundless prodigality of nature is shown—the ample space—the abundance of material—the tireless pushing forward in ways that are not always the best, yet necessary to conform to the conditions; resulting in imperfect systems of worlds, as we see crooked, dwarfed and imperfect trees in a forest.

In the unknown regions opened up by the venturesome spectroscopic and photographic telescope the properties of matter are in kind like those with which we are familiar. The unknown must be judged of by the known.

Vast systems of suns and worlds take form, reach their culmination, and return to cosmical dust, with no more evidence of design, intelligent caprice, or uniform regularity, than is seen in the condensation of fleeting clouds. In the economy of universal nature, cloud or nebula, sand or system, amoeba or man are alike unimportant, and impotent to resist the uninterrupted progress of events. Nothing can interfere with the perpetual motion of the whole universe.

Stars in all stages of their life history exist in infinite numbers. Who can doubt that this fact is true of any moment in infinite duration? The clashing dust of dead worlds ever becomes the embryo of the new.

Organic life can exist in any planet only while that planet is passing through a certain state in which the temperature is not too high, nor too low. Such conditions are necessary to the active state of the only known life-stuff—protoplasm. There can be no good reason to suppose that our earth is an exception to the rule.

As the individual life ends in death, so must the race life and the planet life or existence. Every individual atom of the potent material is conserved—again and again to be taken up in the evolution of future nebulae.

The time remaining for man on the Earth, counted in hundreds of thousands of years, may from a limited standpoint be regarded as practically permanent; but accurately speaking it must have its limit. Why not look the facts in the face? There is not a particle of evidence going to show that the little planet or its inhabitants are to last forever. In fact, the life of this planet, hundreds of millions of years as a separate body, is ephemeral compared with the duration of even the existing bodies of the visible universe. Innumerable nebulae and nebulous stars are in the infancy of star-life, while this globe, following its wrinkled satellite, is passing the meridian of its existence.

Then, our highest duty is performed and greatest happiness attained—when we do our best to help ourselves in a way to help and relieve others and make conditions better for future generations. Individualism shorn of greed is the true basis of altruism. The charity that begins at home, is of the right variety, will extend to the whole world and all the inhabitants thereof.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

THE immorality of narrowmindedness was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Thomas Paine. Almost all Christians will say that they believe it to be immoral, reprehensible and wicked to lie. To bear false witness against another is expressly forbidden by one of



THOMAS PAINE.

their Ten Commandments, written by God himself. The failure to obey these ten rules of life consigns them to hell fire; yet almost all of the Christians, both good and bad, who have lived in the past 125 years, have not hesitated for an instant to run the risk of the hell fire in order to get a bit of false witness in where it would do the most good in helping to destroy the name and fame of this great man. Even Freethinkers and Liberals sometimes call him an atheist or an agnostic. In point of fact he was what would now be known as a rather mild type of Unitarian. He would not have to change his creed nor his character in the least to be a good and

consistent member of any one of the many leading Unitarian churches in New York, Boston, or other cities. These facts have been proven and printed hundreds of times. They are free and open to all. The religious press knows them perfectly well. The educated clergymen of all orthodox churches know of those facts. They know also that it was to the force and strength and genius of the pen of Thomas Paine, that George Washington owed much of his success with his sword. They are aware that in case of a war nothing is so vital as the trend given to public opinion. No general, however able, can win his battle if the power and weight of public opinion at home does not sustain and support his work on battlefield and march. It was upon the brilliant pen of Thomas Paine that the father of this Republic depended largely to make and stimulate that public opinion in favor of the colonies and against the

money and monarchical powers which they must meet not only in battle but in intellectual leadership before the masses of the people.

This is all well known to-day, and yet, so strong is the vindictive power of religious bigotry, so persistent is the willingness to bear false witness against one whose faith is not "orthodox," so little do even the best of men and women recognize the immorality of their own narrow-mindedness, that it is necessary, even at this late day, to continue to meet with refutation the Christian malice heaped upon the memory of one of the greatest, noblest and best of the founders of this Republic.

They call him a drunkard, yet he was not half so much of a drunk-



HELEN H. GARDENER.

ard as was Daniel Webster. They call him an atheist, yet he was not more atheist than was Abraham Lincoln. They say he was a man of low character, yet his habitual associates were such men as Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette and the noblest and best of his time in this country and abroad. They say that he was a dangerous citizen and warn the young against him, yet his pen gave out the loftiest patriotism when the founders of the Republic were surrounded and all but overwhelmed by British money and monarchical power and by trickery at home and abroad. They call him wicked, yet that same pen wrote a confession of faith, and Thomas Paine

lived up to that confession, which would honor the ablest, the purest and the best leader in any church to-day, and yet it remains for the Free-thinker and agnostics to rescue the reputation of this great and good and religious man from the malice of his co-religionists.

These religionists have not, as yet, achieved a moral plane and a sense of fairmindedness sufficient to differ from him in minor details without maligning his memory and distorting all facts of his history.

An agnostic may differ with him still more widely and yet recognize that the fundamental principles are those which require good character as a basis and good works as a superstructure. They know him to have been one of the greatest of the great. They respect and revere him

for his splendor of mind and his loftiness of deed, and they feel it is a solemn duty to rescue his memory from beneath the mountain of rubbish, of misrepresentation, of superstition, of malice and then cleanse it from the slime thrown upon it by the immorality of narrow-mindedness and place it where it belongs, high on the roll of fame, not only of the Republic but of the world.

I am glad to be able to place even so small a flower on the grave of this great man. I am glad that American womanhood, in so far as I may be permitted to represent it, is able to at last recognize that fairness to the living and justice toward the dead are loftier principles of character than are faith and fanaticism.

I am glad that the mothers of this Republic are growing to feel that integrity of character has something to do with, whether or not "ye bear false witness against your neighbor," whether it is done in the interest of politics or religion. I am glad that the women of this nation are growing to feel that so long as a man, whether he be layman, bishop, cardinal or pope, is willing to bear false witness against his neighbor, whether that neighbor be living or dead, just that long will all the blood of all the Redeemers of all the nations of the earth be unable to wash his soul white enough to place it beside that of the patriot hero, Thomas Paine.

THE SENSUALITY OF RELIGION.

BY I. F. FERRIS.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.
His left hand is under my head and his right hand doth embrace me.
I am my beloved's and his desire is toward me.
He brought me to the banqueting house and his banner over me was love.
How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights.

SONGS OF SOLOMON.

IN the very midst of the text-book of religion are found words typical of the pleasures of the senses, which the ecclesiastics tell us are allegorical of the mutual love of Jesus Christ and the Church. Pregnant with sensuality, these words (held to be positively holy), were perhaps prophetic of the appeal to the senses which is made to-day by the religious observances customary with nearly all sects.

The spiritual side of our natures is cultivated independently and regardless of the intellectual, there being neither co-existence nor unity of action, thought or purpose. Man does not make the sign of the cross upon his breast nor genuflections before an altar because he has become

convinced of the desirability of so doing through demonstrations in the laboratory or at the dissecting table.

He closes the book of Philosophy before he opens that of Common Prayer. Neither does he yield himself to the satisfaction of the senses through a process of logical or scientific reasoning. Is the pleasure that fills the breast of the religious devotee the same as that which pervades the heart of the worshiper of animality and is the atmosphere of the luxuriously appointed church but a breath of the same breeze that flutters the curtains in the chamber of the sybarite?

The average woman of to-day, seldom cultivating other pursuits than those of society, and that society frequently only an outgrowth of church clans and kindred organizations, is mostly concerned with frivolities of various natures and has no opportunity for sober thought, if, indeed, she possesses the inclination. To her mind large donations constitute the bulwarks of Christianity, and the more luxurious her church the more is it attractive.

Robed in a costly gown, she enters her prominently-located pew and sinks upon her knees as the priest raises his hands to invoke a blessing from the indefinite Divinity to whose glorification he ministers.

The softly modulated voices of the choir blend melodiously in deft harmonies; the sunlight filters through the stained window-panes and a flood of warm-colored light falls athwart the chancel. The smoke of incense-laden censers floats lazily out from the altar towards the silent congregation and the perfume reaches the sensitive nostrils of the kneeling woman. A sentiment of restful satisfaction thrills her, a sense of fullness—of roundness, of quiet, congenial richness of light, tone and melody combine in a feeling for which she has had no time until the Sabbath. Her domestic vexations, her desires for prominence, her aspirations of social position, her weariness of heart and brain are gladly thrust aside for the time being so that she may deliver her mind and senses over to the reception of a satisfying, undefinable emotion which she denominates "religion." In the strivings of social life she has likewise found no time for the cultivation of the affections. Does the opportunity arrive she devotes herself to them entirely and a wave of complete absorption overwhelms her when she realizes the ecstasy of physical emotion. The tense, strong tones of her lover's voice thrill her as she listens, even as she listened to the voice of the surpliced boy soprano as he sang, "Come, my beloved, haste away beneath the perfumed shadows." For the woman of the industrious classes the atmosphere of the church has an even stronger

attraction, for days spent in laborious toil have left her no hours of relaxation. Like all womankind ardently loving softness, light, warmth and melody, she is often ill-fed, even insufficiently clothed, and hungers alike in mind and body. The church appeals to her with insidious force for the perfume of the flowers and incense stirs her brain to remembrance of the sweet-scented fields of her childhood's days and the passionate music of the organ thrills her nerves with unfamiliar but grateful vibrations. Within her is stirring a passion that was benumbed, for all emotion of the pleasurable type has long been withheld from her by the callous hand of Necessity. Romantic in nature, she has been protected from Romance by the rough-hewn wall of daily labor. As the music grows softer and sweeter and ceases with a long, low, quivering chord, that echoes in the vaulted roof, the anemic blood moves more quickly in her veins and the voice of the young priest, rising in exhortation, rouses the fever of her brain to religious ecstasy.

With sufficient of feminine nature to be attracted by mere masculinity, the resonant tones of the "Father" appeal to her with seductiveness, and she is instinctively anxious to believe the words he utters.

Virgin soil of the prairie produces crops surprising in abundance, and the rapidity of their growth is often cause for wonder.

If actual animality provided the requisite conditions, would she not as eagerly grasp the impression made upon her senses and clasp it to her breast with joy unspeakable? Given the same contrast between her daily life and a glimpse of all the beauty she actually craves, would not the same ecstasy thrill her, the same rapturous feeling overcome her senses, the same desire to become one with all this pleasant harmony, luxury and color possess her and find her a willing convert?

Could she indicate for us the boundary line between religious ecstasy and animality?

Men—through their better improvement of their opportunities perhaps—are less affected by manifested religion than are women. Nevertheless they have periods of religious relaxation which they enjoy while they last—somewhat as children enjoy fairy tales.

Encompassed for six days by vexatious material matters, man finds relief from the strain on the seventh day, through the immateriality of religious service. He has given no thought to peace, beauty, harmony nor dreams; his God has been the God of accumulation and his dogma, the doctrine of dollars and cents. His sensibilities exist, although somewhat atrophied, and to them religious exercises appeal. He is impressed

for the time being by the low voices, the soft music, the devout worshippers, the quiet richness of the service, which rest him much as would the soft touch of the languid hand of a beautiful woman.

He feels that he might almost love this religious feeling, as he would the woman—if he had but time—and he leaves his religion at the threshold of the church as he would leave his remembrance of the woman at the door of her chamber.

Is the attractiveness of religion the attractiveness so poetically expressed in the great love-song of Solomon? We are but the creatures of our surrounding; our environment is the crucible in which we are smelted and habit is the matrix that moulds the coin. By the minted token we may judge of the metal—whether base or fine—by the clearness of the design we may judge of the matrix that made the impression.

Our sympathies are aroused by the pale young theological student as he enters upon his life of consecration to his omnipotent God. His frame is wasted by unceasing study and insufficient food, but he advocates devotion to a sexless hypothesis of illogical tradition with a nervous energy which compels our admiration. We have a somewhat different interest in the priest of mature years, whose well-clothed, well-rounded limbs testify of good nourishment, his full, flacid lips denoting an appreciation of other pastimes than those of fasting and flaggellation. With his blood well warmed by more than "a little wine for thy stomach's sake," he falls into the dreamless, contented sleep of a well-fed animal. Our language would afford us scant choice if we were asked to express his character in a word, and if "sensual" sprang first from our lips, who of the thoughtful would say us, "Nay?"

From what mint comes this coin? Those accustomed to playing upon the sensibilities of audiences through the same methods that the church employs to affect a devout congregation, find no attractiveness in religious observances. Musicians, artists, dramatists, writers, actors, are rarely religious people, because they are familiar with all the artifices of emotional excitement and for them it possesses no attraction. The actor who has swayed his audiences with mock invocations to a stage God finds in the clergyman's appeal to his, no trick of intonation that he has not long known and practiced. The artist who has put on canvas the lights and shadows of a scene that brings tears to the eyes of those who view it, finds no combination of color in stained glass windows, with which he is not already familiar. Among the chords and harmonies that arouse religious sentiment in the breasts of a receptive congregation the

musician detects none that are novel to the student of thorough bass. As the voice of the preacher resounds through the church the worker in literature or the drama hears the changes rung on various aged, alliterative arguments of words, and they fail of interest.

How much attraction does religion possess in itself, and to what extent is it dependent upon the arousing of the emotions?

If the Christ alone is the magnet, why is the worshiper surrounded with manifestations pandering to the excitement of the senses? To what end and for what reason have we these richly-decorated edifices, the choirs of trained voices, the subdued lights, the luxuriously upholstered pews, the musical monotone of a chanted service, the colorless, coaxing discourse of clergymen trained in every trick of oratory?

Is it because the attractiveness of the surroundings is a necessary adjunct or because the subject matter of the teachings is so worthy of these environments?

Some of the choicest operatic music has been appropriated for church use; is it because it is inherently religious, or is it because of its effect upon the emotions? Is the hand that wields the violin bow, sweeps the strings of the harp or presses the keys of the organ swayed by devoutness, or is the effort a part of the glamour necessary to render the observance of religion attractive to the people of this century? Should a new John Knox desire to lead a congregation to worship God among the desolate rocks of Scotland, how many, think you, would follow him? Through religious emotion men profess faith in matters that are antagonistic to the logic of reason and the dictates of common sense. Through the influence of physical emotion men believe in the constancy and uprightness of an individuality that they know is not worthy of their affection.

How can we separate religious emotion from emotional credulity?

Are we, then, to conclude that the devotional feeling is largely one of sensibility and that religious fervor is only a tingling of the senses and a brother to sensuality? Is the religious ecstasy an essentially different sensation from that of responsive animality which (the orthodox declare) savors of the World, the Flesh and the Devil, or the subservience of the worshiper other than that of the lover under the influence of dim lights, music and the magic of a dulcet voice?

New York City.

THOUGHT—AN AGNOSTIC SERMON.

BY CHAS. G. BROWN.



CHAS. G. BROWN.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speak or act with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage. If a man speak or act with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—Buddha.

In the Book of Poetry are 300 pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence—Have no depraved thoughts.—Confucius.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—St. Paul.

THE hardest thing in the world, says Emerson, is to think. Electricity abounds in nature everywhere, but to produce the electric spark energy must be exerted; so, too, the raw

material of thought is everywhere abundant, but to produce the thought spark energy must, likewise, be exerted, and in no stinted measure.

Thought is not only the "hardest," but also the highest thing in the world. So far as we know, energy, which is at the heart of Nature, and is the soul of the Universe, is never manifest as thought, save in the mind of man.

In the vegetable world this all-pervading energy is transformed into the phenomenon of life; in the animal world, into life and sentience; but in the world of man into life, sentience and conscious, intelligent thought. To think is man's sole prerogative and power, the highest attainment of Nature, and the supreme thing in the Universe. Being this, it would seem that to think, and to think deeply, broadly and grandly should be man's chief ambition and desire, as well as his most imperative and sacred duty.

Thought is the one unquestioned and unquestionable, undoubted and indubitable, absolute verity of the Universe. Thus Cartes, and later Spinoza, having brought everything under the shadow of question and doubt, save thought, made that the foundation and corner-stone upon

which they erected their systems of philosophy. *Cogito ergo sum*. I think, therefore, I am, they said. This was their foundation. Upon this they built.

"Had I a place to stand," said Archimedes, in his moment of ecstasy over the discovery of the principle of the lever, "I could shake the world;" but thought was the lever by which Archimedes discovered his principle. And with this lever of thought, with its fulcrum in the brain, the world has often been shaken to its center.

Man has lifted himself above mere animalism, has advanced intellectually and morally, and made progress in the world, just as he has learned to think; just as he has, by use, developed and expanded his thinking powers. The way has been hard and long that out of ignorance, superstition and savagery has led up to our present standard of knowledge, exact science and civilization, but thought, and thought alone, has led the way.

Thoughts, like wagons, run easiest along beaten paths, and well-worn roads; and like wagons they tend to form ruts, which are very hard to get out of, but very easy to stay in.

The world owes its progress to the great thinkers, who, having left the old ruts, have traversed hitherto unexplored forests and jungles of thought, blazing their way as they went; who have laid out highways for travel through the arid deserts of ignorance, and driven their stakes at the center of the teeming miasmic swamps of superstition; who have sailed past the pillars of Hercules—the Gibraltar limits of dogmatic faith,—into the broad ocean of free and untrammelled thought, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and discovering continents of truth, which have been a refuge and free inheritance to millions of the sons of men.

Carlyle asks: "In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a thinker in the world?" And yet, the world has not been friendly to many of its great thinkers. Socrates, Jesus and Galileo, Savonarola, Bruno and Bacon, and scores of others, you know the penalty they paid the world for the exercise of thought—men who towered above the unthinking, superstitious believers, as the Sequoia towers above the common birch and maple; shedding their intellectual light and moral warmth above the chill and darkened world, as the giant tree catching the glory of the coming day scatters its radiance upon the darkened valleys beneath.

Though the fires of superstition have been kindled, and great thinkers consigned to the flames, the thoughts which they gave to the world,

and for the thinking of which they paid the penalty, have formed stepping stones to the farther advancement and progress of the race.

Thought is revelation; the revealer of secrets, and there is no other. Thought is discovery and invention; architecture and sculpture; painting, poetry and music.

Man, by thought, invented language, that he might communicate his thoughts to others, making possible the co-operation, reciprocity and fellowship of society; man's first great uplift towards manhood.

Man, by thought, invented written language.

"The wondrous symbols that can still retain
The phantom forms that pass along the brain,"—

which enable him to preserve his thoughts, a perpetual inheritance to posterity, making possible the accumulation of knowledge.

Man, by thought, invented the printing press, which made possible the dissemination of his thought to all mankind, living and to live.

Man, by thought, transformed the sand of the roadside into the transparent, crystal lens, by means of which, in his thought invented microscope, telescope and spectroscope he has caught his first intelligent glimpse of the Universe—his first comprehensive view of the infinitesimal and the infinite. It has taught him, among other things, that the "mysterious dispensation of Providence," that causes sickness and death, is a micro-organism that finds lodgment in his tissues from impure air or water; that the earth is not the fixed center of the Universe, and the stars torches set in the heavens to glimmer through the night; but that it is only an inferior planet of our solar system, revolving with other planets about our sun, and, in turn, that our solar system occupies but an inferior place among the innumerable system of revolving suns and planets that constitute the galaxy of the milky way.

Man, by thought, has produced all of those things which minister to his comfort and happiness; which have made home possible and the world worth living in.

By thought he has fathomed the oceans and knows the depth thereof, weighed the earth in a balance and knows the weight thereof, measured the heavens with a span and located the stars thereof. By thought he has analyzed the materials of the Universe and can tell their constituent elements; studied the rainbow-arch, as it spans the earth in beauty, and discovered all its secrets; observed the beam of light "that

hastens on the pinions of the morn" and knows its very speed. By thought he communicates by ether pulsations, liquefies the air and peers into opaque objects.

Man has struck the earth with his want of thought, and water has gushed up from subterranean lakes through two thousand feet of rock, and made the deserts and barren wastes of our land to bring forth and blossom as the rose.

Man, by thought, has driven his iron horse through the heart of the mighty St. Gothard, and to the summit of the Riga Alps. By thought he has rivalled the exploits of the fabled Prometheus, who, it is said, climbed up to heaven and stole fire from the chariot wheels of the sun, for man, stealing the lightnings of Jove, and binding them to his own chariot wheels, outstrips the wind, and sends his messages around the world, annihilating time and distance.

Did not the great and wise Buddha say truly, "All that we are is the result of what we have thought; is founded on our thoughts; is made up of our thoughts?"

Though thought does so much for man, though "all that we are is the result of what we have thought," all thoughts have not contributed to this result. Much, very much of thought energy has gone to waste because of the trivial and worthless character of the object upon which the thinking is bestowed; and much, very much more has been worse than wasted because their intrinsic baseness has tended to counteract much of the advantage gained to man by his intrinsically good and noble thoughts. "Thought, like light, must be concentrated and brought to a focus to produce a flame."

It may be said that thoughts come into our minds unbidden. What then? It has been wisely observed that though we may not prevent the birds flying above our heads, we may prevent them building nests in our hair.

Confucius says: "Have no depraved thoughts." St. Paul says: "Whatsoever things are true, honest and just; pure, lovely and of good report, think on these."

"When the unclean spirit," said Jesus, in a parable, "is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none; then he saith, I will return unto the house from whence I came out, and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished; then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than

the first." The key to this parable is the word empty—"and when he is come he findeth it empty;" and the truth to be learned is that a man may banish evil and base thoughts from his mind, but if he leave it empty they will return, bringing others with them. If we would "have no depraved thoughts," which will be followed by pain, "as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage;" we must fill our minds with thoughts, true, honorable and just, lovely and of good report; and then, "happiness will follow us like a shadow which will never leave us."

Thoughts are our evil Genii, or good Angels, according as they are good or bad. They may lead us beneath the fiery, overhanging mountains of a guilty conscience, and into the deep, miry slough of despair; or, into green pastures and beside the still waters of a mind at peace with itself.

"The pleasantest things in the world," says one, "are pleasant thoughts." Though alone we need not be lonely. Though we have no companions, we may say with Longfellow's high-souled Prometheus:

"I need them not. I have within myself
All that my soul desires; the ideal beauty
Which the creative faculty of the mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes
More lovely than the real. My thoughts
Are my companions; my desires and labors
And aspirations are my friends."

And then, when our first thoughts have been well-conceived, there arises the incomparable pleasure of reflective thought:

"Wreaths of every hue
Fresh plucked from bowers of
Never-fading thought,
In memory's dewiest meadow-deeps."

Thought, to be worth the thinking, to be in the direction of truth, which should be the object of all thinking, must be open, untrammelled and free. Free from prejudice, superstition and fear. Free from prejudice, for prejudice never follows the straight line, which is the emblem of truth, but always deviates to one side. Free from superstition, for superstition is a blind faith in, and a fanatical reverence for, the phantoms of the imagination. Free from fear, for fear is the paralysis of that thought, which is the source of all knowledge, and the revealer of all truth.

Faith, through all ages, has been the watchword and rallying-cry of conservatism and fanaticism; while the magnetic needle ever pointing to the goal of truth has been—thought.

Fanaticism has enforced allegiance to its standard of blind faith by the dungeon, the torture of the Inquisition, and the stake, in this world, and the threat of eternal torment in a world to come; but a few have continued to think, and their thought has been irresistible. It has proved stronger than "artillery-parks"; stronger than the dungeon-bar, thumb-screw and stake of the Inquisition; stronger even than the fear of their "eternal torment."

Thought is that "stone cut out without hands" that has smitten the phantom image of fanatical blind faith, and is destined to become that "great mountain" that shall fill "the whole earth."

Thought is remoulding the political, social and moral standards of the world, which were founded in superstition. It has shifted the right to govern from a "divine right" inhering in a hereditary line of kings, to a human right inhering in humanity. It has changed the standard of liberty from superior, physical strength, to inalienable moral right. It has changed the moral standard from fear to love. From the fear of an imaginary, jealous and vengeful god to love for a suffering and struggling brotherhood; from love your friends and hate your enemies to love your enemies and do to others as you would that they should do to you.

And may thought go on conquering. May man, henceforth, by thought win all his victories, and gain all his laurels. It is a noble weapon. Let him inscribe upon his banner, "In this we conquer."

Ye Titan thinkers of the race, pile up the mountains of thought, till a vantage ground of knowledge be gained that shall make all the forces of nature subject to man's will, and minister to his needs; that shall solve all the problems that now confront the race; that shall forever liberate him from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition and fear, and establish him upon the firm and unshakable foundation of truth, righteousness and love; that it may no longer be said: "Man's inhumanity to man make countless thousands mourn;" but that, man's humanity to man makes all mankind rejoice.

Ithaca, N. Y.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

BY PROF. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

THE total eclipse of the sun that was scheduled for May 28th, of the present year, can now be numbered among events of the past. Over the greater portion of Iowa and Illinois clouds hid the face of the god of day till after the transit; but we learn from the newspapers that the ob-

servations in the line of totality, both in our country and Europe, were obtained under favorable atmospheric conditions.

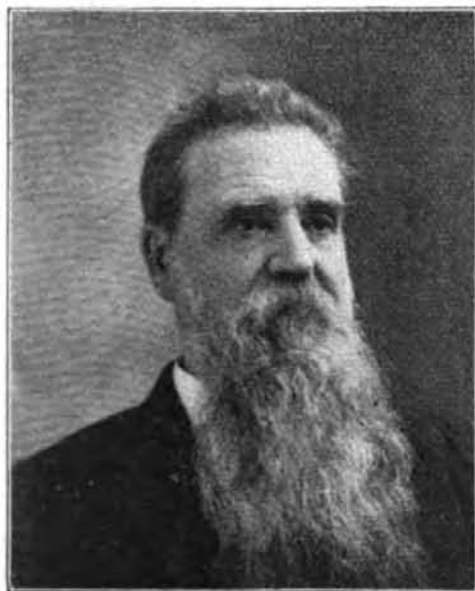
Eclipses of the sun and moon are very interesting to astronomers, and are becoming more noticeable from year to year, as knowledge becomes diffused among all classes.

There can never be more than seven eclipses in one year; never less than two. When there are but two, they are both of the sun.

A total eclipse of the sun repeated in any particular place is a great rarity.

Before the circumstances attending the return of eclipses and comets

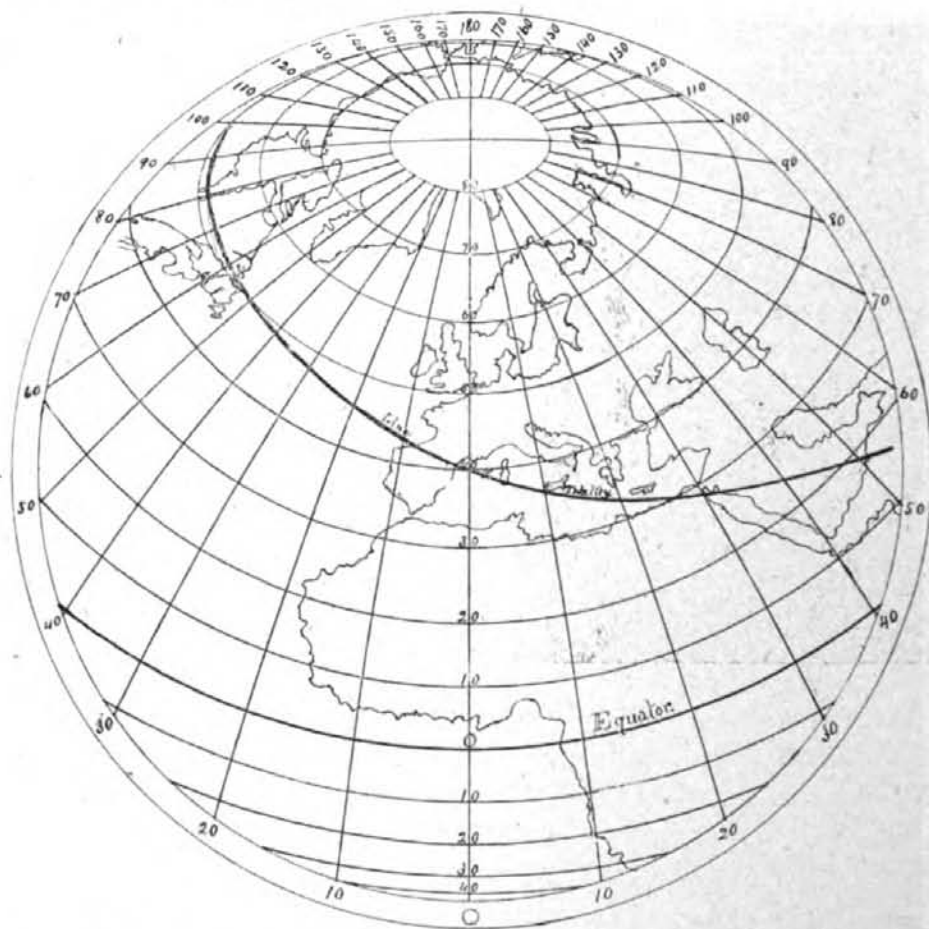
were understood, their appearance was looked upon as something foretelling the displeasure of the Almighty on account of some imaginary slight he had received at the hands of some puny individual, or nation, on our globe. When men were taught such priestly nonsense as to believe that our earth was the most important of all the worlds in existence. That the sun, moon and stars were made as an after consideration, to give light to its inhabitants. That these inhabitants were made exactly like their maker. It was not to be wondered at, if man became egotistical, and looked upon himself as a being of great importance. But we know now that many questioned the correctness of such priestly dictums. Less than two hundred years ago it was dangerous to question. It was dangerous to even doubt. But many questioners and doubters had to appear, and for their temerity sacrifice their lives, before it was



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

possible for a Coleridge to ask with safety, "How do you know?" - Or a Darwin to write without molestation.

The priest seemed to be at all times on the watch lest any of the vulgar should get a peep behind the screen, and see him pull the strings that made the puppet jump. But in spite of all his watchfulness and brutality, the desire to know the truth was irresistible. And, notwithstanding the stream of obloquy heaped upon him, the steady, unpretentious



work of Charles Darwin stands to-day peerless. And now we reap the benefit of the work of those lovers of the right. To-day the scientist can put the priest at defiance. He no longer need fear the clerical monte-bank, whose power is shorn of much of its former virulence, compelling him to resort to slander and misrepresentation; but that does not break bones, nor draw blood, as racks, thumbscrews, and iron virgins were wont to do.

The laws governing the motions of the heavenly bodies are so inflex-

ible, and so thoroughly understood by the scientist, that calculations can be, and are, made with the most unerring nicety, of the times of eclipses both past and to come. And as there is no royal road to knowledge, we all may, by patient study, become possessed of the ability to make such calculations ourselves.

The scientist knows of no such word as chance.

Undoubtedly many who read this article have seen diagrams in newspapers and magazines in the past month or two, showing the path of totality across the land and ocean, of the late total eclipse. And there will not be another total eclipse of the sun visible in North America til August 30th, 1905. On page 456 of this magazine will be seen a diagram showing the line of totality at the time. And it is to be hoped that all who become possessed of this magazine will keep it carefully till that time, and see the verification of the calculation. Some scientists take such an interest in this class of phenomena that they devote much time to it. An astronomer of the last century, Pingre by name, calculated the precise dates of all eclipses which have happened during the last three thousand years. And calculations have been made for future events of that kind for hundreds of years to come, showing that a total eclipse of the sun will take place exactly two hundred and sixty years from this day, June 4th, 1900. The moon's shadow will pass a little south of London, England, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

I know that many will read these words without a question as to their correctness, because men and women of intelligence have seen the calculations of the scientist verified time after time, without fail. But there is a class that call in question anything and everything that can be proven true; and at the same time are ready to swallow the veriest nonsense imaginable from certain sources. We learn that at a total eclipse of the sun on August 21st, 1560, as the light began to fade, some of the folks in one of the sections of France got so excited and unruly, thinking the world was coming to an end, that they broke away, so that the priest could not confess them. And to quiet their fears he had to tell them the eclipse was postponed for two weeks, on account of the great wealth of his penitents. Now that, although an impossibility, was accepted without question. The excitement quieted down, and probably before the two weeks had passed most of them had forgotten how they had been deceived.

Clinton, Iowa, June 4th, 1900.

WHAT VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG SAYS.

[FROM CHICAGO AMERICAN OF JULY 8.]

THE powers regard China as a pie from which they intend to cut themselves slices according to whim and appetite.

Big guns give no title for the possession of a country. The will of the people is that title. The Chinese, remember that, want to remain Chinese.

CHINA HATES WAR.

Our views on life differ as much from yours as heaven and earth. In our country the individual man lives and works for his family; in your country he lives and works for the State.

Because we are essentially a family-loving people, we detest war, and are frightened at the prospect of any change that may take a man out of his proper sphere, from his home, from the ground he tills.

We have troubles of our own. We have an ample sufficiency of them and don't want any social question in China. Can you blame us for that? In the countries of the great powers, and the small powers, too, the social question is the nucleus of the most far-reaching troubles that confront the governing classes. In all the European empires the social question predominates. I ask you, can you honestly advise us to burden ourselves with such an octopus simply because it is the fashion?

NO FOREIGN INFLUENCES FOR US.

You complain that we are averse to foreign influences, but forget that at the very beginning of our intercourse with civilization twenty thousand Chinese settlers were murdered on the Island of Luzon in one week. The Spaniards did that, and I assure you this massacre encouraged us in no way to open our doors to you "civilizers."

Why should you regard us as "savages," anyhow?

You throw to us the murder of white men within our borders. Is murder unknown in Europe and America?

You speak of the persecution of Christians. Well, let us assume that a couple of hundred of our Buddhists went to your country to convert your people, and to preach, for instance, that, unless they want to be eternally damned, they must refuse to submit to compulsory army service—merely because the new religion they have imposed upon them says so.

Your missionaries ask our people every day in the year to break the laws of this country and to refrain from obeying the laws. As to the per-

secution of Christians, our government has never engaged in any nor encouraged any. Christians have been killed just as Chinese are killed in San Francisco, New York, in the Dutch Indies and where not?

AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES.

We employ no missionaries, no proselyte makers of any kind. We are not proud, but we are too smart to prescribe to anybody the fashion in which he should pray to his God. We never asked a living being to worship as we do. One of the most pernicious and dangerous of your idiosyncrasies is to ask and force people to subscribe to a certain mode of worship. We never do that.

DOUBLE GAME IN POLITICS.

You charge us with being double-tongues, with playing you false in the matter of politics.

What are you doing? One great nation after the other comes along and, with a knife at our throat, wants to rob us.

As long as we feel the point of the steel we say, of course, what you want us to say, but when the danger is over we conveniently forget all about the incident. That has been the fashion in diplomacy from time immemorial. It's done in all countries. Here is one example of many:

By the Peace of Frankfort the Republic of France ceded Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. If she were strong enough to-day to reconquer these provinces, would she respect her contract?

It's the same thing with the provinces which Europe took away from us. There is only one redeeming thing about it: The envy with which the Powers regard each other saves us from being victimized to a greater extent, for you hate each other more than we hate you.

You criticise our sullen attitude. Do you expect us to make love to you because you robbed us? Ah, we know your programme well enough.

The north for Russia, a good part of the south and central China for England, the rest for France and Germany—so it has been planned. We are to retain nothing; everything for the foreigners, nothing for the Chinese.

CAN'T CONQUER FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

But one can't do away with five hundred millions of people by a stroke of sleight of hand. It may not be very difficult to defeat us, but to conquer us will be a hard job, I assure you. It's like eating a real Chinese meal. A courageous European or American may tackle it, but I doubt that he will digest it.

ENGLAND OUR ALLY.

Your envy, your rapacity in preying upon each other—we play against you. We disgorge what we have to disgorge, even such things that you promised by treaty never to ask us to give up. We do all this, but at the same time we see to it that Great Britain, which is stronger than all the rest of you, forbids you to go too far.

FEAR AS A FACTOR IN POLITICS.

International politics are based on fear—fear and the apprehension of threats. Doubtless you know a great deal, but you have no idea of the limitless energy which China, her people, her Empress, and all of us are capable of.

SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS.

[FROM THE CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD.]

IN view of the wide popularity won in recent years by the works of Herbert Spencer, Charles B. Waite's little volume, "Herbert Spencer and his Critics," will prove a handy compendium to the many who admire the synthetic philosophy, and to those who reverence the aged systematizer of the doctrine of evolution. One glance at the book is sufficient to disclose the author's deep and keenly appreciative study of the writings of the English philosopher. Mr. Waite's purpose is to present to his readers the elements of the thought aroused in scholars by the new philosophy. He does not intend to offer a criticism of the critics: rather to set forth in brief space the leading concepts of the world's best commentators concerning Spencer's evolutionary system and concerning the metaphysics of its founder.

As an introduction to the motive, Mr. Waite summarizes or epitomizes the system expounded in the ten volumes of Spencer's works from "First Principles" to "The Principles of Ethics." Of the many attempts to accomplish this somewhat difficult undertaking there are few we can recall more successful than that of Mr. Waite. The work of Fiske and of Ward in that direction, though far more lengthy and detailed, is scarcely more lucid.

Most readers of Spencer's works are familiar with at least the names of his foremost critics. . . . Perhaps Spencer's principal critic has been Frederic Harrison, who, in a note to the author, sanctions the use of his name and indorses the presentation of his views as made by Mr. Waite. Other critics whose judgments of the Spencerian scheme of

thought are summarized in the Chicago publication are Malcolm Guthrie, John Stuart Mill, Max Mueller, James Martineau, Henry Sidgwick, W. S. Lilly, Orestes A. Brownson, St. George Mivart, and Arthur J. Balfour.

One can hardly fail to remark that by far the larger part of the comment made by these scholars upon the doctrines of Spencer are concerned with the religio-metaphysical theories of the philosopher. In his capacity as man of science Spencer has written very little to which the purely scientific critic can take exception. His famous "reconciliation" between religion and science is the one weak spot in the system, and to that spot, of course, has been attracted the attention of both religious and scientific scholars.

Mr. Waite's work is unique. Its style is luminous and admirably adapted to the subject. It is without question the product of a mind which has mastered the living thought of the time, and which itself is not without origination. It should be in the library of every scientific man, every student of science and philosophy, and every clergyman who is alive to the intellectual necessities of the age.

CHICAGO LIBERAL SOCIETY'S OUTING AND PICNIC.

The Chicago Liberal Society will hold its first annual outing and picnic August 12th. Will leave State street bridge at 10 a. m. on Steamer America for Michigan City. The fare for the round trip will be 75 cents. All Liberals of Chicago and surrounding country are cordially invited to attend.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE FIRST SURGICAL OPERATION.

BY J. M. MAYERS.

A LONE, uncharmed by woman's tuneful tongue,
Our dust-built pa, when life was fresh and young,
Reflecting sadly on his lonely life,
Yearned for the solace of a charming wife.
God read his thoughts, observed his own mistake,
And to himself and Ghost these words he spake:
"It is not good that man should dwell alone;
We'll from his lumbar regions take a bone,
And, fashioned Venus-like instinct with life,
Present it to him, chaste, a charming wife."
"Agreed," replied the Ghost, in accents low:
"The anesthetic's ready. Let us go."

More swift than eagle swoops upon its prey,
The troubled triune passed the Milky Way;
Down, down they sank, as lead in water sinks,
And fell where Adam stood in forty winks,
And o'er his mouth and Oriental nose
A doctor'd kerchief, leastways, I suppose,
They deftly threw, and, in a sleep profound,
Poor Adam dropp'd upon the hallow'd ground.
Deep in his side the Sheffield blade was thrust,
And out the sever'd rib fell in the dust;
And lo! when Adam from his slumber woke,
The three-in-one politely to him spoke.

"Seeing we erred in placing you alone,
We from your side have ta'en a funny bone,
Transmogrified it, in a moment's space,
Into a human form with heavenly face;
And now, sir, with your kind and gracious leave,
We beg to introduce you to fair Eve."
Her dusty lord, pleased with her lovely face,
Removed his hat, bowed low, with faultless grace,
And, in sweet accents, muttered, somewhat coy,
"Good evening, Eve, my solace, hope, and joy;
Bone of my bone, a thorn ta'en from my flesh,
You look extremely tender, fair, and fresh,

Like sticking-plaster, in all kinds of weather,
 We'll cling in peace and love together.
 Come, let's engage, queen of the whole creation,
 A moment, dear, in luscious osculation."

Eve, nowise shy, flew to his open arms,
 To taste the bliss of love's first labial charms.
 The gods connascent, beaming on the pair,
 Said, "Au revoir," then melted into air.
 Eve then suggested that they should take a walk
 Through Eden's bowers, and of the future talk.
 Politely, Adam drew her arm thro' his,
 And, slowly strolling, talked of love and biz';
 And, as the sun dipped in the purple west,
 They, locked in love's embrace, lay down to rest.
 The moon arose, and, with the stars, looked on
 The dusty spouse and rib phenomenon;
 Jah and the Ghost, together with the Son,
 Look'd, and were pleased their work was ably done;
 And Heaven's angelic host, in merry mood,
 Saw, and remarked, "Behold, 'tis very good."

—The (London) Agnostic Journal.

HURRAH FOR THE WHEEL.

[FROM THE TORCH OF REASON.]

FREETHINKERS, read the following from one of the noted divines (?) of our time, who preaches in a large church in a very large city, and then ask yourself if our opportunity has not come:

"The Sunday bicycle rides over the church. My position is this, that there is no one thing that is so sapping and undermining and overthrowing the Christian church to-day as the Sunday wheel. Some three years ago in Chicago there was a bicycle meet, and it was held on Sunday. In that line wheeling out from the city were 20,000 riders. When the head of the column had reached Evanston, ten miles away, the foot of the column had just left Union Park in the city. Six abreast, ten miles long, 20,000 astride the saddles and holding the handle bars. I suppose there is not a pleasant Sabbath in Chicago but over 200,000 persons are astride their wheels in Washington and Jackson and Lincoln Parks. And the same is true in all our large cities. Central Park in Brooklyn, and Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, and Belle Isle Park in Detroit are thronged with riders all Sunday long. Like a great army these riders go wheeling past the churches, caring nothing for sermons and prayers and sacraments. And the saddest thing is that they are nearly all young men and women. If they were old, it would not be so serious, but you cut off the young people

from our churches and they are doomed for all the future. Why, what is the cry from our churches the land over? It is the cry of small audiences. The morning service poorly attended, the evening service even more poorly attended, and in both of them but a meager handful of young people. You wonder where they are. I will tell you where they are. They are off in the parks astride their wheels. Instead of riding toward the church they ride right away from the church, and seemingly no power on earth is able to turn them back. Believe me, God's day and God's house are worthy of better treatment."

The churches are gone, sure enough. They can't give the young, active people anything worth half as much as a good bicycle ride. We Secularists can. Here at Silverton we want to build a bicycle track and have an amphitheater and help the young people to have a happy time every Sunday, and when we do ask them to study it will be to study something better than the old dry bones of orthodoxy. Then they will know who their real friends are. Then they will study!

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

BY W. S. JONES, M. D.

THERE are yet those who insist that Nature proves the existence of God. They say, with the theists of long ago, that "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork;" that "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge." And some of them even go so far with these theists of the long ago as to agree with them in the opinion that "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Yet, strange to say, these modern theists, unlike their ancient brethren, repudiate the claims of the Bible to divine revelation on the ground that it does not indicate that it is the work of an infinitely wise and good Being. They say that it contains too much that is unwise, unjust and unmerciful to be the word and work of God; and at the same time, inconsistently as it seems to me, refer to Nature as evidence of his wisdom and beneficence. This argument is prominently set forth in Paine's "Age of Reason," but in my judgment it is decidedly the weakest argument found in any of his writings.

One of these modern theists, in an article published in a late number of the Free Thought Magazine, gave utterance to the effect that he was unable to account for the universe and its phenomena in any other way than by believing in an "Infinite Intelligence." The "beauty and utility" of things "around us" could not be explained, he argued, on the hypothesis that they have been produced by "insensate matter." But how about explaining the ugliness and inutility of things "around us" on the hypothesis that they have been produced by the design of an "Infinite Intelligence?" This phase of the design argument was explained by the ancient theists on the hypothesis that there is a devil as well as a God in Nature. And this view served to explain the ugliness and inutility of

things "around us" much better, I think, than the one entertained by that class of theists who reject the Bible God. Really there is no sound reason for rejecting the God of the Bible and accepting the God of Nature simply on the ground of moral character; for in this respect Nature and the Bible are very much the same. Both contain what we call good and what we call bad. The Bible nowhere presents us with any worse God than Nature does. Nor does Nature present us with any better God than the Bible does. Both are dualistic in character, partly good and partly bad; and whoever believes in the existence of God, if he would be consistent, must also believe in the existence of a devil. Therefore, if we accept the doctrine of supernaturalism at all, to be consistent we must accept the dualistic phase of it; for if that which we call good in Nature is evidence of a benign being, that which we call bad is evidence of a malevolent being. From this conclusion there seems no rational escape. But perhaps the more rational view of the matter is that the God and devil ideas which have so long existed in the human mind are simply the results of its contact with the good and bad phenomena of Nature. At any rate, it is hardly tenable to assume from these phenomena the existence of a God without assuming the existence of a devil also. So, in their deductions from Nature, the old theists in this particular were less illogical than the new.

Simply to characterize God as a "thinking principle without person or parts," is but little, of any, improvement on the Bible description of him. Though perhaps not altogether so gross, it is nevertheless anthropomorphic in character, and shows most conclusively that man is still making his gods of material derived from himself. And if he only knew it, there is plenty material obtainable from the same source to make a devil for every God. But to define God as an "Infinite Intelligence" and then conceive of him as turning a deaf ear to the cries and prayers of distressed and suffering humanity, is certainly placing him very low in the scale of moral feeling. Surely, a Nero fiddling before a city in flames would seem less intolerable than a God like this. But if God is infinitely intelligent he must be infinitely sensitive, and therefore capable of feeling and acting as other sensate beings do. So, if there is a God at all enthroned in the universe, there can be no question, at least in my mind, but that the Bible conception of him is the more rational conception. Indeed, it would seem that a God wholly indifferent to the suffering that is continually going on "around us" is worse than no God, and that those who believe in such a God deserve "pity" rather than those who do not believe in him. With our limited knowledge Agnosticism is doubtless the wisest and most tenable position to assume; but rather than believe in a God such as Bro. Ingalls describes, I would necessarily be forced into Atheism of the most inveterate form.

Oakland, Ky.

WEEDS AND AGNOSTICS.

BY MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

A WHOLE YEAR passed in the country causes one to consider seriously in more phases than one the subjects of grain-raising and of weed-growing. "Every human life is a field under more or less cultivation," says the "last-day" composition of a sweet girl graduate. Trite as the sentence is, it starts one's thoughts to turning over facts. One blushes to think of the statistics that a census-taker of "weeds" would be able to exhibit of our own fields.



MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

Ah, who shall take the census of untended fields? Who can number the weeds of the world? Who is willing and able to attack them with hoe and knife and pick and plow? I notice farmers use the plow not alone for cultivating the corn and wheat, but for "ripping up" the very roots of weeds where they are matted and netted together across a field. The farmers say, "The weeds are turned under," for, as the sturdy horses draw the plow the heavy, bright steel bears down into the earth, and its curved form cuts and hauls outward the roots while the tops turn sidewise down.

"Turned under" is a strong expression and one often used in connection with more matters than farming, and, do you know, when I inspect the various Liberal journals that come to me, I liken some of them to plows that are vigorously "turning under" the rankest weeds of superstition while some of them seem to be not plows but planters—planters of new grain; then again there are others that seem to combine the plow and planter. To-day, as I glance through the June number of the Free Thought Magazine, I seem to have a realizing sense of the importance of the work and of the serious and sacred aspect of the undertaking. Only by right methods will truth prevail. Only by enlightened methods in which education and refinement largely predominate can our cause of Free Thought, of Liberalism, stand steadily or advance successfully.

Clear wit and often cleanly-worded ridicule are as effective in cutting down the mental distortions growing in places where orthodox work abounds as are sharp hoes effective in cutting off and uprooting weeds in the common field of mother-earth.

When classifying the "weeds" of the mental and moral world, we

should avoid the error of giving them all the name of "superstition." There are weeds of bigotry and of caste outside the fields orthodox.

This is an age in which unorthodox churches are fast multiplying. Churches in which poetic-idealism has supplanted the old superstition. When we fail to realize this we simply blunder to the injury of ourselves and we place ourselves in the shoes of the old farmer I once knew (and, indeed, I know to-day several), who cut down the most graceful elm in his yard and uprooted every flower his wife and daughter planted. He claimed that the flowers could not be put into the dinner-pot and boiled as could cabbage, and he scoffed at people who claimed that the elm of two centuries' growth was worth preserving for beauty's sake; he scoffed and said: "Ther' air only tew things trees is fit fur—one thing is tew chop up fer fire-wood, an' t'other thing is tew split up fer rail fences."

Now, I hold that while there are a vast number of "weeds" growing up and endangering the grain crops of Sanity and of Science, there are "elms," too, that were planted by mankind even in Bible times, and there are flowers of poetic expression and vines of imagination that we should not confound with the "poison-vines" of harmful-creeds, and of stupid "dead-letter" observances.

To kill imagination and poetry is to kill trees and flowers. Though the Bibles be swept away Idealism must still exist. There are many Free-thinkers and Agnostics who realize this, and among them it is safe to count the broad-minded, far-seeing people, both of the established churches and of the great out-of-church world.

The matter of idealism comes up with force to me at this hour because of seeing the announcement of the founding of an Agnostic church in Chicago; a church whose pastor or leader or instructor is Dr. T. B. Gregory, whose article, "Rational Worship," in this June number of your magazine I have read attentively and with profit and pleasure, for I gather the impression that the Agnostic church is setting out with the intention of growing, and surely there is no better gospel in the world than that expressed by the simple phrase: "Let us grow." Such a church will be in startling contrast to the churches whose main end and aim is "Let us crow."

I wish Dr. Gregory all success in his undertaking; at the same time I have a feeling that the name Agnostic may prove a misnomer in this case, unless the terms "Agnostic" and "Rational" can be made to appear synonymous.

In this very address Dr. Gregory gives on page 313 a rational, refined and logical definition of that circumambient idea that the majority of mankind make an attempt to reduce to the limits of the three-letter-word G-o-d—god. In fact, Dr. Gregory proves that he actually knows something about the subject. So far so good, but now mark the definition given by best lexicons of the term Agnostic is, "One of a class of thinkers who disclaim any knowledge of God or of the ultimate nature of things" (Century Dic.).

After reading Dr. Gregory's address, "Rational Worship," I must

insist that the interesting gentleman cannot "read his title clear" to the appellation Agnostic.

I often feel vexed at Mr. Huxley for having invented the word Agnostic; it is such a shield for "dodgers," and I notice that the men who dodge behind it are the very ones who really have arrived at the safest, most logical conclusions, and can give the clearest definitions of things. I take it that Dr. Gregory and George Jacob Holyoake belong in the same category, and what we ordinary folk need to do is to corner them right in and "make them tell," as children say.

Among densely ignorant people and such people as "think with their fists," the word God stands for a great fetich and a mighty "hoodoo," but why the intelligent should say, "God is something about which we know nothing," is more than I can determine. Such a pretense is equivalent to saying: We know nothing about the principles and ideas represented by the words "instinct," "knowledge," "environments," "universe," "cosmos," "chaos," "good," "bad," "virtue," "vice," "benevolence," "charity," "chastity," for portions of all these things have over and over again for thousands of years been proven to constitute the ever-changing and bettering ideal that the world of human beings calls God.

Ideal spelled with a capital would be a more appropriate name than God. (This, I take it, is also Dr. Gregory's view.)

Because the idea-god has root in the human brain, it is by the brain knowable to a greater or less extent, therefore no intelligent human has any moral right to claim no knowledge concerning "God," and it logically follows that the brains of greatest acumen know the most on the subject.

The name God being used to represent not only idealism in the mental and moral life of mankind, but also the First Cause of all physical life, an essence still at work in the visible universe, I must assert that such men as Darwin and Huxley and Wallace and Spencer, and their ilk, are not agnostics, though modesty caused Mr. Huxley to invent the name and apply it to himself.

The misuse of words, names and ideas, and more than all the abuse of them, bring them into contempt. The misuse and abuse of the word God by religious people, and markedly by superstitious people, has brought it into contempt. On the other hand, the non-church people may bring the name Agnostic into contempt.

The God-idea is certainly graspable just as much as the Santa Claus-idea is graspable, therefore no intelligent individual who knows by experience and records of experience, what benevolence and parental love mean has any moral right to say, "As to Santa Claus, I know nothing about him," or to say, "As to the mischievous Bogies and Pixies, I am agnostic." They have no right to say so, because in intelligent maturity they know more about these imaginary beings that represent portions of ideas and general virtues or vices than do the children who actually believe in Santa Claus as a gift-making Being, and Bogies as punishment-dealing beings. Any one understanding the principle, the virtue, the hu-

man attribute that gave rise to Santa Claus, knows about Santa Claus, and toward the said named ideal of imaginary personification cannot be agnostic, and should not claim to be.

Sanity, of course, forbids that after we have reached certain years of judgment we shall continue representing benevolence by the name "Santa Claus," and for a like reason sanity, science, intelligence, love and highest idealism forbid natures that have attained to certain stages of development making use of the three-letter name God. The name is inadequate.

The personification of abstract ideas and of boundless essences leads inevitably to idolatry, bigotry, superstition. The very personifications that were once the strength of the Bible are now its destroyers. The intelligent world has passed the childhood days when Santa Claus, however spelled, is believed in. The death of the God-personification, however, will not argue the death of the universe nor the discontinuance of goodness, love, charity, education, chastity or other expressions of truth and necessarily of being; on the contrary, these things will grow just in proportion as the God-personification dies.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

—San Juan de Porto Rico, June 27.—At a teachers' conference held here yesterday evening Dr. Saldana, a member of the Insular Board of Education, during the course of an address remarked that the Catholic religion should again be introduced into the public schools of Porto Rico.

Dr. Campos Valladares, a Portuguese Presbyterian, superintendent of public instruction in Brazil, took exception to Dr. Saldana's remark, and, turning to Bishop Blenk (the Bishop of Porto Rico), he said in substance that the Roman Catholic Church had been negative in results in all the South American countries, asserting that the illiteracy prevailing there was due entirely to the church's influence.

This remark caused great excitement. No sooner were the words uttered than Bishop Blenk jumped to his feet, and striking the table with his closed fist, shouted: "It is a lie!" adding: "I will not

sit quietly and hear the church of which I am the representative in Porto Rico traduced in such language."

After a painful silence by a common impulse the adherents of the bishop shouted as with one voice: "Long live Catholicism!" and the incident was closed, though it has aroused much feeling.

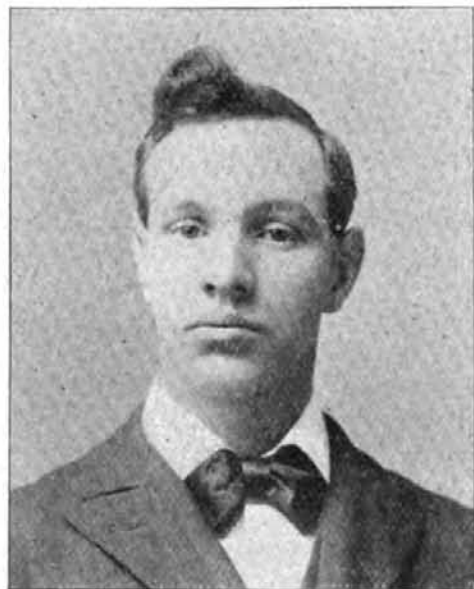
There is no doubt the Presbyterian church was founded by able men, who thoroughly and honestly believed the Bible, and they established a creed that was in strict accordance with the doctrines taught in the Bible, and now that honest and intelligent Presbyterians see their mistake we believe Liberalism has more to hope from that church than any other orthodox church. Dr. Campos Valladares, the Portuguese Presbyterian, in his above reported remarks hit the nail squarely on the head.

JOSEPH M. RYAN—A BRAVE YOUNG MAN.

[FROM THE WORCESTER (MASS.) TELEGRAM.]

JOSEPH M. RYAN, of 36 Malvern road, risked his life at noon yesterday to save a drowning dog. He plunged into Stillwater pond wearing only a pair of overalls, swam fifty yards to where a dog was struggling for life and helped the creature to reach the shore. Ryan was ex-

hausted and thoroughly chilled, but he saved the dog. He did his heroic act in the presence of many men and women employed in the South Worcester mills.



JOSEPH M. RYAN.

Ryan is a modest and gentlemanly young fellow of 23 or thereabouts, and is employed as a carpet weaver in M. J. Whittall's mills in South Worcester. The dog whose life he saved at the risk of his own was a homeless vagrant who had lost his master or whose master had lost him. The dog has been hanging around the mill yards for several days, and at noon the mill operatives have been accustomed to share with the houseless canine, their dinners. They called the dog Ben. He seemed to be a good-natured cur, and would whisk his stubby tail in a friendly way whenever any of his new-found friends accosted

him. Ever since the early part of the week Ben showed a fondness for Ryan, more than for any other person at the mills. His greater friendliness was caused perhaps by the fact that Ryan never stinted the homeless dog from his dinner pail.

The young men who work in the mill, after eating their dinners, have played with Ben, and yesterday they were enjoying their noon hour with their canine playfellow. Sticks were being thrown into the water, for which Ben would swim out into Stillwater pond and would proudly bear them to shore in his mouth. For nearly an hour yesterday the boys kept throwing sticks out into the pond as far as they could cast, but Ben never hesitated to try for them. At last he became fatigued and his swimming became slower and more labored. He was getting fagged out, but on being urged he bravely tried once more to recover a stick. "Sick 'im, Ben," the boys urged, and brave Ben, with his shaggy coat soaked with water and trembling with cold and exhaustion, "sicked 'im" in the most courageous fashion.

His last swim was slow and outside the limit of his strength. The dog was headed for shore, but was a long way out in the cold water and

was swimming slowly and faintly. About fifty yards from shore there is a straggling clump of weeds and matted bushes springing from the bed of the pond. Into this tangle poor Ben swam weakly, and could make headway no farther. He was making a brave fight for life, when the boys noticed his struggles and saw that the dog was drowning. A faint yelp or two was heard as the dog appealed to his human playfellows for aid. He sank once and tried to struggle out of the mass of weeds. He emitted a pitiful cry, and Ryan heard him.

"Going to let that poor dog drown?" he yelled from the window of the mill, from which he had been watching the fun.

Nobody volunteered to save the dog, and Ryan, realizing the creature's imminent peril, jumped from his window seat and ran to the boiler-room. He hastily divested himself of his clothes, kicked off his shoes and stockings and pulled on a pair of greasy overalls. Then he ran to the edge of the pond. The water was icy cold, but he shivered only once on the brink and then plunged in.

"Hold on, Ben, old man, I'm coming," he called out to the drowning dog, and then with powerful strokes he made for the clump of weeds. Ben saw him coming, and if ever a dumb animal tried to let his preserver know he appreciated the rescue, poor, homeless Ben did. He struggled even more frantically to keep himself afloat until Ryan reached him.

About forty yards from shore, when he was nearing the dog, Ryan had a severe chill and became afraid of cramps. His strokes became weaker and the men on shore became alarmed for his safety. "Come back, Joe," one young woman called to him. "The dog ain't worth it. You'll be drowned."

If Ryan heard her voice he paid no heed but gritted his teeth and swam grimly and bravely on to where Ben was giving up the weary struggle. He reached the dog after a long, cold swim, and placed one arm under the animal's body to keep him afloat. The cold had stricken Ben to the core and he was so chilled that he could move his fore paws only feebly in making shoreward. Ryan felt his strength giving out on account of the strain of his long, cold swim, and as he faced to land the spectators saw that his face was purple with cold.

Ben seemed to know that Ryan was trying to save him, and all the way to the shore the faithful creature tried to lick the brave hand that was keeping him from death. The dog whimpered all the way to the shore and moaned as if he realized how close to death he had come. Ryan was weak and half dead with cold and fatigue, when at last he swam into shallow water with his friend, the homeless dog, safely held up.

While Ryan was making his brave rescue not a sound was made by the anxious people on shore, but when he waded onto land weak, chilled and dripping with ice water with the dog, a shout went up that was heard over on Southbridge street.

Ben was too weak to stand when he was hauled out of the pond, but his gratitude was none the less evident. He attempted to lick Ryan's

hand and tried to follow him to the boiler room. Ryan got a good rub-down from the men and got into dry clothing in the boiler room as quickly as possible. He was none the worse last night for his early season swim. Ben was given a thorough warming and was dried comfortably.

He went home last night with his best friend, Joe Ryan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

That young man is entitled to more praise and honor than hundreds of soldiers who gain laurels on the battlefield. When we read this proof of his humanity and bravery we sent for his likeness and now present it to our readers. We do not know to what religious sect he belongs, but we do know that he has the right kind of religion, by whatever name it may be called, and if he does not get a good seat in heaven we don't want to go there, and we think that "Ben" ought to be admitted there, also. We tried to procure Ben's likeness, but failed.

"INTOLERANCE."

BY CLARENCE L. TREVITT.

I N enumerating the causes for the apparent decline of interest in the church, it might be well for the ardent supporters of orthodox creeds to take into consideration such utterances as were recently advanced in a sermon by one of New York's eminent divines, wherein he objected to the production of religious plays like "Ben Hur," etc., inasmuch as they tended to promote skepticism. He stated, to quote his own words, that "Religion is a controversial subject. Any attempt to present it on the stage necessarily invites controversy and opens up hostility between the church and the state. We are not allowed," he continues, "to teach religion in the schools, and the same reason for that law should apply to the stage."

It is presumed, therefore, that this gentleman would have religious controversy suppressed because it tends to promote skepticism.

In the advancement of a suggestion or proposition embodying certain principles for the reformation of the government of civil conduct, sincerity presupposes a willingness, if not a desire, on the part of its author, to have

those principles authoritatively enacted and incorporated in a penal code with punishment annexed. Otherwise, the absence of a penalty would render the act inoperative.



C. L. TREVITT.

Assuming furthermore, in accordance with such a desire or willingness, a law of this kind to be in existence, while, in the present age of civilization, perhaps, the penalty imposed would be somewhat "tempered with mercy," as compared with the barbarous and cruel punishment of torture, imprisonment and death inflicted on the victims of heresy trials by puritanical censorship of the press and free speech during the respective reigns of Charles I. and Bloody Mary, yet the principles involved would be essentially the same.

The same spirit of intolerance is disclosed that has predominated in the jealous minds of ecclesiastical leaders since the earliest history of all religions or forms of religion, beginning with the superstitious fetich worshipers, and when the tyrannical priests and monks constituted themselves as the chief expounders and guardians of the law and wielded their power in subjecting an ignorant, superstitious and credulous people to their arbitrary will by the most mendacious methods, keeping their machinations well guarded under the cloak of religious devotion.

The too jealously guarding ecclesiastical prerogatives and exaggerating its functions by subordinating the freedom and privileges of lay thought and conscience, is revolting to human nature and disgusting to a liberty-loving people.

Any attempt to obstruct the avenues leading to the betterment of human conduct or "Divine Grace," save through the doors of steepled temples and saintly-figured window-paned edifices, is especially repugnant to those unwilling to accept literal and obsolete interpretations of scriptural myths and orthodox creeds and dogmas.

During the dark days of the puritanical regime all places of amusement were closed, actors were punished and whipped; the Maypole cut down and festivals prohibited; little tots were restricted from indulging in innocent games and sports; church ornamentations were destroyed and the works of sculptors substituted by tasteless statues robed in clerical gowns. Sombre edifices, barren of all interior decorations, excluding even the sunshine of heaven, were their places of worship, inviting only to the elongated-faced, cadaverous-looking worshipers who, with heavenward gaze of supplications, mournfully plodding their way thither to mingle their wierd nasal twangs in doleful, monotonous psalms. No fireside was safe against the intrusion of these sanctimonious busybodies from prying into private domestic affairs and who kept their ministerial eye and inquisitive projecting nose suspended over the conduct of each individual member of the family. Free Thought was gagged; liberty of speech pierced by the sword, and conscience burned at the stake.

Placed face to face with a vicious, merciless God to appease; with threats of the tortures of hell (the real thing) and eternal damnation to fear; the high walls of creeds insurmountable; the barriers to salvation impenetrable; endangered by the atrocious consequences of witchcraft and heresy, the people rebelled, and beneath the pressure of their indignation, mingled with retaliation, the great flood-gate of intolerance and

puritanism was forced wide open, through which also rushed the strong, reactive current of vice, immorality and unbridled debauchery.

Of course the spirit of intolerance is not as radical to-day as in the past, consequently the reactive force will not be as great. But, comparatively, the causes and effects are the same, and just so long as the church adopts or advocates the adoption of a censorship over the free will of its members in the attempt to suppress controversial subjects, may it expect to see the increase of empty pews.

What a contrast to the eminent divine's utterances above quoted are the words of Milton: "Give me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties."

From a Christian standpoint the story of Ben Hur is a sacred production. It is not divested in the least of any of the elements of sacredness by reason of its reproduction on the stage. There certainly can be no honest grounds for objection to the book itself. As exhibited on the stage it is free from impiety or anything destructive to salvation. It is the epitome of Christ's teachings, untrammelled by creeds and dogmas, the exemplifications of which have a tendency to seriously impress the minds of a miscellaneous audience, whatever may be the various shades of opinions and religious views represented. To many, these impressions will be more effective, more indelible than those often conveyed by dogmatical orations and theological discourses of the clergy. The good influences of the play are well calculated to stimulate Christianity's required faith in those who have been driven from the church by its intolerant doctrines; at least, such influences might touch an invisible chord in the breast of some too worldly lives that would awaken and direct their thoughts towards the betterment of human conduct.

Why, then, should the clergy condemn the source through which His precepts might reach and influence those whom the church characterizes as "sinners?"

Why should the church attempt to impede the current of any one channel that might be open to the passage of a cargo of human souls into its great Sea of Salvation? Is it because the waters of that particular channel do not flow through the gateway of the church, so as to be filtered by creeds and dogmas?

Why should the church arrogate to itself the exclusive prerogative and privileges of dispensing "Divine Grace?" The church is only a, not the only, medium through which the teachings of Christ or the principles for the betterment of mankind and human conduct may be secured. The church has no monopoly nor can it create a trust on Righteousness.

The attempt to prevent skepticism by suppressing controversy is an old form of intolerance on the part of the credulous.

Skepticism can be no more obnoxious to credulity than credulity is to skepticism. The terms are diametrically opposite:

Credulity believes, skepticism doubts, without positive proof.

Religious intolerance condemns as an unpardonable sin and denounces skepticism as blasphemous. In truth, skepticism is but a candid confession of the want of knowledge—a declaration of emancipation from credulity forced upon the conscience by the futile effort to find competent evidence with which to substantiate untenable propositions.

The weakness of a cause is generally acknowledged by avoiding controversy relating to it.

The just grounds for skepticism are materially strengthened by an admission that the fortifications of orthodox religion would be endangered by the attack of controversy.

Controversy is a healthy exercise for the progressive development of the mind, without which the mentality would remain stagnant and deteriorate into the slough of ignorance and superstition.

In the furrows of scientific investigation and controversy, which are constantly uprooting the long-time trodden and wornout sod of orthodox superstition, will ever be sown the seed of new and progressive thought from which will be inevitably reaped rich harvests of the spirit of liberty and freedom of conscience; the intolerant utterances of the clergy to the contrary notwithstanding.

John Hale advised men "to trust to themselves alone in religious matters; to use their own reason in believing as they use their own legs in walking; to act and be men in mind as well as in rest, and to regard as cowardly and impious the borrowing of doctrines."

Chillingworth, one of the most convincing controversialists, maintains "that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; that the great principle of reform is liberty of conscience."

The proposition that the same reason for the law prohibiting the teaching of religion in schools should apply to the stage is obviously unsound: Children are compelled to attend school; adults are not compelled to attend the theater. There is a difference between voluntary and involuntary teaching.

West New Brighton, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of this magazine so that its influence for good may be greater, we will, up to September 1st, take trial subscribers at the low price of 50 cents a year, but they must be persons who have never before taken the magazine. This low price hardly pays expenses, but we hope that after one year's trial they may be willing to continue their subscription at the regular price.

P. S.—Chicago city and foreign subscribers will have to pay twenty-four cents more for postage.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

THE following command of Christ is what Christians claim as their authority for foreign missionary work:

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues.

"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."—St. Mark 16: 15, 16, 17, 18.

That is plain language. The missionaries when they go into a foreign country, "to preach the gospel to every creature," carry their Bible with them that contains the above instructions and promises. They scatter many copies of their Bible among the "heathen." The heathen read it, and see what they are promised by the Christian's God if they will believe this "gospel." There are great inducements held out in this Bible for believing. In Christ's name they can cast out devils, they can speak with new tongues, that is, in many languages, they can handle serpents without the least danger, and drink any deadly thing without the least physical injury, and, above all else, just by laying their hands on their sick friends, restore them to perfect health. And as these missionaries tell them it is impossible for God to lie, some of the most ignorant of the heathen are converted—that is, as Christians say, they "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." They are then baptised, as required, to entitle them to the full benefits promised them. They are then entitled to all the blessings and gifts that the Christian missionaries have promised them, but they soon find out by trial that not one of the promises have been fulfilled, that they were to receive in this world. Not one! That gives the poor heathen good reason to doubt the promises that the missionaries have made of good things in the next world: To live eternally in magnificent mansions, not made by hands, located in the kingdom of heaven, where the streets are paved with gold, and where the inhabitants have golden crowns on their heads and each a gold harp and a halo made of diamonds encircling their heads, and many other good things.

The benighted heathen have fully executed the agreement on their part, they have "believed and been baptised," and they call on the Christian missionaries to fulfil their part of the agreement, and the Christians refuse to do so. The most intelligent ones soon become convinced of the fact, as all honest, intelligent people are, that the missionary cause is one of the most fraudulent institutions on the face of the earth, and that it is no wonder it makes trouble and causes bloodshed wherever its agents and representatives go. Their principal work is trying to substitute one kind of superstition for another, which reminds us of what Col. Ingersoll said when we asked him what he thought of the "Congress of Religions" held at the World's Fair in Chicago. "It may be a good thing," said Ingersoll, "for them to get together and compare superstitions."

Missionaries, made up of scientists, could go into any part of the world to teach the people what they know to be true and meet with no trouble or opposition anywhere, because they would not say "Believe or be damned," but their motto would be, "Let us reason together, as friends, and try to get at the truth." Those are the kind of missionaries the world needs.

"THE DEVIL'S WORK."

1

IN the May Magazine, on page 306, we published the following in our "All Sorts" department:

The Standard, the Baptist organ, quotes some one as saying the critical problem of the denomination in the near future is going to be "not so much fighting doubtful doctrines or defending denominational tenets, but the question how to win and hold the boys and girls for Christ and the church." According to the Standard, there are few conversions between the ages of 10 and 15, comparatively few between the ages of 15 and 20, and fewer still each year after that. The problem of the church, then, is to find some way of preaching and teaching and living that will win the high school pupils and young clerks and mechanics just starting out into life before they have passed the most susceptible age for religious influence. There are theories, but the Standard says no way has yet been found to make the boy and girl converts grow into working Christians, active, intelligent, interested in missions, and familiar with the Bible. In the old days the boys and girls were compelled by their parents to go to church, and this is no longer the case, and they are allowed to consult their own inclination; and, with the young people especially, in the spring and summer the tendency is to prefer life outdoors on a bright day rather than within the walls of a church."

In the "good old times" it seems the boys and girls were compelled to go to church and listen to sermons about hell and damnation and other

pleasant subjects. No wonder they now prefer "life outdoors on a bright day to the walls of a church."

This notice attracted the attention of the officers of the American Secular Union and was the cause of bringing out the following very pointed and interesting correspondence between the Secular Union and the Standard, and as the Standard refused to publish in full what the Secular Union had to say in the controversy, we have been requested by the Secular Union to publish the letters of the Union and editorials of the Standard in full, which are as follows:

LETTER FROM SECULAR UNION.

Editor Standard: Dear Sir—Seeing an article in the Standard in which complaint is made that, "There are theories, but the Standard says no way has yet been found to make the boy and girl converts familiar with the Bible," we would suggest to you, to give one of the enclosed leaflets to each one, for we feel sure their curiosity would be aroused by the common sense questions asked and finding the answers to them would familiarize the finder with the Bible and make a lasting impression.

Will be happy to supply you in any quantity at cost. Yours truly,
The American Secular Union.

STANDARD'S COMMENTS ON THE ABOVE LETTER.

THE DEVIL'S WORK.

Last week we referred to the infidel propaganda among the Bohemian people in the United States. We wonder how many Christian people are aware that a similar work, though on a smaller scale, is being done among Americans and in our own language. Once in a while a traveler upon the beautiful streets of the best paved and cleanest city (not Chicago) comes accidentally upon an open sewer trap and gets a whiff from the drains. That is the sensation one feels in coming by chance upon some of the printed matter circulated by such organizations as the American Secular Union.

A paragraph in the Standard concerning the need of training young people in knowledge of the Bible brings from an officer of the union above named the sneering comment that if Baptists want help in guiding the young in knowledge of the Bible the union's leaflets may be of assistance. Two specimens of the leaflets are enclosed. They contain vulgar, absurd and obscene comments in the form of questions on various Bible verses, chiefly from the Old Testament, the verses not being quoted, but simply cited in such a way as to excite curiosity. Nearly all the passages so used are those containing references of one sort or another to matters of which it is usually desired that children be kept in ignorance. The rest of the questions are blasphemous indictments of the justice of God in his moral dealings with men of ancient times. The point of the whole depends upon the assumption, which no Christian of

to-day would defend, that every word in the Bible is given by God as a model of conduct for men.

It is difficult for us to conceive that any man or woman of sufficient brains to care to look up the Scripture passages cited in these leaflets could be deceived by such a grouping together of verses capable of such a use. But the leaflets are intended for young people, for boys and girls, and it seems fair to assume that they are circulated among that class. This indeed is the devil's work; not the mere quotation of passages concerning the sins of the patriarchs or the moral failings of the chosen people, but the attempt to suggest to young minds, incapable of detecting the logical fallacy, a casual relation between the divine element in Scripture and the murders, lusts, thefts and follies of men whose sins and virtues are impartially recorded.

There are chapters in the Old Testament which a father would not be likely to point out and emphasize to his boy or girl, because they deal with matters which it is unnecessary for the child to understand while he remains a child. But there is not a chapter nor a verse which a father ought not to be willing to have read by any son or daughter mature enough to understand "Othello" or "Les Miserables." We are glad to believe that the American Secular Union is reaching few of the young people of America, while our Sunday schools are reaching millions. But like some other insidious poisons, the sort of "secularism" which it advocates may be corrupting beneath the surface while outwardly all is secure. The church must be ever on guard.

THE SECULAR UNION'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Chicago, April 18, 1900.

Editor of Standard: Dear Sir—We wish to offer a few remarks which you are at liberty to insert in your paper in answer to the article appearing in your edition of April 14th, headed "The Devil's Work," apparently instigated by our suggestion of using our leaflets as a method of helping you to familiarize the young with the Bible, which was admitted in the Standard: "There has been no way as yet found to accomplish the same." You state that parents do not now force their children into the churches. This shows plainly that the leaven of secularism is working. You begin by belittling our work, which is hidden from you because of the policy of silence of the cowardly press, which dare not give our grand work against superstition a hearing (which one of our enclosed leaflets will fully show you), as also describing it by the following, which is only true as far as the Bible is concerned.

"Once in a while a traveler upon the beautiful streets of the best paved and cleanest city (not Chicago) comes accidentally upon an open sewer trap and gets a whiff from the drains." That is the sensation an unprejudiced, moral-minded man or woman feels when they happen to look over the foundation book of Christianity and find the gross immoralities of the chosen people of its God, which were far worse according to its own account than the nations round about which had no such interfer-

ing god. (Ezekiel 16: 45, 51.) Well may the Standard tell the truth and liken it to a "whiff from an open sewer trap;" on this the American Secular Union and the Standard are of the same opinion, only with this difference, the American Secular Union points out to the people the immoral sewer, while the Standard conceals it under the name of divine wisdom, and when the American Secular Union suggests a plan which would show up and by showing up clean out and do away with the sewer, the Standard suggests that it is the work of the imaginary Christian devil.

We are pleased that the Standard admits, "That no Christian of to-day would defend, that "every word in the Bible is given by God as a model of conduct by men," and yet the book says, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine to declare and confirm the truth." Is the Christian's imaginary devil getting in his work when they cease to defend their own Bible as a whole, and now admit that only some parts can only be called divine truth, whatever that may mean.

We defy the Standard to find one vulgar, absurd, or obscene word in our common sense quotations asked; there is absolutely not a single vulgar or obscene word in this literature, and as to its childish ignorance of our not quoting the verses, we will inform it that we never wish to make it "like a whiff from an open sewer trap;" it is the American Bible Society that prints and circulates that kind of literature in the interest of a gross and manifestly dying superstition. Again you say, "We are glad to believe that the American Secular Union is reaching few of the young people of America while our Sunday schools are reaching millions," and yet in the article which caused us to volunteer our aid, they were bewailing the fact that no way has yet been found to make the boy or girl familiar with the Bible—as also seeming to be blind to statistical facts, that the abominable teaching of the sun-day schools that all crimes may be forgiven simply by a belief in the mythical death for thirty-six hours of an imaginary crucified Jew, the teaching of which is filling our jails with criminals, as Christian statistics fully prove, when J. M. Buckley states in the "Christian Advocate" that 90 per cent. of the prisoners in Sing Sing prison were Sunday school scholars when boys. The "Union Signal" states, "The warden of the Missouri penitentiary is a Sunday school superintendent, with seven or eight hundred members." This crime-breeding teaching the American Secular Union is endeavoring to counteract, relying on the teaching of human morality and showing the people of our country the absurdity of the claim that the teaching of this book, with its obscenity, and gross bribery, is productive of good morals, or that it tends (with its "Take no thought for the morrow, or pay the eleventh hour loafer the same as the one who worked all the day") to promote human progress. Remembering the words of Herbert Spencer, "As man gets rid of God worship, the world gets better, and man loves justice more," yours respectfully,

The American Secular Union.

THE STANDARD'S EDITORIAL REPLY.

The Standard's recent editorial on "The Devil's Work" evidently hit its intended mark as we have received a long communication from the American Secular Union attempting to reply. The letter is characteristic of the society which "demands that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated."* It bears the marks of ignorance of Christianity's purpose and character and of an uninformed mind. We shall not defile our pages by publishing such an attack upon all that the Standard and its readers hold sacred. It misquotes Scripture; unfairly twists facts and quotations to make them tell against Christianity; charges the daily papers which refuse to publish its communications as "cowardly," accuses the Standard of "childish ignorance" and defies it "to find one vulgar, absurd or obscene word in the common sense questions asked" in its leaflets. The samples sent to substantiate this claim, however, are vulgar, blasphemous and suggestive of matters unfit for children's minds, like those to which we referred before, reminding one of a "whiff from the drains." Let us be thankful that there are few such organizations as this and that the bacteria of their sewage literature is so seldom seen and usually so uninfluential. The existence of such immoral conduits as this union, emphasizes the necessity for protecting our children from the germs of infidelity and disbelief, and keeping them in the pure air of Christian training and careful supervision.

THE SECULAR UNION'S REJOINDER.

Chicago, May 17, 1900.

Editor Standard: Dear Sir—In your edition of April 28th, in which you make an answer to what you are pleased to call "attempting to reply" to your article entitled, "The Devil's Work," clearly shows the truth of our statement in regard to the cowardice of the newspapers in refusing to publish our communications or our victories over superstition, for the Standard is doing the same thing, under pretense of defiling its pages with reference to verses which it and its readers hold sacred. Also when we ask a question on and call attention to where the verse may be found in the Bible, you say, "It misquotes Scripture." This is invariably the way these truth-telling Peters of the gospel use whether the cock is going to crow or not, when we state where verses may be found showing up the "incomparable" morals the Bible contains, but which you are pleased to call a "whiff from the drains," which is a true name for a considerable quantity of Bible literature. You say, "Let us be thankful that there are few such organizations as this and that the bacteria of their sewage literature is so seldom seen and usually so uninfluential." In this you display your perhaps not childish but certainly one-sided ignorance, for we can assure you that when we find that these Gos-

*The Standard here pretends to quote the 8th "Demand of Liberalism," which is as follows: We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights and impartial liberty.

pel Peters are trying to force on people unconstitutional measures, either in regard to sun-day recreations or reading the Bible in the public schools, a promise to ask some common sense questions on Holy Bible verses which you are pleased to call "bacteria of their sewage literature," it is not as you say, "uninfluential." In this you are greatly mistaken, for we have as yet to find one place where we have not attained our object of circumventing these pious equivocators in regard to the personal rights of the people on sun-day, or having the book containing "the bacteria of sewage literature" withdrawn or kept out of the public schools, but the cowardly press dare not publish the fact or thing that caused it, and then of course you imagine it is uninfluential.

We will call your attention to an article by one of your correspondents, W. W. Everts, in same issue, on page 6 (1076), in which he states this positive truth (shown by your denying us the publication of our answer and saying: "It misquotes Scripture," when we only call attention to passages by naming chapter and verse): "Theologians are the only class of learned men to-day of which it can be said that some of its most famous members regularly practice equivocation and subterfuge." Such is the well-known fact, and when the learned and famous do this, can the rank and file be exempt? We know they are not, for you say of our "attempted" answer, "It bears the marks of ignorance of Christianity's purpose and of an uninformed mind." If your idea of an uninformed mind is to be like the learned and famous Christian theologians that we must practice equivocation and subterfuge or like the chief builder of Christianity, "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie" . . . for we certainly are aiming for the truth and do not wish to be instructed how much we may equivocate, use subterfuge or lie, to bolster up a system called by you "Christianity's purpose and character," when from what we have observed is no other than to dupe people (according to the Standard's own statement in its article about the young and the Bible, who must be caught when young, 10 or 15 years, very few after 20), into believing that they can escape an eternal hell fire (built by a God of love) in another imaginary life, if they join a church and pretend to believe that a third part of a God died for thirty-six hours for this purpose, also give a good support to the equivocating drone elected or called to keep up these foolish, unnatural and artificial fears, under the false pretense it promotes human morality, happiness and progress.

Yours respectfully,

The American Secular Union.

Chicago, April 18, 1900.

LETTER SENT WITH THE LEAFLETS.

Editor of The Standard: Dear Sir—We have mailed you leaflets which will show that you labor under a serious mistake in ascribing the issue of our leaflets in yours of April 14th, as "The Devil's Work." By carefully reading these, it will prove to you it is no imaginary "devil" that caused these leaflets to be issued, but a large number of superstitious parson-led women, who seem determined to force the immoral fetich

book of Christianity into our public schools; and as our society is determined to keep such "a whiff from an open sewer trap" out of said schools, it finds the best way to accomplish the same is to show up said "sewer trap"—and then both parents and children will unite with the American Secular Union in keeping our public schools free of such mentally servile and pernicious literature. This should prove to you there is no "devil" whatever connected with it, but rather the determination of men who have risen above the mildew of oriental superstition, and who will keep at work on this line until this slavery and drink-commanding, polygamy-allowing, immoral, bribe-promising fetich, is driven from every public school in our progressive land. Yours for true secular education
The American Secular Union.

ALL SORTS.

—The Syracuse Board of Education voted Wednesday evening to discontinue the reading of the Bible, objection to the same having been made.—De Ruyter (N. Y.) Gleaner.

—The reader's special attention is called to an article on Judge Waite's new book, that we republish on another page, from the Chicago Times-Herald.

—The preachers made thousands insane by preaching hell, now they admit there is no hell and that they were lying when they preached there was such a place.

—There is no doubt but Gov. Roosevelt is a brave man as most people define bravery—but he was not brave enough to save the life of a woman, who had no voice in making the law by which she was convicted, when by signing his name he could have done so.

—All the national political conventions that have been held this year have been opened by prayer. The preachers, who have done the praying, have asked God to direct the proceedings as seemeth to him good. If those prayers have all been answered we ought to know just what God desires, but notwithstanding, it seems impossi-

ble to tell for a certainty whether he is a Republican, a Democrat, a Prohibitionist or a Populist. Like his ways, his political opinions are past finding out.

—In considering the enormity of the massacre of Christians by Chinamen, it should not be forgotten that there have been even in this country Chinamen massacred by Christians.—State Register.

Yes, that is true. The people of one religion seem to enjoy the killing of people of some other religion.

—Prayers for rain were offered in many of the Cortland churches last Sunday.—De Ruyter (N. Y.) Gleaner.

We are grieved to learn that such ignorance, bigotry and superstition prevails in our native county and where we lived until we were over thirty years of age.

—If it be God's desire that Christians go, as missioneries, into "heathen countries" to carry his gospel, should he not protect them? If he has the desire, and the power, he certainly would. If he does not, he must either not have the desire or the power, or lack both requisites.

—The Sunday School Teacher—Clar-
ence, can you give an instance of your

own knowledge in which a good deed brings its own reward?

The Boy—Yes'm. When we give Dr. Fourthly a big purse of money and a summer vacation we don't have to go to church again till next fall.—Chicago Tribune.

—Persons on the Graceland avenue pier were startled yesterday morning by seeing a man who had been kneeling and praying loudly jump into the lake and drown himself. Policeman M. J. Kelly of the Town Hall police station saw the man leap and ran to the spot where the man had disappeared.

He was probably one of those agnostics who had been reading Ingersoll on Suicide, but it is singular that he had been "kneeling and praying loudly."

—The Liberal University, located at Silverton, Oregon, is the most worthy institution of learning ever before established. Every Liberal ought to keep posted as to the good work it is doing. And the only way to do that is to subscribe for and read the "Torch of Reason," its organ, one of the ablest Liberal journals in the world. It is published at Silverton, Oregon. Price, \$1.00 a year.

—Emperor William, when declaring that he would avenge the death of Minister Von Ketteler, said among other things:

We must bear in mind, too, something higher—namely, our religion and the defense and protection of our brothers out there, some of whom stake their lives for the Savior.

We read in Romans xii., 19: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," but the Kaiser doesn't take that view of it, but then he and the Lord are about one and the same person.

—American citizens in China are certainly entitled to the protection of their Government. But if a war is necessary to defend them Congress alone has power to declare it. To order a considerable military and naval force

to China in ignorance of the actual facts and to act in conjunction with those land-grabbing empires, Great Britain and Russia, is a stretch of the executive power that would have startled the country a few years ago.—New York World.

—The attack by a number of Montana's citizens upon a party of Japanese laborers, hired to work on a railroad near Helena, during which several of the heathens were so badly wounded that they had to be taken away on stretchers, is of course to be deplored. Fears are not entertained, however, that Japan will land troops on our shores in consequence or that the powers will set about effecting a partition of the United States.—Philadelphia Times.

—To-day China is to be partitioned. It is for us to demonstrate that we, as a nation, want nothing of it and that our sole desire is to be permitted to do business there. Let the other nations have the land, the empire—anything they may choose to want. It is the part of the United States to insist solely upon their right to be friendly with their neighbors, to sell to them what we raise by honest toil and to buy from them what we need and can afford to pay for.—Harper's Weekly.

—"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloom-bumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."—Golden Days.

—The Bethany Congregational Church, Superior and Lincoln streets, was struck

by lightning shortly after 9 o'clock in the evening. Large fragments torn from the roof of the church fell to the ground with a crash that was heard all over the neighborhood. Four young men who were standing at the entrance of the church sheltering themselves from the rainstorm were injured by the falling pieces of wood.—Chicago Chronicle, July 3.

It would seem that churches, these days, are the most unsafe place, whereas in the old days they were considered the only safe places in the time of danger. The lesson, "Avoid churches."

—It is not as traders that the Boxer hates us and thirsts for our gore. It is because we have struck his deepest sensibilities and infuriated him on that question which is the most sacred to him—his religion. Because we persist in flooding his country with missionaries who tell him he is a heathen and a worshiper of graven images. It is religion again that is at the bottom of it all. Good old religion! A missionary with a box of fourpenny Testaments and a determination to show the benighted heathen the error of his ways is the greatest force in the world for producing hatred, bloodshed and universal pandemonium.—Manchester Sporting Chronicle.

—Prof. Frederick Starr, head of the department of anthropology in the University of Chicago, takes a common sense view of the Chinese situation and declares the empress is justified in her antagonism to Christian missionaries, and in taking steps to drive them from the country. The Journal reports the professor as saying to his class:

"The introduction of Christianity into China is a measure of hostility to the existing Government. The empress is justified entirely in expelling the missionaries as a measure of self-preservation. Her party eventually will succeed, because any scheme to deter her by a coalition of the powers such as is

now proposed would be absolutely impossible."—Progressive Thinker.

—"Brother, are you going to have electric fans in the church this summer?"

"Electric fans?"

"Yes, brother, to keep the flies away."

"No, deacon, I could not consider anything that would keep the flies away. If it were not for the little flies I could never keep the congregation awake."—Chicago News.

—He—Here is an account of a minister being overcome by heat while preaching his Sunday evening sermon.

She—How dreadful—did he faint?

He—No; he ran. He was preaching on hell, fire and brimstone, and in some unaccountable manner his celluloid collar exploded.—Ohio State Journal.

—Tacoma, Wash., June 28.—(Special.)—Ralph Platt, once a captain of the United States troops in the Philippines, but now claiming to be the representative of the Emperor's party in China on a mission to the United States Government, arrived last evening on the steamship Empress of China and left to-day for Washington.

Translated into English he is the envoy of the Royal Red Coat of Order of the First Peacock. He says "the missionaries have been a nuisance and a pest in China and are largely responsible for all the trouble."—Chicago Tribune.

Doubtless Captain Platt tells the exact truth that the missionaries have been a nuisance and a pest in China and are responsible for all the bloodshed that has taken place.

—Prof. Goldwin Smith of Cornell University says:

"One thing is clear: All the missionaries should be compelled at once to withdraw to places of security; or, if they choose heroically to remain in posts of danger, should be warned that they do this, as did the early missionaries, at their own risk. It is monstrous that a religion of peace and good-will should be made, as too often it has

been in the hands of its indiscreet apostles, a brand for kindling the flames of murderous war."

Prof. Smith is mistaken when he says that Christianity is a "religion of peace and good will." We know it is so claimed by many, but history proves to the contrary.

—Judge and Mrs. William H. Taft of Ohio, who sailed for the Philippines lately, attended church one Sunday morning; and after service Mrs. Taft was the center of a group of women who stood in the aisle and held a long and animated discussion. The judge grew impatient at the delay, and was very glum on the way home. At last he said, "Do you know, you chattering women reminded me of Balaam's ass blocking the way?" "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Taft, severely, "You're mistaken. It was the angel that blocked the way of the ass!"—*The Christian Register*.

—We have read that Ingersoll once took refuge from a storm, and among those who sought the same shelter was a Baptist preacher. This "dipper" tried to improve the occasion by "getting at" the great Freethinker. He expatiated on the grandeur of the elements in a state of commotion, and wondered how any man with a grain of intellect could remain an unbeliever in the presence of such a spectacle. Ingersoll listened until he thought it was about time to give the man a lesson. Then he said that the storm was very far from proving a Providence. "Why," he said, "if the lightning gets among us under this shelter, it is just as likely to kill me as a fool like you. Where's the Providence in that?" They always got on the wrong side when they tackled "Bob."—*The (London) Freethinker*.

—A resolution indorsing the movement started by the people of California to exempt church property in that State from taxation was presented by the Rev. F. D. Bovard. The speaker said that the State collected over \$40,

000 from church property and that it was a hardship for the young churches there, many of them being unable to pay for repairs. Dr. J. M. King stated that he believed the law was not only unjust, but iniquitous. The resolution was adopted.—*Chicago Daily News'* report of Methodist conference.

We are pleased to learn that California is able to collect \$40,000 from the churches. In most of the States the churches escape taxation altogether. We hope the day will come when legislators will cease to fear the frown of a priest.

—In these days, when there are more laborers in the "Lord's vineyard" than there is work to do, some of the many preachers out of a job might earn an honest dollar for once by accepting the following offer of Brother Remsburg:

If Washington, Lincoln or Grant ever acknowledged the divinity of Christ it ought to be an easy matter to prove it. As an incentive I make the following offer:

1. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Washington's writings or speeches acknowledging the divinity of Christ.

2. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Lincoln's writings or speeches acknowledging the divinity of Christ.

3. I will give \$100 for a sentence in Grant's writings acknowledging the divinity of Christ.

My book, "Abraham Lincoln—Was He a Christian?" contains everything that could be obtained both pro and con on the question. It gives the testimony of 100 witnesses.—J. E. Remsburg.

—Prof. Frederick Starr, head of the department of anthropology at the University of Chicago, declared before his class yesterday that the Dowager Empress of China was justified in her attitude toward the Christian missionaries, and in taking any steps necessary to drive them out of the country.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Prof. Starr is a man of good judgment. A person has a right to convert his neighbor to his religion if his neighbor invites, or permits, him to do so,

and not otherwise. Take away the large salaries that these missionaries receive and that would end the matter. If it was not for the money there is in the business they would let the Chinaman's soul go to hell and be damned. This missionary business is the greatest fraud and humbug existing, but notwithstanding the pious bigots who are upholding it would be glad to see this country go to war to defend it.

—Dr. W. W. Keen, president of the American Medical Association, in his annual address last week, called attention to a field which American philanthropy should no longer neglect. This is the endowment of medical schools. In 1899 the known benevolence of Americans were nearly \$80,000,000, but, while much was given hospitals, little went to the schools where men were trained to care for the hospitals' patients. Each of the 8,000 theological students of 1898 had the income of \$2,250 provided for his aid, while the 24,000 medical students had the income of only \$83 each to supplement their private resources. Yet the theological school requires only class rooms and library, while the modern medical school demands not only these, but at least thirty expensive laboratories.—Exchange.

Each of the young men who were learning the trade of the preacher had \$2,250 given him, while the young men who were learning some practical and valuable business got nothing. Theology, the science of God, comes high.

—The foreigner would have been quite comfortable in China, able to live and trade in perfect peace and amity, if only he had never meddled with the religion of the people. And, in the name of common sense, why should he? China has a civilization older than our own; has a literature that is worthy of respect; has religious beliefs deeply implanted in the minds of the people, so that attacks are keenly resented. I should think a prompt kicking into the street the most courteous treatment possible for the man who

should come as a guest into my house, only to tell me that I was a superstitious fool, and that his special belief was to be swallowed by me. No man, unless he was a hopeless cad or lunatic, would think of behaving like this as between man and man. Why, then, should it be thought either decent or praiseworthy as between nation and nation?—"Cyrano," in *The (London) Freethinker*.

—Richland Center, Wis., June 22.—(Special).—During prayer meeting services at the United Brethren Church, in Gillingham, eight miles north of here, a bolt of lightning last night struck the building, practically demolishing it.

Splinters and plaster fell on the worshippers, who bolted from the building in a panic, and on returning found that the bolt had killed outright Louis Peckham, aged 20 years, seriously injured Julian Hart, and shocked Stephen Foley and several others so severely that it was hours before they recovered.

Peckham was the son of the former pastor of the church, and as the bolt struck him was leading in a song service.

The building is so badly damaged that its rebuilding will be necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

How things have changed owing to the "Higher Criticism." In our boyhood days God sent his bolts of lightning to kill off profane swearers and small boys who went fishing on Sunday. He is now directing them mostly against churches and prayer meetings.

—Ho Yow, consul at San Francisco, discussed the state of affairs in China and implored the civilized nations to reflect well before further involving themselves in strife which he believes threatens to be the most bloody in history.

"The origin of the whole trouble," declared Mr. Ho, "is interference with our religion in China. I do not question the worthy intentions of missionaries who have gone there, but they have made the mistake of trying to convert people who are not educated as a race

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even to the point of religious tolerance. Good missionaries merely waste their energies and incense the people. Studying the history of the world, we find that almost every great war has been brought on by differences in religion."

Yes, Mr. Ho Yow is right. Religion, or what is about the same thing, superstition, has produced almost every great war. There never will be peace on earth until we are entirely rid of religion.

—Rev. E. M. Johnson of Mattoon, who has been preaching in the Sorento Presbyterian Church for some time past and who was stationed at Donnellson for several years, was suspended from the ministry by the Vandalia Presbytery which was held in Irving on Monday of this week. Charges were preferred against Rev. Johnson by a widow lady of Sorento with whom he tried to take liberties.

Mr. Johnson has been preaching in the Vandalia district for the past twenty years and is about fifty years of age. He is married and has a family in Mattoon. He made no defense and did not appear at the trial and it is probable that he would meet with a warm reception should he again visit this section.

The lady who preferred charges against him is a highly respected widow of Sorento and has several children.—Hillsboro News.

We publish very few such notices of the "Crimes of Preachers," and the only reason we have for publishing them at all is that preachers claim that they "have been born again," and are therefore not like other men liable to temptation.

—"W'en Moses tell de sun ter stan still"—began the old deacon.

"Dat warn't Moses," interjected a brother in the amen corner; "dat wuz Joshua!"

"Ez I said," continued the deacon, "we'n Joshua tell the sun—"

"You didn't say dat at all!" said the brother who had corrected him. "Hit wuz me dat said it. Hit wuz me dat tuck you up on it."

The deacon's patience was exhausted. He folded his brass-rimmed spectacles, laid them carefully on the table before him, walked over to amen corner, took the objecting brother by both arms, from behind, and with the swish of a cyclone swept him forward to the door, landing him precipitately in outer darkness.

"Ez I wuz sayin', 'fo' dis little incident occurred," he continued; "w'en Moses tol' Joshua ter tell de sun ter stan' still—"

Some of the other learned brethren moved uneasily in their seats. They looked as if they wanted to correct him, but they did not. They let it go at that.—Atlanta Constitution.

—We clip the following from the Chicago Tribune of June 15:

Charles P. Packer, formerly president of the Park State Bank, now defunct, and prominent in South Side club and church circles, has been arrested at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., on charges of larceny as bailee and securing money under false pretenses. Though the warrants for his apprehension involve alleged misappropriation of \$21,000, it is estimated by police officials that the total amount secured by questionable transactions will aggregate \$75,000.

The prisoner was president of the old Park State Bank, which suspended some years ago. His name is in Chicago's blue book and he was prominent in club circles and active in church work.

These fellows are all "active in church work" and they supply a large share of the funds for the spread of Christianity. We never read of one of them being active in Free Thought work, or contributing to the Liberal cause. They generally steal the money, and then divide with God's friends and then expect to receive a crown and harp and the best seat in heaven.

—Held Up by Herbert Spencer. One day I was seated in the station at Medicine Lodge. I was absorbed in reading my book, but I noticed a cowboy

walking about the room eying me, evidently desiring to be sociable. He finally stopped before me, saying, "Good-mornin', stranger; what mought you be a-doin'?" "I am reading," I answered. "What are you readin'?" "A book on evolution." "What's evolution?" he asked curiously. Herbert Spencer's famous definition was on the page before my eyes, and without a second's hesitation I read it off in the most rapid manner: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation"! The effect was startling. "My God," he cried; and then he stepped backward, threw up his hands, gazed at me with an astonished eye, and backed out of the room. I think this is the only instance on record of a cowboy being "held up" by Herbert Spencer.—Cyrus Townsend Brady, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

—And so Cronje capitulated. He and Roberts had the same god, and being appealed to by both sides, this god did not very well know what to do; so he did what he always does when he finds himself in such a fix—he took the side of the strongest battalions. Napoleon, who was not much of a theologian, did not fail to mark deity's tendency to take this course. And so, in spite of all his holy hellographing, the Lord hath given Cronje only St. Helena for his portion. And Kruger is, philosophically asking, "Is there a God in heaven?" None, O Kruger, that cares for holy hellographing. If you resolve to "stagger Humanity," have the stronger battalions on your side. That they are the stronger is enough, even if the recruits were all found by digging in the cinder-hill of Tophet. Your lack of belief in this cardinal fact, O Kruger, has set you to, fanatically, attempting the impossible. Once more in

history the baleful blight of the few and fabled drops of blood on Calvary has been the means of deluging the earth with gore. In your simple, ignorant faith, you, with Jehovah for your field marshal, pitted yourself against the resources of the British Empire. But for Jehovah, you and your pietistically archaic following would never have committed yourselves to such insanity. You, in spite of your living in the nineteenth century, trusted in Jehovah—and where is he—and where are you?—Saladin, in *Agnostic (London) Journal*.

—In the *Chicago Chronicle* of July 1 we find the following sensible statement reported from Berlin:

A leading diplomat here, who has had an extensive experience in China, said he condemned the present anti-Chinese course pursued by the powers, claiming that the naval demonstration with which the hostilities began was unjustified, as was the marching of troops toward Peking in time of actual peace. He considers the subjection of the Chinese nation impossible and says its pacification is also impossible. Besides, he adds, to accomplish anything like lasting military successes against the Chinese at least 200,000 men will be required. But, he continued, even then Europe cannot administer China or even some of the provinces of China. He strongly advocates, therefore, a policy of mutual forgiveness and forgetfulness and the putting of an effectual stop to missionary efforts there. He concluded with saying: "We may leave it to commerce and time to carry our civilization to China."

Yes, that is right. All that is needed to bring peace is "The putting an effectual stop to missionary efforts." They are what has caused all the trouble.

—The Sunday-keeping churches desire Sunday laws in their own interests. These interests demand laws not only prohibiting Sunday work but Sunday play as well.

Writing upon this subject, Rev. Francis W. Ware said:

"Make it impossible to run the thea-

ters, shut up the cigar stands, ice cream saloons and soda water fountains, and prevent baseball playing, put an end to railroad and other Sabbath excursions, and the masses will the more easily be turned to the house of God. Break down these sacrilegious but fascinating amusements and the church will have the right of way to our masses."

This shows very plainly the real motive back of the demand on the part of the churches for Sunday laws and Sunday enforcement—it is that they may "have the right of way to our masses."

In the same article the Rev. Ward says: "If the churches of this State (Michigan) were to contribute \$10,000 this year to assist the American Sabbath Union to push its work, they would in our judgment make for themselves the finest possible investment. The money so invested would soon return to them with fine rates of interest. The money now spent in Sabbath desecration by those who are in large sympathy with the churches, but who are led off to the parks, on excursions and to other places, where money is spent freely, would, if our Sunday laws were enforced, return to the churches and contribute to their support."—*The Sentinel of Liberty*.

The Rev. Ward here lets "the cat out." The object of Sunday laws is not for the benefit of the "poor laboring people," but to get the laborer's money for the support of the church.

—There is nothing new under the sun. Even the higher criticism and the heresies that are troubling the universities and the theological schools may for the most part be found, in germ at least, in the works of the *Fratres Poloni* published in 1656 ("Quos Unitarios Vocant"). In one of these mighty volumes we have a sketch of Faustus Socinus, and are told that, finding the climate of Italy not altogether salubrious for an ingenuous young man who had formed the habit of thinking for himself, he went to Geneva. There ideas of civil and religious liberty were abroad, and there John Calvin was striking mighty blows for freedom. The young student of the-

ology called upon Calvin, and asked him to resolve some of his doubts with such patience as he could command. Calvin listened to the young man, and possibly felt some stirring of interest in him. But later Socinus received a note which made him think it might be safer to push on into the freer atmosphere of Poland. The note contained no threats; but Calvin quietly remarked, "Again I seriously warn you that, unless you quickly correct this itch of inquiry, it is to be feared that grave calamities may overtake you." "A word to the wise" was sufficient. The biographer says the warning was not an idle one. The next year Servetus was burned (*exustus est*) in Geneva. For the affection which Calvin stigmatized as the "itch of inquiry" no antidote has ever been found. It still lurks in all the seminaries, breaking out now and then in some new form, as in the Methodist School in Boston or the Congregational Seminary in Bangor. And still the shade of John Calvin lifts a threatening finger, and says in solemn accents, "Again I seriously warn you." etc.—*The Christian (Unitarian) Register*.

—Jefferson City, Mo., June 30.—"There is no law in Missouri prohibiting playing of baseball on Sunday," so says the Supreme Court in a decision rendered to-day by Justice Marshall, which is concurred in by the other members of the court. The opinion discharged Joe Neet on habeas corpus proceedings from serving a sentence in Lafayette County jail for playing baseball on Sunday. The opinion says:

"Baseball does not belong to the same class, kind, species or genus as horse racing, cock fighting, or card playing. It is a game of chance only to the same extent that chance or luck may enter into anything man may do, but when chance or luck is pitted against skill and science it is as fair an illustration of what will result as any test that could be applied. Until the

law-makers expressly provide for such sweeping changes in lives and customs and habits of our people it is not proper for the courts by construction to impair their natural rights to enjoy sports or amusements that are neither immoral nor hurtful to body or soul. We, therefore, conclude that there is no law in this State which prevents playing a game of baseball on Sunday, and, therefore, the defendant is imprisoned for the doing of an act which is not unlawful, and, therefore, the imprisonment is unlawful."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—"If you want to gain the kingdom,"
Says the preacher, gazing round,
"Want that home in glory,
Where you lay your burdens down,
Pay attention to this message,
And that heavenly city see:
Give your heart to God Almighty,
And your pocketbook to me!

"Don't be no-wise discouraged
If the stony way is long;
Pass the hat around, my brother,
While we sing another song:
If you expect religion,
Salvation's full and free,
Give your heart to God Almighty,
And your pocketbook to me!

"Hear the words of blessed Jesus,
'Lay not treasures up on earth:'
Give a liberal, large collection,
And receive the second birth.
When the dimes and nickels jingle,
Then we'll shout our jubilee:
Give your heart to God Almighty,
And your pocketbook to me!

"Give it all, and don't begrudge it;
Don't be holding any back;
Sacrifices must be offered
When we walk the narrow track;
Pass the hat along the benches,
Pass it slow so all can see;
Give your heart to God Almighty,
And your pocketbook to me!
—John Morrissey, in Free Society.

—George W. Camfield of McKeesport, Pa., a man over eighty years of age, who procures many subscribers for this magazine, sends us the following passages from the Bible that he says he has never heard a clergyman preach from:

"For in death there is no remembrance of thee."—Psalms 6: 5.

"Man's breath goeth forth, he returneth to the earth, in that very day his thoughts perish."—Psalms 146: 4.

"He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Job 7: 9.

"So man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake or be raised out of their sleep."—Job 14: 12.

"Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner."—Prov. 11: 31.

"All go to one place, all are of dust and all turn to dust again."—Ecclesiastes 3: 20.

"For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything."—Ecclesiastes 9: 5.

"They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise."—Isaiah 26: 14.

"The proud and wicked to be burned both root and branch."—Malachi 4: 1.

"In the resurrection all are angels."—Math. 22: 30.

The clergy will doubtless be thankful to Brother Camfield for selecting so many texts for them.

—Western ministers were dismayed when the Central Passenger Association at its meeting here last month adopted a resolution not to issue trip permits for half-rates to clergymen residing outside of the territory of the association, which is bounded on the west by Chicago and St. Louis.

Originally the railroads individually issued trip permits to clergymen not residing along their lines, but several months ago the Eastern roads decided, for various reasons, to have trip clergy permits issued exclusively by the com-

missioner of the Central Passenger Association. This plan worked very well, but some ministers in the Southwest who wanted to go East via St. Louis complained because they had to buy a postage stamp and write to Chicago in order to save several dollars in railroad fare. The subject was discussed at the last meeting of the Central Passenger Association until everybody was tired of it, and when somebody offered a resolution to abolish trip clergy permits it was adopted because it would end the wearisome discussion.

Since then a number of the leading railroads have refused to be bound by that resolution to abolish clergy trip permits, and have requested Commissioner Donald of the Central Passenger Association to continue to issue exclusively such permits for them. As a result all the roads will ask him to act for them also. Ministers residing west of Chicago and St. Louis can get half rates over the Central Passenger Association lines by making proper application to Commissioner Donald. The trip permits will be given also to persons other than clergymen who are engaged exclusively in religious work.

The Lord ought to provide these ministers with wings so they would not be compelled to beg for half fare and pay two cents on letters asking for them.

—"Twenty-five years ago," said a mining man, "I was in a Colorado town and one day a sheep herder came in with a report of a gold find and collected eleven of us to go with him to it to organize it into a district and stake off our claims. We got through with it too late in the day to start home again, so we camped in our blankets. We were stretched around the fire when someone proposed that we devote the time before going to sleep to telling who we were and what brought us to that remote country. Scarcely a man in the party was known by his name, 'Judge' and 'Doc' and 'Parson'

and 'Shorty' and 'Cockeye' and such characteristic sobriquets designating each of us. Most of the men were simply floaters and drifters and they were there because it happened so and there was a chance to get rich quick and easy. When it came to 'Shorty's' turn to respond he startled us by the story of a tragedy in which he had killed two men in Vermont and escaped because the sympathy of the community was with him, although not sufficiently so to permit him to remain at home. The wild west was his best opening and he had come there to end his days in whatever way he might. The story cast a gloom over the assemblage, so to speak, which was lightened somewhat by the spokesman calling on the 'Parson.'

"Well, Parson," he said, 'what brought you out here?'

"You've called me right," laughed that member, 'for I was a parson. I had a place in a small town in Pennsylvania, a wife and five children and \$400 a year, with mighty dern few donation parties. I struggled along the very best I could, trying to be a Christian under the circumstances and willing to lessen my chances to enter the kingdom of heaven by 25 per cent for a 25 per cent increase of pay, when the end came by my refusing to build a church.'

"The idea of a preacher in that fix building a church seemed to be so funny that everybody laughed, and 'How was that, Parson?' came from half a dozen questioners.

"Oh," he replied, hesitatingly, 'the congregation raised \$7,314.60 to build a church and I skipped out with it.'"—
The Washington Star.

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ON PAGE 475.

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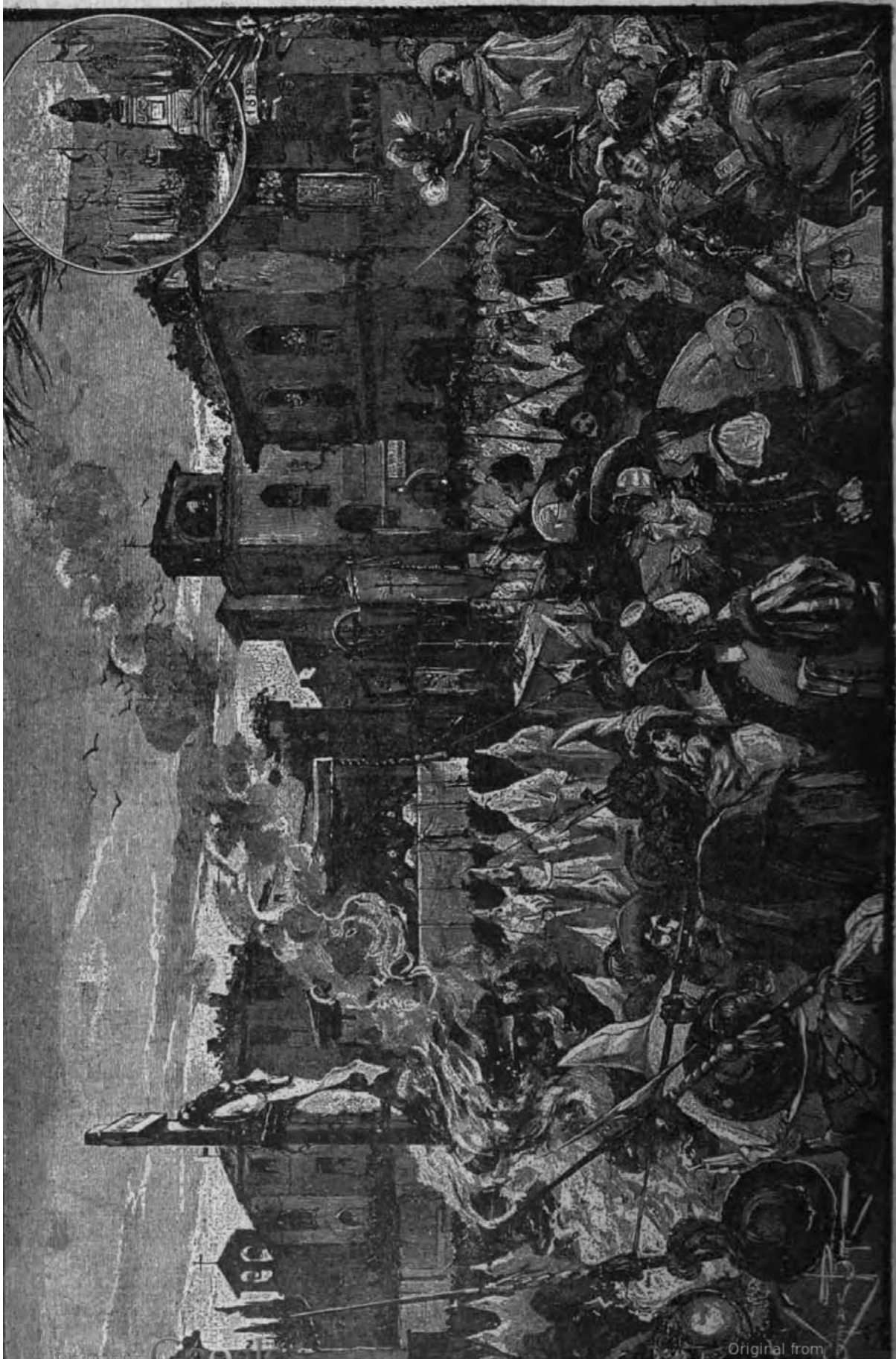
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Published here in place of the portrait of Dr. J. B. Wilson, whose photograph came too late for this issue. It will appear in the October magazine.

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SEPTEMBER, 1900.

PHILOSOPHY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE meaning of the word philosopher, originally a "lover of wisdom," a student, a seeker after light, has come, in the course of time, as so many other words of our vocabulary have changed, to acquire a far more pretentious signification—that of a knower rather than a seeker; the learned man rather than one engaged in the search after knowledge. The term philosopher, as generally understood at the present time, means one whose mental powers have been devoted to matters not concerned with the practical every-day affairs of life, neither with those co-ordinating rules of experience which we call science, but rather with the more exalted condition, wherein, after these are relegated to their proper places in principle, more or less primal, science serves as a hand-maiden only to tell to the sage the result of her investigations, and to afford confidence in their verity.

Philosophy is a domain separate and apart from the region of scientific investigation; it deals with physical things, it is true, but with physical things only as they may conduce towards the establishment of principles.

Many men, who have called themselves, and been called in their own time, and even long after, philosophers, have confounded theory and hypothesis with principle; and sometimes it has even happened that such men have been the more greatly exalted in the esteem of their contemporaries in that degree, that their speculations took on a gaudy appearance of verity, shimmering, not with the cold, clear, beautiful iridescence of the dawn or the aurora, but rather with the lurid, flamboyant, incandescent gases arising from the colored fires of a too romantic vision.

In considering the subject of philosophy and enumerating the men whom the world regards as philosophers, it will be clearly well to point out the broad distinction between these ephemeral names, which, however, may have a certain charm and attraction, and the real sages and prophets of a higher progression, which have been since first archaeology hinted to history the necessity and the utility of records.

Philosophy must not be confounded with science nor with art ; art produces, science demonstrates, philosophy reasons ; art shows the thing accomplished, science the way, but philosophy the motive ; art is the thing itself, science the how of the method, but philosophy seeks to tell the why.

As philosophy must not be confounded with either things as they are or their manufacture, or production, or discovery, neither must it be confounded with some other branches of inquiry. Philosophy is not religion, although it may be religious, as religion is not philosophy, although it may be philosophical ; though it has been said above that philosophy was concerned with giving the motive, and answering the question why of things in general ; yet there has always existed a school of thinkers who have distinctly and positively denied that philosophy could attain to so grand an object.

This school, represented by some of the very ablest minds, though failing (as Emerson says to hitch its wagon to a star) has, nevertheless, been of very positive advantage to those other more ambitious minds, who felt themselves under no such limitations. The service so rendered has been great, chiefly in that it has called the attention of makers of hypotheses and the guessers at the ultimate, to the futility of all opinion, and that natural humility which should concern the thinker, as well as the worker, in the great laboratory of nature, and compel him, no matter how great his advances, always to recognize and respect the boundaries and the limitations of the human brain.

Though while adhering to the broad definition of philosophy as that which answers the underlying questions of the world, we must respect the genius of one to whom the name philosopher cannot be denied—August Comte, who contributed to the world's data what may be summed up practically in one phrase : that final causes are not susceptible of rational explanation, and should not therefore be sought after.

Philosophy is divided into three great branches : Natural Philosophy, which concerns itself with seeking out the causes of physical phenomena ; Moral Philosophy, which has for its object the determination of underlying ethical principles ; and Mental Philosophy, whose province is the far-reaching one of establishing those grand and universal principles, which naturally transcend nature, and morally exceed in value even all morality.

The beginnings and early histories of all philosophies are involved in the deepest obscurity. It may be said that with the first dawn of reason came naturally some kind of philosophy ; but investigation and the early, crude thoughts of man awakening to the knowledge of his mental powers, are evidently not to be classed as philosophical any more than those first

vague questionings of childhood are not to be compared with the acute reasoning of the man of mature years and developed intellect.

At the dawn of the historic period we find all philosophy, as well as all science, in the hands of the priests of some great religious system. Apart from the conjectures and ill-substantiated traditions concerning the thinkers of the far East, we find that the philosophy of the ancients was practically confined to the hierophants of Egypt, Chaldea and India. Whatever the full text and scope of the speculation of Egypt and Chaldea may have been, from neither has come any very lucid or intelligible accounts. What little we know has mainly filtered down to us through the writings which have been discovered of those grand old Greeks who seem to have been under the special protection of a providence, to originate, hold together and transmit to posterity the results of the profoundest thought, surprisingly accurate information, and imaginings often erroneous and always crude.

The philosophy of the Greeks stands out on the pages of history as clearly defined and as potential as that of the Hebrews. With the exception of the philosophies of India it is to them we owe all our knowledge of the speculations of the ancients concerning those great problems of life, death, soul, humanity, God and creation.

The Greek thinkers almost invariably refer the origin of much of their speculation to others than themselves; some defer to Egypt and some to Chaldea, but more to the Magi and the Gymnosophists. It seems probable, however, that the chief course of the enlightenment of the early Greeks came from the East. Plato signifies his contempt for the Egyptian lore and Aristotle distinctly ascribes much of the wisdom prevalent in his day to Chaldea. Whether Chaldea itself was not indebted primarily to both Egypt and remote India is a question which at this late day can hardly be answered, though if answered would probably be in the affirmative.

In a general way all the philosophies of ancient Greece separate upon two formal lines; there was the school of Ionia in Asia Minor, of which Thales of Miletus, Anaxagoras, Anaxamander, Anaximenes, and Heraclitus were chief, and that of Elea in Italy, led by the master minds of Zeno and Parmenides. The Ionic school was practical, the Eleatic transcendental; the former concerning itself with reasons for, and the causes of, the phenomena of ordinary life; the latter endeavoring to pry into the mysteries transcending nature, as it has been said, "to lift the veil of Isis." Nowhere else has the gulf been wider between two antagonistic methods

of inquiry than here. On the one side ranged all that was sensuous, sensible and perceptible; on the other all that was intangible; occult and (as they conceived it) basic. The Ionians represented the idealism of the real, the Eleatics the reality of the ideal; and this discordance so established has come down to us in varying shapes, even to the present day.

Although we have to trust to the statements made concerning him chiefly to his great pupil, Plato, of all the Greeks, Socrates stands forth pre-eminent among thinkers.

It is he who changed the entire method of philosophising. Previous to his time what was called philosophy was really a jumble of opinion and the crudest guess-work on all subjects which were not susceptible of direct handling by the senses. Socrates was not content with guessing, he wanted to know, and in the pursuit of knowledge was continually asking of everyone who claimed any degree of learning, that question "Why?" which as has been already remarked constituted the essence of true philosophy. When a person claimed to be pious Socrates asked, What is piety? When it was claimed for another that he was virtuous, Socrates wanted to know what was meant by virtue? If it was said of this or that man that he was good, able, learned, or brave, Socrates made himself conspicuous, and at last offensive, by his continual demand. It is not said of him that his questions were impertinent, or prying, or mischievous, only that they required an answer, and that answer was never forthcoming; he wanted the truth. His manner was offensive. It is a habit of the world to disregard the truth, and take offense at the manner of seeking it; the usual consequences followed. Socrates was arraigned by a dikastery, convicted of impiety, and condemned to death.

There is nothing anywhere to indicate that Socrates had any other infirmity than his persistently outraging the sensibilities of pretenders and fanatics. There is enough to indicate that his mind was quite perfectly balanced between the two rival factions of thought then in vogue—the Ionic and the Eleatic.

After his death the principles which he inculcated were taken up by two of his students, Plato and Aristotle, names pre-eminent in the history of the higher thought of the world. Plato, however, was an idealist; he taught the reality of the ideal, of the supersensuous and immaterial. Aristotle, on the contrary, was the father and founder of the whole race of materialists. The irrepressible conflict, fought on many a forensic field, here began, and continued for many years afterwards, to be revived after the revival of letters at the dawn succeeding what are called the dark ages. It is these two who set in array, one against the other, the two principles alle-

gorized, deified, and humanized, which all later philosophy has done its best to reconcile, without, however, making the slightest progress towards reconciliation. The human reason seems to have found a strong attraction in this endeavor, futile as it must appear, with the data thus far given to the world. It is the eternal riddle of the sphinx. The satire embodied in the fable of Achilles and the tortoise, and the syllogism of the crocodile. It is the mathematical contradiction in terms of the tangent to the hyperbola, known to geometry both in the form of the cissoid of Diocles and the asymptote. The problem is the reconciliation of the inevitable and the impossible.

During most of the period when Greek thought was active four distinct schools of thought existed. The Stoic, founded by Zeno of Cyprus, the Cynic, founded by Antisthenes, the Epicurean by Epicurus, and the Cyrenean by Aristippus.

Of these the Stoic school is by far the most essentially philosophical. Its votaries were large-minded and brave-hearted men, who, daring to think for themselves, had no fear for the terrors of imagination, and were full of kindly impulses towards humanity. The Cynic had views of life not dissimilar but impregnated, not with pity, but with contempt for the infirmities from which they themselves imagined they were free. Diogenes, he who lived in the tub and sought an honest man by daylight with a lantern, was the most distinguished of this school. The Epicureans have had the ill-luck to be maligned by all the ages. This was not the sect, as most by force of habit have come to think, who were devoted to pleasure as a creed, for that low philosophy one must look to the Cyreneans, who avowedly sought pleasure as the one worthy object of life.

During all the coming ages few indeed have been found worthy of being counted either true Stoics or true Epicureans. Between Cynic and Cyrenean the world of action, unconscious of their legitimate philosophical ancestry, has been divided; it has always been either the Roundhead or the Cavalier.

Democritus and Pyrrhon are mentioned, chiefly that the latter's philosophy was so purely pessimistic as to be actually nihilistic; not that he refused to believe in fundamentals, but that he doubted the results of all reasoning, even the validity of evidence. Modern thought has no example of such nihilistic fancy, unless that of J. S. Mill may be said to afford one.

Democritus was the founder of the Atomic school. He differs from those who sought for origins in quality of things by seeking them in quantity. His philosophy had a distinctive merit, that, combined with the

teaching of his predecessor, Pythagoras, might have laid the foundations of chemical science.

The last to be mentioned of the great philosophers, but one of the first in point of time, indeed, as it is related of him, the first man of learning among the Greeks to drop the distinction of "Sophist" or sage, and adopt that of "Lover of Wisdom," was Pythagoras. First he was also in one little point of value, of which he probably saw only dimly "as through a glass," that profound idea that number was at the root of all fact and all action.

This is the certainty that modern science has discovered, developed and illustrated in every branch of learning. The stone mason, when he cuts and hammers his voussoirs and arch stones of arch and groin and stairway, though he may not know it, is working upon a grander stairway yet. His handicraft was founded upon stereotomy, and that upon descriptive geometry, and all upon mathematics. The sailor, traveling the trackless deep, who points his sextant and scans his ephemeris, sails a wider expanse than any earthly sea. His nautical almanac is based upon the intricacies of logarithms and conic sections, and they upon mathematics. The agriculturist, the physician, the dyer, the photographer, and countless other callings and professions; what a strange alembic is theirs, for all these and countless other crafts are based upon chemistry and its constant, unvarying, just affinities, and they all upon mathematics. And what shall we say to such vocations as the law, the educator, the moralist and last the religionist? In the true order of nature have these vocations no claim to a like stable foundation? In all generations of the world, ancient and modern, there have been great men who have sought a nature as stable, but none besides Pythagoras has even hinted at the word which is a symbol of the certainty.

How came that wonderful accordance that we find in the early part of Genesis with the latest discoveries of science? Much has been written on the "Mistakes of Moses," and much clearly unreliable in his defense, but in spite of both assailants and defenders that marvelous account—literal or allegorical—speaks for itself with an assurance of accuracy that the written order almost fulfills to (what may even yet be) our imperfect knowledge.

What moralist, ancient or modern, has ever spoken with the strength and grandeur of a higher standard than Isaiah? Where in all the writings of the world is to be found a poem equal to that of Job? Was it a coincidence or happy accident with him as he speaks of the north being stretched over the empty place, and that mysterious influence of the Pleiades, influ-

ence which only late years has demonstrated to be the greatest of realities? Surely both Job and Moses possessed the profound faculty of philosophising, or perhaps in their words are found the confirmation of the fall of man: from some primitive state of purity and wisdom.

Ecclesiastes is remarkably philosophical despite the pessimism of its sad refrain, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and chiefly because of its sublime ending in these two verses the epitome or allegory of unwavering justice.

In the New Testament St. Paul was the philosopher of the intellect, St. John of the spirit, but of all the philosophers, whether secular or biblical, one stands alone—Jesus of Nazareth.

After the death of Plato and Aristotle philosophy in Greece almost immediately broke up into contending and discordant factions too numerous and almost too puerile to more than mention. Antagonism speedily developed, however, on the ancient lines, and the strife between the Academic and the Peripatetic schools continued until the new tyrannical institutions of the land strangled learning with the one hand and liberty with the other.

The most influential, or perhaps it would be more proper to say the most tumultuous, of all the schools which had their rise in Greece, was now the Neo-Platonic, whose headquarters were transferred to Alexandria in Egypt, and there maintained for many centuries; in fact, until their doctrines were gradually quenched in the flood of light which came with Christianity.

It is difficult for some of us to understand that the few savage and wholly pagan imaginings could have been matched by contending factions of Christian belief; but so it was, and the city of Alexandria in Egypt saw as hard a contention over symbolical meanings of the new as ever had been known under the old religion. Here, with utmost rancor, unitarian and trinitarian ideas sprang up and flung themselves at each other's throats. Here the age-long quarrel, which afterwards rent kingdoms asunder, began between Arius on the one side, who claimed the unity of the new God-head, and Athanasius, who wrangled for the trinity. If these disputations were not philosophical, they had, at least, the same claim as had the degenerate followers of Plato. Kingsley's "Hypatia" gives a vivid and effective picture of those remarkable struggles.

We must not leave this brief summary of the state of the higher thought, as it appeals to the Western mind, without a glance at the work of the writers of that mighty book revered by all the civilization of the

world, by most as a revelation from the Divine Being Himself, and by all as a compendium of literature unsurpassed as a history of the moral progress of the race.

Whatever high critics may say as to the authorship of the early books, one among them stands pre-eminent as that not only of a lawgiver and leader, but as a philosopher in thought and action—Moses.

In the far East Confucius, teaching, according to the blind traditions of China, long before the historic age, gave to the world the system which had some of the elements of philosophy, but was rather one of politics and ethics. Lao-tse introduced into that same remote country a system—occult, mystical and dreamy, rather than philosophical, known as Taoism, and these two still continue, with practically little change, to influence and dominate the opinions of the upper classes.

The influence of Zoroaster the Persian, found in the collection of writings known as the Zend Avesta, at first, and for a long time great throughout Western and Southern Asia, gradually declined till now only its imperfections and idolatries have been retained among that singular sect called the Parsees.

Zoroaster's work in the world of philosophy is chiefly to be regarded because of the distinct enunciation of pure and perfect monotheism. It is this philosophy (as held and promulgated by the Magi) alone of all the Eastern cults which positively and distinctly influenced Western thought. There is a tradition extant that Jesus himself, during the eighteen years of silence of the gospels concerning him, left his home in Palestine and had instruction from these Magi, and it is also possible that he may have sojourned a while among the Brahmins and Buddhists. There is even a tradition to that effect, though the chief evidence (looking at the matter solely in the worldly point of view) comes from the marvelous universality of his teaching, which with unerring prescience has picked out the true meaning from all these overshadowing philosophies.

Brahminism is the chief religion of India, and Buddhism prevails in many parts of Northern India, in Ceylon, and among the lower classes of China and Farther India, and until recently was almost universal in Japan. These two, similar in most respects, and identical in many, are yet in their essentials widely divergent, fully as much so as the Hebrew and Christian religions.

These two are both veritable philosophies, their religion is altogether subordinate to the philosophy. The Brahmins trace the intricacies of their ancient creed to the Vedas—books, poems and hymns written in the Sanscrit language, difficult to understand, but pervaded with earnest and

exalted sentiments. Our acquaintance with them comes mainly from the epitome or code called the Vedanta, and from the interpretations thereof given by modern pundits. Divested of its husk of myth and marvel the Vedanta philosophy represents an inscrutable past, an unknowable future, and a hopeless present. Such religion as it has is pure Pantheism. It not only has a God, but that God is everything; the human being is nothing, not even a spark of the divine fire. Brahminism teaches the utter unreality of the sensory. It is (as Berkeley and Hume taught afterwards) the philosophy of the dream. It denies both the self and the not self; to it the esoteric and exoteric are one; in fact, all is one, and the cause of evil is the perception of duality. When they undertake to explain the fundamental doctrines teachers of the Vedanta philosophy are inconsistent. Swami Saradananda says "You cannot ascribe any motive to the absolute," while Shoshee Chunder Dutt, an Indian pundit, quoted by James Freeman Clarke in "Ten Great Religions," says, "Dissatisfied with his own solitude Brahma feels the desire to create." The Vedanta teaches certain paradoxes, as, for instance, that the world is an illusion, and yet that it is not only real but eternal. It proclaims (and this is the overpowering value) the universal justice of the infinite. This it calls (the doctrine of) Karma, which is nothing more than that of cause and effect, or, as Christians explain the same idea, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The doctrine of Metempsychosis, or reincarnation, is an attempt to account for the discrepancies of condition by which one is born poor, diseased, and as we would say under an evil star, and another full of health and life, rich or a prince. This doctrine is not really an essential one, as held by the philosophers of the Vedanta, but claimed as only a "working hypothesis."

As may be seen from the above brief summary Brahminism is essentially pessimistic. The individual self has virtually but three qualities; it is, it perceives, it rejoices; but the nature of its rejoicing is far from averting its earthly woes. The ideal of Christianity has not only being, perception and joy, but it acts, it aspires, it loves. It has a future life to look forward to. But Brahminism inculcates nothing better or more to be desired than total extinguishment in its own deity; or, as the Hebrew said, "The spirit returns to God who gave it."

There have been two great revolts against Brahminical creed and practice. The first was that of Vardhamana, who founded the sect now called the Jains, which differs from that of Sidhartha Guatama in its greater asceticism. At one time a considerable power in India, its followers are now comparatively few.

Buddhism, the philosophy founded by Guatama about the time when Socrates was delivering his orations in Athens, was a distinct reformation of the old religion. While it adheres to the doctrine of Karma or pre-natal and post-obit consequences, and while it does not deny the hypothesis of reincarnation, its ideas of the constitution of the universe, of God and of man, are totally different. To speak broadly, the Buddhists deny that there is a God, and they also deny that man is possessed of what we call a soul. It has been said of them that they constituted 400,000,000 of atheists, but to consider Buddhism as atheistical would be the grossest of errors. Buddha's idea and that of his followers (including theosophists of the present time) is that while man has no enduring soul in the sense of an ego or metaphysical agent, yet that his personality is a something which has a potency far more certain and enduring.

Brahminism teaches that man is not created by a God, but that he has created himself, that that which he is in one life is the exact metaphysical resultant of all his previous existences. It teaches that the motives, the influences, and the actions of this present life will enter into, and become part of, the influence and being of all future life. It is virtually the idea of several modern thinkers; that as matter and energy cannot be destroyed, so spirit is indestructible. It is in the sense of spirit, as distinguished from both matter and energy, that the Buddhists believe in the soul. Their idea of God is similar. They do not believe that Brahma creates or ever created; they do not believe that Siva destroys or ever destroyed, and for preservation of an eternity of happiness or misery they rely upon no hypothetical Vishnu. Whatever heaven or hell may be, it will be their doing, their giving, their responsibility.

Of all exotic words that have come into the English language none has undergone more various explanations than the word "Nirvana," and none even by some eminent writers who had not entered deeply into their subject, has been more maligned and misrepresented. In ordinary translation the best word that seems to have been found for it is "extinction." But the Buddhists do not believe in any doctrine of annihilation; on the contrary, as has been said, one of their chief doctrines is that the spirit is normally immortal. Nirvana means the destruction of the carnal self; it means the rise of the individual to a state of perfection, and the complete triumph of the spirit over all the ills and lusts of the flesh.

The radical difference between Buddhism and Brahminism is that the latter inculcates the demands of faith, the former the necessity of knowledge. The Buddhists call the Brahmins idolators, while the Brahmins

declare that the Buddhists are atheists. It is the eternal quarrel between emotion and intellect. Both the Vedanta philosophy and that of Buddha, originally grand in conception, have degenerated in practice, and both sects have become idolators, degraded and effeminate. Buddhism taught the brotherhood of mankind, and overleaped in its teachings the boundaries of caste, which still survives among the Brahmins, and has proved by far the greatest obstacle to the enlightenment and uplifting of the people.

The contest between the ideal and the practical raged with much rancor throughout Europe, from the ninth century to the seventeenth, when, chiefly during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the battle was on between the followers of Aristotle and those of Plato, under the names of realists and nominalists. In the end the Aristotelian philosophy completely prevailed. This was the period of the "Scholastics," a word, as applied to these disputants, synonymous, with a few not especially notable exceptions, with casuists and dreamy speculators, rather than philosophers.

The seventeenth century saw the rise of a genuine philosophy in Europe. Bacon in England, Descartes in France, Spinoza in Holland, and Leibnitz in Germany, each in his own field, and each from premises intensely original, built up edifices of massive thought, fully the peers of any of ancient Greece, and immeasurably beyond the speculations of the intervening centuries.

Scholasticism had been more than trammelled, it had been absolutely swallowed up by theology. To an orthodox "schoolman" philosophy dared only to breathe the air already vitiated by dogmatic theology. The thinkers of the seventeenth century did not, it is true, antagonize religious thought, nor did they even ignore it; but the structures they built were at least reared out of materials none of which had been hewn from the ecclesiastical quarries.

In the next century Kant appeared, a master mind truly among the world's thinkers; but masterly more for the altitude of his intellect than the extent of his wanderings into unexplored regions. He demonstrated, as none had done before, the nature of the undemonstrable. In his statement of the irreconcilable antinomies he brought philosophy face to face with the ultimate and the infinite. He propounded the riddle of all ages so clearly that while all could understand the question it seemed certainly incapable of solution.

German philosophy, in all its interminable phases, its subtle distinc-

tions, and many postures of plausibility, now came into vogue. One teacher after another, bold, pugnacious, aggressive, well poised upon his pinnacle of thought, always more or less circumscribed, had the address to draw around him a following, generally numerous, and always enthusiastic. Whatever the salient sentiment, whether realistic or, more commonly, some phase of idealism, enthusiasm was sure to be invoked, usually noisy in proportion as its influence was ephemeral. This is not to say that the thoughts of the many distinguished men who may be classed as German philosophers are unworthy of consideration, or that they have not added greatly to the store of abstract ideas; but rather that their contributions have been chiefly microscopic, and more critical than constructive.

Besides Kant, the greatest philosopher Germany has produced, is not usually classed with the philosophers; Goethe, the poet, whose grand delineation of the nature and motives of man in the tragedy of "Faust," will always remain great, if not unsurpassed in literature.

If, indeed, Goethe has ever been equalled as a philosopher on the broadest ground of comparison, it has been by neither theologian nor by metaphysician, but rather by another poet, known and revered throughout the world, the "divine Shakspeare." There is a philosophy of overshadowing feeling as well as that of transcendent fact. If we had to trust to endowed chairs of the professed pedagogues for all our philosophical learning the world would be poorer off for higher wisdom than it is. But from even the pedagogues, and the most opinionated of these and the narrowest we may, if we choose, cull flowers of truth so fragrant with the odor of reality that one is often surprised, afterwards, to find their statements not only called in question, but, it would seem, successfully controverted. In addition to those great names, standing for the sublimest of ideas, there are others in philosophy who, representing in themselves perhaps but a single thought, have helped the world vastly in ways of correct thinking. It would be too much like a catalogue to mention even the more prominent. If one has undertaken to pursue a course of philosophical reading, and has chosen, or, more likely, stumbled upon, some such strong meat as Locke's "Understanding," or Berkeley's "Knowledge," or Hume's "Human Nature," and has been, as assuredly he would be, vastly puzzled afterwards to find what in one way appeared clear as noonday in another was turbid with mystery; how grateful to the parched lips of bewilderment to learn that there exists a philosophy of "Common Sense."

But such a one is bound to discover in the philosophy of Thomas Reid

"sense" that to his immaturity is remote indeed from what he considers "common."

Again he learns that a certain French thinker has pointed out a correct method of investigation; that this consists in choosing from each philosophical system its good points, and combining these into one homogeneous whole. This is a worthy ideal, and he turns to "Eclecticism" as a sure refuge; but to find Victor Cousin more inexplicable than some of the most recondite of diverse or contradictory schools of opinion.

Another difficulty is speedily encountered by the amateur student; it is that of the difficulties of the philosophical "terminology." He discovers, not only a multitude of words and expressions whose meaning must be laboriously looked out in a dictionary, but also that such may, and frequently do, have one meaning in the vernacular, and quite another in the idiom of philosophy. Then, too, certain verbal symbols have one meaning in one epoch, and another in a succeeding one; meanings, not only at angles to each other, but diametrically opposed. The difficulty is, of course, that which confronts the amateur in any line of investigation. Philosophy "without a master" is as delusive as chemistry without a laboratory. Yet here another and very great obstacle is encountered: Chemistry deals with physical reactions; but philosophy with those purely mental. In physics an instructor is needed to explain things, but in mentality thoughts cannot be explained. "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," would bar out the need of any teacher were it not that in the study of philosophy, even more than in chemistry, or any other science, method is of supreme importance. This method (divested of all elaboration) is first, that which shall insure attention, and, afterward, that which shall insure a correct nomenclature.

A strict and rigid terminology has its advantages and its disadvantages in philosophy more pronounced than in any other branch of learning. The advantages are mainly that we are furnished with a common tongue, and one expert can communicate with another without difficulty, and with the exact shade of meaning required. The disadvantages that, in such refinements and elaborations, the difficulties are greatly increased for the student, that it demands an expert in the beginning in order to become a student at all. Yet it must be remembered that in no other way has any science or art been mastered. One must get first a complete mastery of the mechanics of the instrument before he can interpret the genius of music.

Modern philosophy has risen to a grander height than ever before in

the world. Among the ancients it derived all its efficiency from the inherent powers of the mind. If it sought food for its imagination from without it was compelled to feed upon the offal of ignorance. The result was to give to posterity samples of the value of pure reason, and a strong contrast between the known reason and the guessed-at object. The speculations of the middle ages furnish us with portentous warnings of the invalidity of all reasoning, however acute, when founded upon premises, either false or insufficient; the scholastics wave perpetual semaphores to notify us of the peril of opinion, though it appear in the guise of our holiest aspirations.

Modern philosophy has all the merit of the ancient in its reliance upon thought in its purity, and the great advantage that when it turns to the world without there ever stands ready to its service a multitude of trained and accomplished sciences, truthful and accurate. The sciences to the old Greeks yet unborn, have become strong and sturdy, and, moreover, invincibly moral. They have learned truth in the school of experiment and experience, and their word is to be relied upon.

When mid-age speculation was concocting hallucinations science was in its manger; now it has become the teacher as well as the servant of progress. The sciences are the tools of thought. Their perfect results are the mechanical powers of mind, to be employed in the upbuilding of a perfected philosophy, to the ultimate end of the establishment of a society of all mankind, whose stability shall be founded upon a true order of progression, and whose motive shall be known and determinate and practical. New sciences are continually coming forward proffering the results of their profound researches to the philosopher. A few years ago it was electricity; fewer psychology, and fewer still sociology. These two latter are destined, as few yet comprehend, to deliver up secrets long latent, for uses as yet undreamed of or scorned by pedants.

The old order has changed, not only in the amount and value of the resources of thought, but radically in methods of reasoning. No thinker now feels himself in any degree hampered by some supposed demand of theology. Whatever his religious convictions may be, the ghosts of delusion that formerly terrorized his timid brothers of the past no longer gibber around him.

Modern philosophy has dismissed opinion. It no longer asks the testimony of hypothesis as to what it imagines, or of morals as to what it believes. It even refuses to listen to the voice of science when it requires blind credence instead of open-eyed proof. It founds all its wisdom upon knowledge, or, if knowledge be not forthcoming or available, is content to

wait, and, while waiting, to admit a very present ignorance. It is sure that honest confession is better than the prevarication of credulity, and that to wait in the present light is better than to advance in a gathering obscurity upon what may be the wrong road. It confines itself no longer to one, or many, methods; it is no more either realist or nominalist; advocates either "objective" or "subjective," or both, and, above all, never asks of a new fact: How will this affect the assumption already made? But, rather: How will this compare with other facts? How has it helped to point towards truth?

The great enlightenments which the nineteenth century brought have given a new character and a steadfast stability to the mature philosophy of the present. It is mature because full-grown in the stature of certain principle; and yet, with faith—"like a little child"—confiding in that principle, and seeking everywhere diligently for its inevitable manifestations.

The present day philosophy has more the appearance of limitations than that of the past. It is, in fact, more limited, for it refuses the inflation of either "broadness" or "liberality," and rejects alike the dogmatism of either too much or too little "belief." It is neither humiliated because of the limitations it acknowledges nor arrogant on account of the clear sight of truth which it obtains. It is patiently inductive till, by weary steps it has toiled step by step, up induction's height, and then, inspired by the illimitable prospect, deductive with the certainties it beholds.

In large measure philosophy and science have of late years become more or less united; not that the essential differences have ceased to exist, but that they have joined one another on the path of progress. Men of science have found it necessary to become philosophical, and philosophers have been obliged to become scientific.

It is too near their times to attempt to single out from among many brave, earnest, determined thinkers those who most merit to be called pre-eminently philosophers. In fact, philosophy to-day has been brought down from the metaphysical clouds, and given to any one who wills to use and enjoy.

DECADENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

BY S. E. CHAMBERLIN.

EVERY person whose memory extends backward to the middle of this expiring century, and will compare the Christian theology then with the Christian theology now, must admit that the two theologies have little in common besides the name. Nearly every fundamental dogma has disappeared or become so modified that the superstructure trembles, and its occupants are alarmed lest the edifice that has been a terror over liberty of thought for eighteen hundred years, may tumble over their heads and become a mass of ruins.

Fifty years ago Christians believed God was a person, sitting upon a magnificent throne in some distant part of the universe, with the vast dominion under his watchful eye, and that no event occurred without his knowledge; even the thoughts of men were recorded among his inerrable archives to appear against them at the final tribunal in the skies. God's personality is as plainly taught in the Scriptures as language can teach it; now to substitute a spirit that has never been proved to have an existence per se, is to eliminate God altogether, and reduce Christianity to the level of Pantheism.

Satan, a character borrowed from the religion of Zoroaster, has disappeared, and one-half of the Christian theology disappeared with him. This is a severe blow; for through fear of him and his torrid dominion for unbelievers, the church has relied for recruits more than through the love of their unknown God. The consequence is apparent in the failure of revival meetings to frighten men to confess what they do not believe, and children to embrace what they do not understand.

Another fundamental dogma is the "second coming." Within the memory of many now living, that was preached from the orthodox pulpit with much persistence, and we were warned to be ready for the spectacular event that would come "like a thief in the night." The great event was promised during the generation living eighteen hundred years ago; but to the disappointment of Christians it is still delayed. The pulpit orator has become weary of his theme; his faith in prophecy is shaken, and the wonderful pageant that was to startle mankind and begin a new era, is now passed over in silence or handled with caution.

The geologists have compelled the theologians to admit that the word "day" in the record of creation is an error of the "inspired" scribe who meant to write, "vast duration." Hence, the opinion that once pre-

veiled, that the universe was brought into being in six days out of nothing, is reluctantly abandoned, and an important dogma disappears.

The evolution of man from a brute ancestry is a stunning blow upon the Christian theology, for it destroys the hope of man's immortality unless all animate beings are included. The new science has been opposed with vigor and bitterness; now that it cannot be destroyed, its opposers turn around and tell us it is in harmony with Scripture, and accepted as divine truth. It need surprise no one that the International Council of Congregationalists, held in Boston in September last, should accept the new doctrine, now that it is settled that they cannot destroy it, and say "it is a great help in understanding the Scriptures," when it is known that every scientific truth out of accord with theology that could not be destroyed, has been accepted and found in harmony with Scripture. Not one of those clergymen believed his own language; yet it was not reported that all or any of them were stricken with laryngitis. Dr. Storrs alone dissented, and is commended for his honesty. Mosheim, a Christian historian, says the early Christians fell into "the pernicious habit of deeming it not only lawful, but commendable, to deceive and lie for the sake of truth and piety." The race does not appear to have become extinct.

Nothing has come under my notice for a long time more surprising than the remarks of Dr. Anderson at the Methodist Episcopal Church Congress, held in St. Louis in November last. He said: "If we are to have a theology which will satisfy the demands of the age, it must be a theology founded on fact. Any fair-minded, thinking man must admit that many inaccuracies occur in the Bible." From which we infer that the Rev. Anderson is ready to admit that the theology that has been preached fifteen hundred years with the alternative, Believe or be damned, is not founded on fact; in brief, that it is untrue. All Liberals will agree with him. A theology founded on fact would be no theology at all; it would be secularism, nothing else, for nothing is known outside of nature; all else has only faith for its support. The reverend gentleman evidently had a severe attack of common sense, and it was a good time to abandon a system that has not a single fact to support it. Now that Brother Anderson has discovered that the Bible breaks down under cross-examination, he should fall into line with the Freethinkers, where he will find congenial company, no hypocrites, and "a theology founded on fact."

The Christian fabric rests upon miracles, violations of natural law, and, if the foundation is destroyed, the fabric must fall in pieces. As

science and experience demonstrate that miracles cannot and never did occur, Christians find themselves between the devil and the deep sea, and are in grave anxiety for the final result. If they cling to the miracles, they antagonize science that now appeals to the reason and understanding of progressive thinkers of all nations. If they can effect a reconciliation between the Bible miracles and natural law, as some are trying to do, they will destroy the foundation of their theology, and reduce it to secularism. An able clergyman of this town, not long ago, preached a sermon on, "Are miracles in harmony with natural law?" his object being to prove such harmony. It was, of course, a complete failure, and, for him, an unfortunate blunder.

The trend of theological thought along the line of decadence is indicated in a volume of Scotch sermons in which the following dogmas are pronounced untenable: The descent of man from the Adam of the Book of Genesis; the fall of that Adam from a state of original righteousness by eating the forbidden fruit; the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity; the consequent death of all men in sin; the redemption in Christ of an election according to grace, etc. These important stones in the foundation of the Christian edifice knocked out, the superstructure has little to stand upon, and trembles on the brink of ruin.

In order to preserve the authority of the "inspired" word a little longer, some of the clergy whose zeal outruns their wisdom, have brought to their assistance what they call the "higher criticism," by which they hope to explain passages of Scripture to the satisfaction of the lower critics who have pointed out errors and contradictions in the old book. It makes but little difference whether the criticism be high, low or medial; the audacity and ludicrousness of clerical criticism of the Word of God are without a parallel. Moreover, the occasion for either branch is proof enough that the Bible is losing its authority over the conscience, and that something better adapted to the wants of the age is demanded. Liberals have reason to rejoice in the aid they are receiving from the "higher criticism," whose tendency is to destroy the divine authority of the Scriptures and the church itself.

If the world is ever redeemed from the thralldom of superstition, it will be redeemed through the education of the people. No fact in history is better established than that theology has declined in the ratio of advancement in knowledge; no other cause of the ominous decline can be supported. That Christianity cannot bear the light of truth, is a severe indictment against the bold octopus that has tried for fifteen centuries

to grasp the earth and suppress truth and liberty of thought.

As discoveries in the realm of nature accumulate, evidence accumulates that her laws are capable of producing phenomena without the aid of a supersensual Being or spirit outside of matter. It does not require a force outside of matter for water to seek the lowest level; every school-boy knows that force to be gravitation. Nor does it require a supersensual Being for plants to spring up and grow in their natural habitat. Climatic conditions govern their growth and distribution; and, as they wander from their natural zone, they diminish in number and vigor until they disappear in the struggle for existence.

To attempt to draw a line between the natural and the supernatural, and attribute some phenomena to nature, and some phenomena to a supernatural Being, is illogical, unscientific and untrue, and will not satisfy the impartial lover of truth who demands evidence rather than faith for his belief. Moreover, to admit that matter is possessed of laws capable of producing natural phenomena, and to accompany this admission by teaching that a god infused such laws into matter and then retired is destitute of proof, and is one of the refuges into which the theologian retreats rather than to surrender to evidence and admit his error. Matter is eternal. Nature or a god is the cause of its development into form and motion; no union of natural and supernatural causes has ever been discovered.

The churches have been occupied for a few decades in reconciling antinomies, trying heretics and exercising forbearance, and will not be out of business for some time to come. There is some evidence that heretics will be dealt with more leniently; they are springing up in unexpected quarters; some of them are too big to handle; all of them are armed with weapons that myths and fables cannot silence.

"Father," asked a small boy, "what is a heretic?" "A heretic, my son, is some one who doesn't believe as we do."

The churches now face the alternative, either to excommunicate the heretics who constitute the brain of the organizations, or turn heretics themselves before disintegration completes their ruin. Then the heretics would become the orthodox, and the few that would persist in their devotion to the old dogmas would be the heretics, and the history of the third and fourth centuries would be repeated. Such a metamorphosis is in progress, and its completion appears not afar off.

Comparing the condition of mankind eighteen centuries ago with their condition to-day in knowledge and mental liberty, there is abundant

reason to rejoice, and to hope for the emancipation of the human race, though the fruition may be long delayed, and "Truth crushed to earth" only to reappear in due time with new strength for new victories.

When Freethinkers are asked, If Christianity disappears, what can fill its place? the laconic reply should be, Truth.

Wilmington, Vt.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

BY REV. JENKINS LLOYD JONES.

REMEMBER PEKIN!" "China against the world!" "The decision was arrived at long ago, that if Minister Conger, and his guard should be murdered, this country would not waste time in asking the Imperial Government of China for explanations, but would at once take matters in its own hands!"

These are the sensational exclamations in the special dispatches from Washington to the leading Chicago papers a few days ago. A Christian minister high in position in Chicago has declared that it is the duty of the Government to "avenge" the death of its citizens. And a religious exchange, speaking of the Boxer movement to cut off China from communication with the rest of the world, says: "Whatever the cost, such a policy of reaction should not be allowed to prevail. Intercourse is essential to universal progress and progress is the supreme right of the world." In all this there is one tremendous assumption, more or less directly implied, namely, that war can be made a righter of wrongs; that one atrocity can be atoned for by more atrocity; that one outrage may be ameliorated by another.

The news from China is shocking. The destruction of life is deplorable and the reactionary interference with progress is a calamity, but let this apparently prompt remedy be carefully analyzed. Have we not yet outgrown the barbarous ethics of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," aye, worse than that, one innocent life for another innocent life, for no one can pretend that the application of the war remedy will bring vengeance upon the heads of the right parties. The perpetrators of the Pekin outrage, whoever they were, will form but a small portion, an uncertain factor in the thousands who will fall if the combined armies of the civilized world were to invade that vast territory and seek to punish by capture, robbery and slaughter the defenders of 4,000,000 human beings, the vast majority of whom are innocent of all violence and impotent in the face of the maladministration of their own Government or the false representations of their own country. Will "progress" be secured more readily if

another horrible war is precipitated in the name of honor, national dignity or the "laws of nations?"

Whatever the motive or provocation of the wild delusion represented by these men whom we have called "Boxers," all agree that there is an element of religion in it, a factor of fanaticism, and whoever heard of any successful extinguishing of such fallacies by violence? Is this uprising so without a parallel? Has Europe no story that will help interpret it? What about the Spanish inquisition? What of St. Bartholomew? What of the slaughtered Jews, whose blood streaks the centuries? Aye, what of our own mobs, riots, lynchings and brutalities? Only this, that they testify that the violence of the "Boxer" belongs to the crudity, brutality, ignorance and folly of undeveloped human nature, and that the remedy lies not in more brutality, but in intelligent patience, in large forbearance, far-reaching diplomacy and spiritual dignity and ethical nobility. It may be that China is on the eve of a fearful civil war. That there are grave internal questions threatening the peace of that empire no one can doubt, but the history of the world shows that outside interference can do but little to ameliorate such a calamity, or, at least, it shows that the worst of internal wars are innocent and comparatively harmless compared with foreign invasion. If there must be blood letting let the Chinese cut each other's throats, for a while at least, until the outside powers will wisely know where and how to strike. Meanwhile let us keep our armies at home. If our missionaries have been unable to make a place for themselves let us withdraw them and present our armies only for the purpose of demanding our own and protecting their withdrawal. There are other instrumentalities than those of seige and mine to be used in bringing a foolish people to a sense of their foolishness. Let war come, if it must, when diplomacy fails, not before diplomacy begins. Let the punishments of peace, the withdrawal of trade, the refusal of exchange, the hurting neglect of the civilized powers try their work first. Let not China be held responsible for the fanaticism of a few thousand Chinese. Let not the civilized world forget to look at their geography and thus be reminded that there are vast reaches of territory swarming with human life outside of and far beyond the little margin wherein this great wrong has been perpetrated.

Poor, mad, deluded "Boxers!" Sad is their case, but sadder yet will be the case of the American Government were it to be swayed by the brutal passion of its citizens to plunge into the awful work of invasion and slaughter on account of the rash deeds of a few rash citizens in the far-off Celestial Empire.

Let Europe and America be careful and reckon well the cost. It already appears that these Chinese are no longer fighting with bows and arrows, poisoned javelins and stink-pots, but they have learned to handle improved rifles and far-reaching cannon; and there are 400,000,000 of these stolid, persistent, unfearing people to reckon with.

Unity has often had occasion to differ from the utterances of Colonel Charles Denby in regard to his word and work on the Philippine Commission, but his recent utterance concerning the Chinese has much that commends itself to the American people. After long experience as a representative of the United States at the Chinese court, he calls attention to the fact that China, all things considered, has been doing well these last years. Steam and electricity have pierced its valleys, commerce has flourished, missionaries, civic, industrial and religious, have been welcomed, notwithstanding the broad facts that it has received indignities without number and intolerable lashings and insults from the boastful Christian nations of Europe and America. These are our words, not his, but we report as we understand it the spirit of his interview as printed in the papers. This we quote with verbal exactness:

"Can it be reasonably expected that the Chinese should love the white man while he is plundering them? Fancy what would happen if Russia seized Fortress Monroe and a slice of Virginia; Germany, Governors' Island and a part of New York; England, Mare Island and a half a dozen counties in California; and France, New Orleans and a hundred miles up the Mississippi! Then suppose that Italy asked for Charleston. Is it to be imagined that such events would be taken as all being for our good and that we ought to feel rather proud than otherwise that the great nations acted so handsomely toward us?

"Yet this is exactly what has happened in China, with the addition that Japan took for herself the Island of Formosa. And so the Chinese people are hostile to the foreigners, and they show it by riotous demonstrations."

What then of the Chinese situation? It is too bad to be remedied by war. No atrocities can be bad enough to justify a revival of primitive ethics that presumes to serve the cause of progress by bloodshed. We do not know what ought to be done under the circumstances. No one not in possession of such facts as the Government alone can secure can know. Perhaps even then human judgment will prove inadequate, but one thing is clear from our standpoint—that there should be no invasion of Chinese territory, no declaration of war with the Chinese Government until all the

facts are in, and then not until they are wisely analyzed and seriously pondered over. By that time the unholy and arrogant impulse to avenge blood with blood will have passed by and the great scriptural text will rise in the mind of President, diplomat and warrior: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."—Unity.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE PASSING OF THE IDEAL.

BY LEWIS P. JOHNSON.

DREAMED is the dream, the vision past,
Hope's golden shimmer fading fast;
Fancy's fair pictures, one by one,
Dissolve in air 'neath science's sun;
The voices which the nightwinds bore
To longing hearts from Eden's shore,
The music of the spheres whose tones
Were wafted from the starry zones,
Are silent, and the Zephyr's breath,
The nightwind's song are hushed in death.

In vain, with straining eyes, we gaze
Upon the distant, glittering maze
Of kindred worlds. In vain we lift
Them upwards to the cloudy drift
Of cosmic dust. No sign is sent
To cheer us from the firmament.
In soundless echoes evermore
Our cries vibrate from shore to shore,
And unborn ages shall repeat,
The air waves started at our feet.

With troubled glance we seek within,
Solution of the problem win,
But, startled, turn away, with pain,
From the bared secrets of the brain.
Those myriad fibres, without ruth,
Proclaim unflinchingly the truth,
And feverish heartbeats sadly toll
The death-knell of immortal soul;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
The lot of the unjust and just.

That which has been alone shall be;
That which is born shall die, and we,

Evolved from dust shall pass away,
 When shall be done our little day.
 Thus, where the piercing search-light glows
 Which science's hand, unerring, throws,
 In luminous alphabet we trace
 The total history of our race,
 While the eternal cycles run
 To meet the end where they begun.

Thief River Falls, Minn.

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

OH! they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted every chair.
 And they've got the tidies hangin' jest exactly on the square;
 And the whatnot's fixed up lovely, and the mats have all been beat,
 And the pantry's brimmin' over with the bully things ter eat.
 Sis has got her Sunday dress on, and she's frizzin' up her bangs,
 Ma's got her best alpacky and she's askin' how it hangs,
 Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G,
 And it's all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter tea.

Oh! the table's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged Chiny set.
 And we'll use the silver tea-pot and the comp'ny spoons, you bet;
 And we're going to have some fruit-cake and some thimbleberry jam,
 And "riz biscuits" and some doughnuts, and some chicken and some ham.
 Ma, she'll 'polergize like fury and say everything is bad,
 And "sich awful luck with cookin' she is sure she never had;"
 But of course she's only bluffin', for it's as prime as prime can be.
 And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister's ter tea.

Everybody is a smilin' and as good as ever wuz,
 Pa won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does,
 And he'll ask me would I like another piece of pie; but sho!
 That, er course, is only manners, an' I'm s'posed ter answer "No!"
 Sis'll talk about the church work and about the Sunday school,
 Ma'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the Golden Rule,
 And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word to me—
 Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister ter tea!

Say! a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't true;
 But that isn't so with ours, and I jest can prove it, too;

'Cause when sis plays the organ so it makes yer want ter die,
 Why, he sits and says it's lovely, and that seems to me's a lie.
 But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he'd stay
 At our house for good and always and eat with us every day;
 Only think of havin' goodies every evenin'! Jiminee!
 And I'd never get a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!
 —Puck.

THE MAN AT THE WINDOW.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

I HAD grown accustomed to see him day after day, as the elevated express train flew past his window, sitting there at some kind of work. My curiosity had led me to peer into his room, as far as I could, in the swift glance I was able to get each time as the train sped around the curve before the call came, "Fiftieth street! Next stop Forty-second!" But try as I might I was never able to learn the nature of his occupation, whether he was reading, writing, painting or drawing. He seemed always absorbed. Sometimes, it is true, he glanced out, but the passing train was as if it were not to him. His eyes seemed to have simply lifted to rest themselves, and the look in them was not one of recognition of the noisy passerby, but only that of a student at his work, whose brain holds to its thread of thought, although the eye takes another focus. He was comfortably clothed and in good taste, always, and appeared out of keeping with the locality and class of room his must be. I built various theories



HELEN H. GARDENER.

about him, but none of them seemed to fit, and each day as my train neared the curve I would look up from my paper to catch another glimpse of The Man at the Window, as I had grown to call him in my own mind, to see if, by any chance, I could get a sight of his hands, to learn, if possible, their exact occupation. I always failed. Finally I was surprised, one fine May morning, to see him sitting as usual, but in his shirt sleeves. I smiled, with the thought that with the coming warm days he would open his window, and I would then have a better chance to see what he was doing. I said to my neighbor in the seat: "Did you ever see that man, who sits day after day at that window? Watch now, look! There he is; see?"

"Noticed him often," he said. "Queer duck!" and he went on reading his paper.

After that I fell to asking others, and found that he had attracted the attention of many of those who regularly traveled the route, and all agreed that they had, unaccountably to themselves, taken an interest in him, and they had not, before, seen him sitting with his coat off, while this style of undress was general with the occupants of the other neighboring rooms. The two following days were warm and my man at the window continued to sit without his coat. The third day turned out raw and cold, and I confess it was a shock to me, when, as we whizzed past, I saw him still sitting in his shirt sleeves.

"Pawned it, I reckon," said one.

"Everybody who lives along there is likely to get things in soak pretty often," added another.

"Got so stuck on his job, the last few days, he forgot to dress himself," laughed a third, and so the different bits of more or less indifferent speculation went on until the curve was rounded and The Man at the Window forgotten for the morning paper or the stock market.

On the sixth day, as the train was passing the window where the strange man still sat, without his coat, the brakeman, observing my interest, said, eagerly, "I wish somebody'd find out what's up with him," pointing to The Man at the Window. "He used to look more'n one way. Lately he don't."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Well, he looks kind of froze, lately—or, set. You come out on the platform this evenin', and watch if he don't. I've got so ust to seein' him I'd miss him if he wa'nt there, like I would a regular station platform if it was to leave; but the last few days his gate seems kinder shut and as if the brakes didn't work natural." That evening the winds were pretty sharp, but I stepped out on the platform just before we came to the curve and fixed my eyes for a quick, good look. I got it. The brakeman and I stared at each other, and it was plain that we agreed in our suspicion that something was wrong. I got off at the next station and went down the stairs. A policeman stood near the corner and I told him what I believed and went back with him to point out the window. He concluded to investigate and asked me to go with him.

It was a meanly-furnished house, but its occupants were respectable. Most of them, men and women, "ate out" or did "light housekeeping" in their rooms. We knocked at the door of the third floor front but received no reply. Then the officer tried the door. It opened easily and we entered. Sitting bolt upright, at the window, with a small table near him and upon which paper, ink, pencils and notebooks was our man, stone dead. He had evidently been dead some days, in sight and hearing of hundreds, with his door unlocked in a house full of people, and no one had suspected that anything was wrong! We set about discovering his identity by examining his pockets. He was evidently far above his surroundings and a man of culture. His few belongings were of a quality not common in such a house, and his dignified appearance told of a life

different from that of his neighbors, none of whom knew him. We learned from his notebook that he had come to New York from a Western town some months before and that he had been waiting here for some one who was to return from Europe—some one who had gone on a very special and important errand. There had been many delays. Evidently his money had been exhausted and he had been living here, economizing, waiting and hoping, meanwhile working on the manuscript which lay on the table. The policeman went out to telephone to the coroner, leaving me, meanwhile, alone with the dead man. I felt strangely interested in him and not the least repulsion. He sat as calm, dignified and serene, as if about to speak. I felt a kind of satisfaction in the thought that he had not been deliberately sitting at that window for the past few days only partly clothed. Such an act had appeared out of keeping with the man, and now it was quite clear that death had overtaken him when in the act of dressing. Everything about the room showed this—the towel he had just used, his freshly brushed hair and neatly adjusted tie, all indicated it. I felt in his vest pocket to learn if he had a watch, and drew out a handsome time-piece, in the front case of which was the photograph of a beautiful woman. Under the picture was written in a very delicate hand, the one word, "Forever." I opened the back case and a bit of fine paper was pasted there, on which were written these words, "In case of accident to me wire, at once, to Glen Bailey, — Street, Denver, Colorado. My name is Edward Martin." The Denver address had been marked out and above it was written a foreign name which I could not read. I was still struggling with this name when the officer returned and I showed him my "find." "We'll wire to Denver," he said, "and mark it 'please forward.' That will catch Glen Bailey, I guess. Partner, I judge. Have you gone through any of that?" pointing to the manuscript on the table. "No? Well, the coroner will be here soon. We must not disturb things much, but mebbey we could clear things up some if we give this a look. It'll be a big story for the papers. I'll stand in with a reporter I know on this; but you get a start there while I send that Denver message." He took the watch and left me alone again with the dead man. I was going carefully through the manuscript, which seemed to be of a legal nature, when the door, which the officer had left ajar, opened and some one stepped in. "Back so soon?" I said, without turning my head. "This appears to be the manuscript of a law book or paper, if I can judge correctly. He was working on wills and deeds, evidently, and——"

I turned to see the frightened face of a handsome young woman, in traveling cloak and hat.

"Beg pardon," she said, "I was directed here to find Mr. Edward Martin. Has he—is he—doesn't he live here?"

I stepped hastily between her and the dead man, sitting with his face to the window, bolt upright in his chair. The young lady made a hasty step backward. "He gave this as his address when he last wrote me at Hamburg, and down stairs they tell me——"

Hamburg! That was the word written in the watch over the erased

Denver. "Are you Glen Bailey?" I asked, looking straight into her eyes. She smiled up at me frankly. "Yes. How did you know? Did he tell you? I thought he'd meet me at the steamer, but—what is the matter?" She suddenly pushed by me and stood beside the silent man at the window. "Edward! What have they done to you? Speak to me, Edward, my darling! Oh, my God, he is dead!" She threw her arms about him and kissed his cold face and hands and wept aloud. She had forgotten my very existence and I stood helplessly by, not knowing what was best to do in the presence of her awful grief. Then the officer returned, bringing with him the coroner, who was a physician. At their heels was a reporter. "That is Glen Bailey," I said to the officer as he passed me. "That other word in the watch is Hamburg." "They made it out at the telegraph office," he said, "and we cabled there instead of to Denver; but——"

Suddenly the young woman seemed to realize that four other men than the one she loved were present, and she cried out to us to help her, to get a doctor, to do something for him. "He has overworked, he has waited here so long alone, waiting for me, and I could not get back sooner and do all that he sent me to do. I am his wife. I have saved his fortune over there. All his papers were right, but—— Why in God's name don't you do something for him now? He is not, he can't be dead. Oh, my God, he can't be dead!"

Afterward we got from her by degrees, slowly and painfully, something of the facts. I think the reporter and the coroner, whom we made her understand was a doctor, drew her story out, step by step. She was Glen Bailey Martin. They had been married only a short time when his fortune, which was chiefly invested in Germany, had been claimed by another branch of the Martins, and he had sent his young wife with the papers to prove his identity, while he remained to fight the case as only he could, on this side, and to cable her all new evidence as he collected it. All of his ready money had gone in his struggle, but they had succeeded, and she had cabled to him to meet her at the steamer's landing. Then they were to go back to Denver happy and content.

Had the good news been too great a joy after the long strain? Had the heart that bore up bravely under adversity failed at the touch of relief? Nobody knew. The doctors united in calling it a case of heart failure, and the poor little widow went sorrowfully home to Denver with her dead. The reporter had a "scoop" on his rivals, headed "Found Dead in His Chair." The brakeman on the elevated express and the hundreds of daily travelers gazed curiously at the dingy vacant window, with "To Let" in large black letters hung in it awry, and the tenants in the adjoining rooms neither knew nor cared about the tragedy under their roof. So isolated was each human pawn from its nearest neighbor. So absorbed was the great metropolitan heart with the throb of its personal pulse beat. And The Man at the Window was forgotten by all the thousands that saw him sitting there stone dead for a whole week as they "passed by on the other side," unheeding, unknowing, unconcerned.

A MISTAKEN NOTION.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

THE Christian church has so long insisted that it was the fountain source from which all morals emanate, that its members not only believe it, but sometimes men, whom they are pleased to designate as "infidels," have become inoculated with the spurious claim.

In a recent contribution to your magazine, by a well-known "infidel," we find the following: "We should not fail to consider that, however shocking to common sense are the creedal doctrines of the church, the combined influence of their organized associations is a most potent evolutionary force in the correction and maintenance of public and private morals. Their influence in this respect seems to me to be superior to all others, and entitles them to the high respect of all classes of every community."

The writer of this article has just previously characterized the intelligent clergy as "hypocrites and cowards," alleging that selfishness is the prime cause for the practice of deceit and fraud upon their congregations.

When did selfishness, the admitted tool of which is hypocrisy and deceit, become a virtue, behind whose modesty such immoral practices may be indulged in to enforce its noble tenants. If the writer is correct in his estimate of the true character of the Christian ministers, and their influence in controlling public and private morals, then is selfishness a virtue, and their hypocrisy, fraud and deceit the foundation rock upon which our moral structure is reared. The underlying principal—the bedrock of morality—we had always supposed was honesty, justice and truth, and if so, any man, or organization of men, who practice fraud or deceit upon his, or their, fellows, "to improve their standing in society," or for "financial gain," cannot be "a potent force in the development of public or private morals." When the true character of such teachers become known the effect is to contaminate the people with the weakness of the teacher, and the result in the end must be the opposite of morality.

The claim that Christianity is the great moral force in modern society is not true. The crimes and outrages perpetrated in its name will far outweigh its benefits. Prison statistics give no encouragement to this Christian claim, for a very large per cent of inmates have been brought up under its influence. Statistics of drunkenness show like results. During the dark ages, when all were Christians, and under strict church direction, there was a hundred times more immorality and crime than now, when less than half of our people profess Christianity.

If the source of the water supply of a city is foul and filthy, the result must be sickness and misery, and certain death. The pure stream of morality, flowing through the narrow channel of hypocrisy, fraud and deceit, must become contaminated, and produce like results.

Christianity is not the parent of morality. Hypocrisy, fraud and deceit are not potent factors in its promulgation. It existed long before the Christian era, and in pure, sweet simplicity. And as Christianity is slowly but surely dying, so will it, when released from the chain of hypocrisy, fraud and deceit, slowly and surely increase in strength until all men will

feel and profit by its gentle influence. It is not the creature of creed, fraud, deceit or hypocrisy, but of honesty, justice and truth, and its development the outgrowth of a fuller and better knowledge of our duty to our fellows. It is the product of evolution, finding its origin in the care of the parent for its young, and gradually and slowly developing until all mankind shall come under its happy influence. It will find a higher development long after the Christian religion has been buried and forgotten. Honesty and truth, not hypocrisy and deceit, is its only abiding place!

Madison, Wisconsin.

A WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN THE BIBLE.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THERE ought to be about fifty women police on the New York City force," said Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in conversation, the other day. "They ought to be of discreet age, and a principal part of their duties should be the looking out for young girls coming to the city as strangers.

And some of them ought to patrol the streets at night, to look after women going home from work or the theaters."



Mrs. Stanton, now rounding out a long life of leadership, is one of the most picturesque figures in America. Her ideas are incisive and clear-cut.

"Besides women police there ought to be women street cleaners, too. See what an army of white uniformed men we have in this city! And how picturesque it would be to have some of the force women!"

Then came an addition that showed that Mrs. Stanton, although well past the eighty years' mark, and a radical leader for women's reforms, is as delightfully feminine as ever.

"They could dress in bloomers, and they could wear red feathers in their caps, and they could have red handles on their brooms!" she cried.

Mrs. Stanton does not like the idea that woman brought sin into the world. "Why, the Bible itself says that the serpent was always there!" she exclaimed.

"But did you notice what a high idea the serpent had of woman's intellect?" she added, with a twinkle in her eyes. "He did not try to tempt her with jewels or dresses or pleasures, but by arousing in her mind a strong thirst for knowledge. After that, the simple pleasure of talking with Adam was not enough."

Mrs. Stanton tells of asking a wealthy woman to give a part of her wealth to endow a woman's college, and of the woman's prim refusal on the ground that nowhere does the Bible recognize a woman's college.

"And so I reminded her," says Mrs. Stanton, "of the Prophetess Huldah, who, when the King wanted her, was found in the college."

Then, in reply to a further question: "'No"—with a regretful ghost of a smile—"she gave \$30,000 to a man's college instead, after all."

Mrs. Stanton says that when she was a girl her father told her and her sisters that whenever they went anywhere, under the escort of young men, they must pay their own share of whatever expense was incurred. This, he told them, was for two reasons. One was that the most desirable young men were sometimes deterred from offering their escort because they felt they could not afford a double expense. The other was that young women would be in a far more independent position if they did not have to feel that their escorts had just been allowed to spend money upon them.

Mrs. Stanton lives in a pleasant home, surrounded by pictures and books, and loves to sit silent, thinking of the past, through the long twilight of the summer evenings.

THE UNDERLYING TROUBLE IN CHINA.

From the Christian Register.

The Japan Weekly Advertiser is edited by Rev. Arthur May Knapp, well known to most of our readers as the first superintendent of our Unitarian mission in Japan. Writing from the point of view of an American resident in Yokohama, he gives his impressions of one of the causes of the recent outbreak of resistance to foreign influence. We give this opinion, to be taken on its merits.—EDITOR.

IT may seem a far cry from the frightful condition of affairs in China to the recent Ecumenical Council of Missions held in New York City, by means of which a marked impulse was given to the missionary "cause." Yet it needs but the slightest rational reading of current events to convince the unprejudiced of the closest possible connection between the exercise of missionary zeal and the Chinese uprising, which now, far more than the Boer resistance, is "staggering humanity," and is hastening to an untoward fate one of the mightiest empires of the world. Say what we will, it cannot be denied that underlying the strike, as well as furnishing the pretext for it, is the odium theologicum introduced into that empire by the mistaken zeal of the emissaries of an alien faith, who with all their good intentions and all their spirit of self-devotion are nevertheless unwittingly and unceasingly engaged in sowing the seeds of the most immitigable strife that can be engendered between man and man, and nation and nation. Even when considered apart from the actual wars it breeds, and placed upon a peace footing, as it were, its cost is not only out of all proportion to the result, but it actually defies belief. Marshall, a devout Roman Catholic authority, in his *History of Missions* (p. 169) computes that each genuine convert in China costs England and America a quarter

of a million sterling. When to this direct outlay, wrung so largely from the poor, there is added the incalculable cost of the international imbroglios which, far more than by any other cause, are engendered by missionary over-zeal, it is high time to ask, particularly in view of the present strife in which the whole world is embroiled, whether something cannot be done to put a check upon what has proved to be not only a frightful waste of the world's wealth, but also a standing menace to the world's peace.

There was a time, indeed, when there was an excuse for the enterprise—a time when it was really believed in the West that the “hathen” were doomed to everlasting destruction unless some one went to “convert” them. While that belief prevailed, of course no expenditure of money could be too great, no war too bloody, even no inquisitorial cruelty too fiendish, so long as results could be attained, and even one brand plucked from the everlasting flames. But that excuse no longer exists. The belief is condemned by the awakened reason and conscience of the West, and there is no excuse for aught but purely humanitarian effort to better the conditions of life wherever opportunity may offer. If the specifically missionary element will not or cannot recognize this fact; if they still continue, with misguided zeal, to sow the seeds of theological strife among those of alien faiths; or, if through ignorance of the change which has passed over the religious world, they persist in working under the impulse of the old motive—then, in view of the woeful results of such endeavor in China, it is full time for the powers to exert their efforts to put an end to this ever-recurrent disturbance of the world's peace. It surely should not be beyond the bounds of practicability for a policy to rule whereby a government could say to those of its people who feel called to work elsewhere than at home that they will be loyally supported in every humanitarian effort, but that, if they choose to cast the fire-brand of theological strife into any foreign community among whom they are at work, the responsibility for what may follow shall belong to them as individuals, and not as citizens, and they will have to look out for themselves. In that event there will doubtless be more martyrs, but far fewer victims.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE, I WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD."

(From the New York Sun.)

THE Church Standard of Philadelphia makes this wise comment on the complaints of outrages on Christian missionaries in "heathen" countries, which come daily and numerous to the State Department from the missionaries themselves and from the secretaries of the societies sending them out:

"It would seem that comparatively few such letters ought to be written and that many indignities should be silently borne. Indeed, we may go further and admit that there is much force in the contention of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission that in the long run appeals to home governments work nothing but harm. His testimony was that he had known of many riots that had never been reported and of much suffering endured by missionaries in silence, which had 'fallen out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel.' 'If we leave God to vindicate our cause,' he said, 'the issue is sure to prove marvelous in spirituality.'"

Christian missionaries who go to countries of other religions long established, with a view to upsetting them as false and delusive, in favor of Christianity as the only true and really Divine religion, must expect to encounter hardships. Of course, they are regarded as interlopers, as "carpet-baggers." They are intruders, according to the notions of the countries they would proselyte, and are regarded with aversion always and everywhere, and no less in Christendom than in "heathendom." When, for instance, during the height of the anti-slavery agitation in this country Englishmen came over here to denounce our slavery they were roughly treated as pestilent interlopers even by people who had no love for the "peculiar institution," as it was then called euphemistically. Reformers from abroad have usually met with that fate. They are told in language not polite that they had better stay at home and mind their own business. How we treat foreigners to whom we object was illustrated recently in the outrages against Chinamen and their eventual exclusion from this country. A great political party, the Know-Nothing party, was gathered here about fifty years ago out of pure opposition to foreigners and more specifically those of the Roman Catholic Church.

Thus, we see, our own skirts are not at all clear in this matter; and even now a systematic attempt to proselyte this country by foreign Mohammedans or Buddhists, for instance, would be resisted by ridicule, if not violence; and especially would there be uproar if the Governments of which the missionaries were citizens or subjects should undertake to protect them by hostile demonstrations.

The most unfortunate and inconsistent incident of the Christian missionary enterprise is such appeal to Government protection. It has associated Christianity with violent foreign aggression in the minds of the peoples of countries to which the missionaries have gone. Instead of leaving "God to vindicate our cause," as the missionary above quoted consistently advises, appeals for vindication are made to the "civil arm," and

the result, instead of proving "marvelous in spirituality," has been to stir up bad blood and bring disgrace to Christianity.

Christian missionaries do not go forth on the theory that people of other religions are to be forced violently into Christianity, but that they are to be won, persuaded, convinced to adopt it as the true and merciful faith. They occupy a position in which, naturally, they are exposed to indignities produced by misconceptions of their purposes, but they must bear them as inevitably incident to their peculiar enterprise. Treatment against which an ordinary traveler, minding his own business in a foreign country, might reasonably protest to his Government, should be borne uncomplainingly by Christian missionaries who are in the country for the special purpose of interfering with its established customs and traditions concerning the one subject which everywhere awakens the strongest prejudice and the most passionate feeling of humanity.

THE OUTING OF THE LIBERAL SOCIETY.

THE first annual outing of the Chicago Liberal Society, August 12, was a great success. Over two hundred Liberals enjoyed a ride across blue and breezy Lake Michigan to the pretty but military-looking parks of Michigan City, Indiana. It was a good-natured crowd that went, too. There was no carousing, no free fist fights, or loud and violent language such as often mars, or rather contributes to, the pleasure of our less heretical Catholic and Protestant brethren on similar occasions. Much credit is due Charles A. Rose, G. B. Wheeler, Frederick Mains, Frederic Dahlstrom and other members for the success of the outing. We hope that the outing to be given next year will be as great or even a greater success.

R. N. R.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.*

BY DR. FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

CHRISTIANITY is the great system of faith and practice which is organized in the Christian Church; and its history is the history of the Christian Church. Such, I believe, is the definition which it has made for itself; and such is substantially the only definition of it which will abide



Francis E. Abbot

the test of time. Thus defined, I recognize with gratitude the great good which Christianity has done in the past, and is to some extent doing in the present. Nothing can long endure which has not struck root into the true, the admirable, the everlasting; and Christianity has endured for nearly two thousand years. But it is a product of humanity, and everything human is born to die. To-day Christianity is dying a lingering death—to be prolonged until its usefulness to the world shall have been wholly exhausted. To many it is dead already, and the

number of these is increasing day by day. For these I speak. Together with great good, Christianity has wrought great evil in the world. The good is daily lessening, and the evil becoming daily more marked and more pernicious. It is time that some should with sincerity and openness

*We thought we could do nothing better than to devote a few pages of our Editorial Department, this month, to the republication of Dr. Abbot's "Impeachment of Christianity," that appeared in the "Index," a Liberal journal that he edited and published in Toledo, Ohio, some twenty-eight years ago. The article appeared in the Jan. 6, 1872, issue of that paper. We shall put the article into pamphlet form and sell it for six cents a single copy, twelve copies for sixty cents. We hope that many of our friends may each order a dozen copies to circulate among the people. It will be a good missionary document.—EDITOR.

utter aloud what great multitudes are thinking in the silence of their own souls, even though they may be only half conscious of the real drift of their own thought. The taught are in advance of their teachers. Christianity no longer proclaims the highest truth, inculcates the purest ethics, breathes the noblest spirit, stimulates to the grandest life, holds up to the soul and to society the loftiest ideal of that which ought to be. It has stood still while the race has moved on. It has become the chief hindrance in the path of man to the destiny marked out for him in the very laws of his own being—the chief obstacle to the realization of those magnificent dreams which are the inspiration of his sublimest endeavor. Thousands are becoming aware of this. For these I speak.

With all seriousness, then, and with intense conviction of the truth and urgent necessity of what I say, I impeach Christianity before the bar of civilized mankind. In the name of all that is best, noblest and divinest in human nature, I impeach it of high crimes and misdemeanors, against the peace of the world and the progress of the race towards a freer and holier future. And I summons it to appear before this high tribunal of Humanity, to show good cause why it shall not stand condemned and sentenced by its judge. For it is not I that speak, but the largest mind, the purest conscience, the tenderest heart, and the most earnest spirit of the nineteenth century. They bring no flippant or idle charge, but utter the world's grave declaration of independence of the Power that has become a Tyranny.

These are the leading counts of my indictment.

1. I impeach Christianity in the name of Human Intelligence—Because it is the great organized Superstition of the Western world, perpetuating in modern times the false beliefs, the degrading fears, and the benumbing influences of the Dark Ages—in proportion to its power over men, paralyzing their intellectual faculties, keeping them in the bondage of childish fancies, and governing them by means of an utterly irrational religious terrorism.

Because it is the great enemy of science, retarding the spread of natural knowledge, opposing new truths and discoveries as irreligious, perpetuating popular ignorance on all but permitted subjects in order that its own empire may be unshaken, and making blind faith in impossible doctrines the highest virtue of the human soul and the only protection against terrible yet purely imaginary dangers.

Because it is the greatest stumbling-block in the pathway of civilization, inasmuch as it withdraws attention from the natural affairs of this

life, concentrates all its earnest thought on a future life that is to be eternal bliss or eternal misery, makes a merit of neglect of this world's riches in order to "lay up treasures in heaven," frowns on active enterprise as dangerous devotion to "carnal things," and thus unfits men for attention to all those objects of honorable ambition on which the progress of civilization so largely depends.

2. I impeach Christianity in the name of Human Virtue—Because it appeals to hope and fear as the supreme motives of human conduct, holds out promises of an eternal heaven as the reward of obedience to its commands, utters threats of an eternal hell as the punishment of disobedience to them, makes its appeal to human selfishness as the proper spring of human action, and consequently undermines and destroys the disinterestedness of all high morality, which commands the right because it is right, and forbids the wrong because it is wrong, regardless alike of punishment and of reward.

Because it teaches that the virtue of the "Savior" can be a substitute for the virtue of the "saved"—that the "sinner" can be made pure by the righteousness of another—that merit and demerit do not belong to the individual, but can be transferred like a garment from back to back. Its great doctrines of "Depravity" and the "Atonement" are a blank denial of the very possibility of personal virtue.

Because it teaches that the natural penalties of wrong-doing can be escaped by "faith in Christ"—that the consequences of moral evil are neither necessary nor universal—that the law of cause and effect does not hold in the moral world; and thus weakens the natural auxiliaries of imperfect virtue by fostering the delusion that men can do evil without suffering for it.

Because it enjoins self-abhorrence as the first condition of the "salvation" it offers—makes the denial of all "worth or worthiness" in mankind the first step in the Christian life, and teaches that Christ will save those alone who have lost all faith in themselves and in their own power to escape the just wrath of God. It thus strikes a deadly blow at the dignity of human nature, extinguishes that noble sentiment of self-respect without which all high virtue is impossible, and smites men with the leprosy of self-contempt. It makes them crawl like reptiles before Christ—"their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust." It is the very abolition of true manliness among men.

Because, by this extinction of self-respect, it enfeebles the consciousness of human rights, and thus blights the very idea of natural justice.

which is the practical recognition of these rights. No man who despises himself can respect his fellows or reverence the rights inherent in their very humanity. Whatever extinguishes human rights before God will extinguish human rights among men. For this reason Christianity has always been blind to justice.

Because, finally, it recognizes no higher law for man than the "revealed will of God." It thus bases all morality on will alone, and says nothing of that necessary Nature of Things which determines all moral relations. It thus confuses men's ideas of right and wrong, and renders impossible that knowledge of true ethical principles which is essential to all enlightened virtue.

3. I impeach Christianity in the name of the Human Heart—Because it recognizes no sanctity in natural human affections, but requires that all these shall be subordinated to an unnatural love of Christ as the Savior of souls. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "If any man hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life, he cannot be my disciple."

Because it extends over myriads of sensitive minds the blackness and gloom of a horrible theology, tortures them with a morbid self-reproach for unreal transgressions, and fills them with excruciating doubts of their final escape from hell—thus destroying their happiness, and robbing their life of its natural beauty and charm.

Because it commands supreme love to God whose character is utterly unlovely—a God whose wrath against his own children is a "consuming fire," and who plunges the vast majority of them into eternal agony. It thus degrades the very idea of fatherhood, by teaching the "Fatherhood" of a God whose character and acts are as unfatherly as they are incredible.

Because it proclaims a "Brotherhood of Man" which denies the natural equality essential to all genuine brotherhood—which perverts the natural sentiment of good-will towards all men into an artificial and exclusive bond among Christians themselves, and into a thoroughly unnatural condescension or pity towards all others—which is in fact consistent with the harshest injustice and the most frightful cruelty towards those who reject the Christian creed. It thus degrades and lowers the very idea of brotherhood, by calling that the "Brotherhood of Man" which is simply a fellowship of Christian believers, and which has been too often, in history, a fellowship of thieves and murderers.

4. I impeach Christianity in the name of Human Freedom—Because

it sets up a despotic authority which, whether as Church, as Bible, or as Christ, makes man a slave in his very soul—an authority which shuts up the human intellect within arbitrarily prescribed bounds, hands over the human conscience to the custody of clerical keepers, and rules all human life, individual or social, with an iron rod.

Because it has always allied itself with despotism in civil government, joined with the oppressor in keeping the oppressed under foot, and sought to maintain its own supremacy on the ruins of all human liberty.

Because, as Catholicism, it has been an unmitigated spiritual and temporal tyranny, from which many centuries of constant struggle have to-day only partially emancipated the world.

Because, as Protestantism, it has been an unmitigated spiritual tyranny, and is even now plotting in this free republic to re-establish itself as a temporal tyranny also.

Because it is the true heir of the ancient Roman Imperialism, seeking now as ever to establish and maintain an absolute empire over the whole world, and to bind the entire human race not only in political, but also in religious bondage. Wherever Christianity lives, Freedom dies. They cannot both long breathe the same atmosphere.

5. Lastly, I impeach Christianity in the name of Humanitarian Religion—Because it stands stubbornly in the path of all human progress, blocking the way of every movement, which aims at the enlargement of human life—opposes, and has always opposed, every genuine reform in human affairs—consults only the interests of its own creed, and sets its face like a flint against the purely secular education in which, by a quick instinct, it recognizes the most dangerous enemy of this creed.

Because it teaches the impossibility of Humanity's advance through its own natural exertions, and insists that it should rely on supernatural assistance alone—thus extinguishing aspiration and drying up the fountain-head of all progress.

Because it teaches despair of human nature, as ruined, lost, and depraved—incapable of all salvation but that which comes from without, and subject to no law of natural development but that of degeneration, carrying it from bad to worse and from worse to worst. It thus denies the great, hopeful doctrine of humanitarian religion, that Humanity tends by its own free efforts to grow better as it grows older, and to emerge from a lower into a higher state in accordance with natural laws.

In the name, therefore, of Human Intelligence, of Human Virtue, of the Human Heart, of Human Freedom, of Humanitarian Religion, I scri-

ously and earnestly impeach Christianity before the tribunal of the Humanity it still continues to outrage and enslave. I impeach it in the name of that which is higher than itself, not lower—in the name of Truth, of Morality, of Love, of Liberty, and I summon it to answer at the bar of Humanity, its rightful judge, that it may clear itself of the high crimes and misdemeanors of which I accuse it, or else submit to the sentence of just condemnation pronounced against it by the public opinion of civilized mankind.

ASTRONOMY ENDS CHRISTIANITY.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

BRUNO, Galileo and Servetus ought to make every intelligent person ashamed of Christianity. Modern astronomy makes Christianity vanish like the baseless fabric of the vision it really was and is.

1. The old Heaven, the main object of Christianity, vanishes, for there is no "firmament" above us. The earth revolves on its axis 25,000 miles each day and 558 millions of miles around the sun each year, and at the same time the sun moves 300 millions of miles each year towards the also moving northern star, Lyra. When Bruno said, "*Coela non esse*," "The Heavens are not," the old dynasty of God and Pope ended. For, no Heaven, no Hell. The World became the boundless Infinite, without beginning or end. The possibility of a creating personal God vanished with his residence. The Day of Judgment, which "his Son" was to hold 1,800 years ago, became absurd. He never ascended to, nor descended from, a nowhere, and never



T. B. WAKEMAN.

can! Bruno's pyre was that of Christianity.

2. And so with the Bible. The notions of a creation, world-deluge, sun-stop, etc., etc., passed into the literature of Ancient Mythology.

3. The New Testament follows suit. The "Father in Heaven" was not. The dove from the "Open Heaven" follows the "materialized" Transfiguration and the Day of Judgment. "The Christ" said that day would

surely come to those then living. Matt. 24: 34. That "Day" was the sum of the New Testament from Matthew to Revelations and ends the whole business, for it is physically, utterly impossible.

4. And the church and churches go, too, of course; and that nightmare, the Papacy; and the Episcopacy; and the Greek Church horror, and all the rest, are swept out by the total collapse of its Heaven. Read the story of Galileo and Mr. Sargent's letter in this Torch, and see how stupid, obstinate and bloody against the truth Christianity was! The healthy, truth-loving man shrinks from it with horror. To continue an exposed illusion is to become a liar.—The Torch of Reason.

J. B. WILSON, M. D.

DR. J. B. WILSON, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine, was born in West Union, Ohio., forty-two years ago. He is of Scotch-Irish descent. On his maternal side he is a direct descendant of the famous Campbell family of Scotland, known as the Clan Campbell.

Matthew Campbell, his great-great-grandfather, was the second son of the Fourth Duke of Argyle. He had some ideas of his own on matters religious, disputed with the established church, became a Dissenter, was disinherited, but given a small share of his patrimony, and ordered to go to America and stay there. He landed in Virginia, and afterwards came to Limestone, now Maysville, Ky. He built a large stone house on the opposite bank of the Ohio, and named the village, which soon gathered around him, Aberdeen, after the city of the same name in his native country. Several years after he descended the river, in company with a number of traders, and erected the first house on the present site of Cincinnati.

The Doctor's grandfather, Power Campbell, married Mary Brookover, who, as the name implies, was of German descent. Her father was a man of influence and great wealth for his time. In his religious belief he was a Universalist, and outspoken in his contempt for the Christian dogma of hell. As these were the only ancestors or relatives whom the Doctor knows to have been Freethinkers, quite naturally he holds them in reverent esteem. On his paternal side his ancestors were men of powerful physical strength and well regarded for their common sense and good citizenship. If any individual on this side of his house ever developed into an outspoken skeptic the Doctor has never heard of him. His father was an orthodox Methodist—a man of the poetic temperament, a wide reader, and possessing a great memory. While he did not ap-

prove of the Doctor's propagandic work in the interests of Free Thought, still he would rise in his defense, if any one dared to impute dishonesty or evil motives to his name. The Doctor's mother was an intensely nervous woman, austere in morals, but charitable in the extreme for human error. She was inclined to the Universalist belief of her Dutch grandfather, and thought more of her flower-garden than Sunday sermons.

Dr. Wilson spent his youth in the village and on the farm, where he received the best part of his education in studying the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life. He early began the study of the nature of things, and as mystery after mystery was revealed to his mind he learned to seek "the why" for all other mysteries. In nature he found beauty and song. In color and form he revelled. The study of the insect tribes gave him special interest. Being given to collecting specimens of insect life, his boy companions regarded him as a little queer, and declared that the initial "B." in his name stood for "Bug," and so nicknamed him. But this little annoyed the young student of nature. Though an athlete and given to boyish games, his choicest companionship was found in the solitude of deep woods, or by the brookside, observing nature in all her variegated and changing forms, and listening to her myriad voices.

He attended the Methodist Sunday school and gave his teachers much trouble in asking "the why" of Bible teachings, and how they knew them to be true. He was frequently declared "the class nuisance," as possessing "dangerous tendencies." He couldn't understand how the teacher and all the other members of the class were able to comprehend mysteries that conflicted with nature, while he couldn't, and plainly told them that they only pretended to understand, and that they knew they didn't comprehend a word of it. In discussing the conversion of Paul he declared that that apostle had only received a sunstroke, and, coming to his senses, became frightened and turned Christian; that all such phenomena was attributed in those times to Divine wrath, and natural causes were never considered. For this he was expelled from the class, which act of opposition to free speech and honest opinion was the first revelation to the questioning youth that Christianity did not aim at the truth through honest investigation and comparative study; that it taught belief, and suppressed inquiry, and tolerated no opposition.

Shortly after this, his reading lesson in school happened to be a poem, entitled "The Philosopher's Scales," written by Benjamin Franklin. In this poem the author proceeds to weigh the great and mighty things of

earth against the small and weak. One of the verses begins with the following :

“The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which contained all the wit that had ever been there.”

The youth inquired of his teach “who Voltaire was, and if he was a greater man than Alexander, or Paul, or Caesar or, Bonaparte?”

To this the teacher replied that “he was one of the most wicked men who ever lived ; that he did not believe in the Bible, or in God, or in heaven and hell, and that he was the cause of an awful revolution in which thousands of Christians were massacred, and the Bible burned,” etc. Then said the young pupil, “Either you or Franklin is wrong ; for in weighing the great against the small things of life, Franklin has selected Voltaire’s as the greatest human head in the world. I have been taught to revere the honesty, the judgment and wisdom of Benjamin Franklin. If what you say about Voltaire is true, then Franklin was ignorant of the true character of the man and didn’t know what he was writing about. Which is to be believed—you or Franklin?”

This brought forth a stormy lecture, the youth was declared a nuisance, and sent to his seat for his impudence ; but it led him to consult the Encyclopedia and find out the truth about Voltaire, and from that day to this he has doubted and opposed Christianity. At the age of sixteen he began teaching school, and with the exception of one year at college continued at that avocation for the next eight years, reading medical works at his spare moments. The next two years he gathered experience as a collector for a New York publishing house, then returned to teaching. Two years after he located in Cincinnati, for the purpose of completing his medical studies, and graduated in the allopathic school in 1889. Between his school terms he did work as a hotel clerk and newspaper reporter. Soon after graduation he was appointed Assistant Health Officer, and opened an office in Cincinnati, engaging in general practice. He is a member of the Academy of Medicine and other local medical bodies, and examiner for eight insurance companies. He is also well known in secret society circles, being a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Foresters, Knights of the Maccabees, Knights and Ladies of Security, Tribe of Ben Hur, and several other organizations.

He is also a member of the Ohio Liberal Society, a society distinguished for not having any secrets.

The Doctor is married and has one child, Marjorie, four years old. In politics he is an independent, but this time is out for Bryan. In person he is 5 feet 7 in height, has blue eyes, light-brown hair, florid complexion, and weighs 175 pounds.

He is best known to the Liberal world through the columns of the Blue Grass Blade. He is a fighter, and believes that the liberty that is not worth fighting for is not worth having. At present he is taking an active part in the defense of Editor C. C. Moore, who is indicted before the Federal courts on the charge of mailing obscene matter. He is secretary of the Defense Committee which has been organized to defend free speech in this case. Dr. Wilson is bound to see that Charles C. Moore has a fair trial this time, and that no injustice shall be done to the editor of the Blue Grass Blade. If any of our readers have money that they desire to contribute to the defense fund they can send it to the following address: Dr. J. B. Wilson, 206 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOOK REVIEW.

ASUNBEAM IN THE NIGHT. By Carolus Balder. Wright & Company, Chicago. Pp. 176. Price, \$1.00.

This is a highly imaginative narrative by a reformer of the present time, who lived to be 145 years old. His story had been inscribed on glass and sealed in a subterranean room. After the discovery of the glass manuscript it was rung out by a giant vibrator years afterward to future generations when times and people had changed, when all nations of the earth had united into one government of which Washington was the universal capital. One religion, one law, one language prevailed. The reformer tells the story of the world's progress after the style of "Looking Backward," but in more general terms. At the time the manuscript was written the world had but recently become one in government and religion. Harmony everywhere prevailed. The keynote explaining how all this changed condition has been brought about is found in the theory of healthy parentage and pre-natal influence. With this as a central principle great minds are evolved which work out a wonderful civilization; a higher and nobler destiny for mankind. Life is sweeter, nobler, better. Before finding the philosopher's stone the reformer has a checkered career. As the disinherited son of a Swedish nobleman he sees many parts of the world; experiences all sorts of hardships and privations and tries all manner of occupations for a livelihood. Later coming into possession of vast wealth, and because of his intimate knowledge of the evils and sufferings of humanity, he tries various theories for the betterment of mankind. The story of his schemes, his wonderful plans and their varying degrees of success make a narrative rare, full of surprises, ingenious and unique. With a party of savants he shuts himself up in a little garden of Eden in the Himalaya mountains in an attempt to find true happiness. These savants make re-

markable advancements in the sciences, especially in sociology. The pre-natal theories are tried, with the result that each generation becomes in every way better than the one that preceded it. The reforms are first met with opposition and scorn; the reformer looked upon as a crank. The ideas are, however, adopted by governments and nations. The book shows a careful study of nature and the interest grows as the theories unfold themselves.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DARWIN. By Wood Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. The Open Court Publishing Company. Pp. 241. Price 50 cents.

The following extract from the "Preface" of this book will give the reader a pretty good idea of its contents:

"I wish simply to say that it is in no sense the purpose of this little volume to furnish a system of ethical or religious thought, or the germ of a new religion, as perhaps its title might lead some to infer, least of all to enunciate truths which are original with, or peculiar to, its author. It is merely an attempt to get a bird's-eye view of the influences affecting human hope and human happiness from the standpoint of that view of and attitude towards the universe which is best expressed by the term Darwinism.

"This term is not used, of course, in the narrow sense of the personal views of Charles Darwin in contrast with those of other evolutionists, be they his predecessors or his successors, but simply as typifying the evolutionary movement and its wonderful consequences by the name of its greatest thinker and ablest champion, who first made the theory of evolution credible or even thinkable.

"Its effort is to show that this attitude possesses a broad and secure basis for courage and happiness in the present and hope for the future. In other words, that its faith is as steadfast, its 'consolations' as great, and its spirit of worship as profound and as powerful as those of revealed religion. That the message of the gospel, according to Darwin, is in truth 'good news,' 'glad tidings:' that the natural is as wonderful, as beautiful, as divine, as the supernatural."

AN ATLAS OF CHINA. Just published by Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago. Price, 25 cents.

This is a very timely publication, just about what every person wants these days. It contains maps and descriptive matter pertaining to the general conditions and the present crisis in the Celestial empire, and also a concise review of its history, government, religion, people, industries, and its relation to foreign powers.

This Atlas contains ten pages of colored maps 9x12 inches in size, of the countries included in the Chinese Empire, and seven other pages of the same size filled with illustrations and explanations that will give the reader more real knowledge in relation to China and its inhabitants than one could obtain by reading a half-dozen volumes of China history. At the low price of 25 cents 1,000,000 copies ought to be sold. It can be had at this office.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CHRIST'S LIFE AND TEACHINGS. By Dr. J. Barr. Published by the Author. Pp. 330. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

This is the most radical digest of the teachings of the Bible, and especially of Jesus, that has ever been published. The author is evidently a sincere, honest man, who, by thought and investigation, has arrived at the extreme views that he has plainly set forth in this book. A hundred years ago the publication of this book would have brought him to the stake, fifty years ago it could not have gone through the mails, and the writer would have been imprisoned for blasphemy, and even at this day nothing but the "fad" of the "higher criticism" saves him from persecution. The table of contents is as follows: "The Christian God Imposes on Morality;" "The Transgression;" "The Acts of Noah;" "The Acts of Abraham;" "The Acts of Lot;" "The Acts of Isaac and Jacob;" "The Acts of Moses;" "The Acts of King David;" "What I Offer in Place of Christianity;" "The Lineage and Character of Jesus;" "The Acts of John the Baptist;" "Boyhood of the Pretended Messiah;" "Miracles;" "Jesus' Promises;" "The Resurrection;" "Endless Punishment;" "Christian Redemption;" "The Christian God;" "Immortality;" "Conclusion."

EVOLUTION. By P. J. Cooley. Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York. Pp. 75. Price, 25 cents.

In this little volume Mr. Cooley has given the workings of Evolution on Christian dogmas and pagan myths. Some of the titles of the various subjects treated are the following: "Evolution;" "Worship of Idols;" "The Origin of Worship;" "Witchcraft of the Mother of Worship;" "The Immortality of the Soul;" "The Golden Rule of Pagan Origin;" "The Great Buddha;" "God and the Laws of God;" "On Baptism;" "The Doctrine of the Trinity of Pagan Origin;" "Religion;" "Pagan Gods."

THE MORAL APHORISMS AND TERSEOLOGICAL TEACHINGS OF CONFUCIUS. By Marcenus R. K. Wright. U. G. Clarke Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Mich. Pp. 62. Price, 25 cents.

This little book ought to have many readers. Persons who have not heretofore had the opportunity to learn of the teachings of this great reformer can become pretty well posted by reading this small volume. The author says in his introductory preface:

"Confucius was a great and good reformer, and as a result of his own genius and effort, left a heritage of mental and moral wealth behind him, in his axiomatic teachings and exemplary life, which Christian devotion and influence still approve and uphold as the only true guide to justice, personal integrity, honor, virtue or human happiness.

"The moral aphorisms of Confucius were given in the interest of a great nation and of humanity at large, and are pure and practical in the highest degree. They are not only accepted upon their merit, as the truthful utterances of a noble teacher, but they live in the human heart and receive the praise of all well-inclined and thoughtful men and women, because they find a sympathetic response in their better inclinations."

ALL SORTS.

—"Preachers and Creeds," by D. K. Tenney and David B. Page, is one of our best pamphlets. The price is 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.

—Judge Parish B. Ladd, of California, will furnish a very valuable article for the October Magazine, entitled "Attraction or Gravitation the Source of All Light."

—The poem that we published in the August Magazine, on page 491, we learn was written by Belle R. Harrison, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and not by John Morrissey.

—Aunt Mandy—What on 'arth hev yew done?

Uncle Josh—I told y' I'd hev revenge on them Chiny folks, an' I swow I hev. I've killed every ginged Shanghai in th' roost.—Syracuse Herald.

—There are 250,000 words in the English language, and most of them were used on Sunday by a woman who discovered after coming out of church that her new hat was adorned with a tag on which was written, "Reduced to 6s. 11¼d."—Tid-Bits.

—Thomas Carter, of Idaho, in a private letter, writes: "Give the Liberal University a lift when you can. I sent my two children over there last term and shall send them again." Brother Carter, that is what we are constantly doing, and every Liberal ought to do the same.

—The Chicago Journal, when reviewing Heber Newton's article on immortality in the August number of Mind, says:

It will be eagerly read, and no doubt heartily commended by that great body of bewildered people who, for want of a better name, are content to describe themselves as reverent agnostics. The

number of these people is not set down in any book of religious statistics. There are more of them than is generally suspected, and because of their number many to whom the term applies never have heard of it.

—A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him see what a terrible thing it was.

"Ma," said he all at once, "oh, ma, just look at that poor little lion right behind there. He won't get a taste."—London Quiver.

—What Would Jesus Do? This stale inquiry has been asked and answered in a good many forms; I will ask it in a new one. What would Jesus do if he were living in London and his mother had been murdered in China? Answers are invited, and Saladin will publish the most appropriate reply. Don't all speak at once.—The (London) Agnostic Journal.

—Alexander Pope, finding himself shut up in church with a "painful preacher," wrote on the fly leaf of a prayer book:

I whisper, gracious God,
What have I done to merit such a rod;
That all this shot of dullness now should be
From this, thy blunderbuss, discharged on me?

—A lady in California has a cat and an olive orchard. She has taught the cat to pick up the olives that fall from the trees, and put them in a basket. The basket is put under a tree, and Bildad—that is the cat's name—is called. He sets to work at once, and acts as if he enjoyed picking up the nuts, which he does with his mouth. When the basket is full, he goes in and pulls his mistress' apron to let her

know she must come and get the basket before the nuts are stolen.—Our Fellow Creatures.

—Peoria, Ill., Aug. 12.—The Ingersoll Memorial Association has decided that the monument to be erected in memory of the great Agnostic shall be a bronze statue of heroic size on a granite base. Although not much publicity has yet been given to the work, contributions continue to come in in encouraging numbers from admirers of the famous Peorian in this country and in Europe and it is now certain that a monument can be erected in this city which, in the opinion of the projectors, will be in all respects worthy of the man.—Chicago Tribune.

—Charles R. H. Farrell, who murdered his friend Lane and robbed the express car to get money to get married with, was a Christian, it seems. When asked by his father if he had a message for his mother, he said: "Tell her I will meet her in heaven." The report says of him: "Farrell is in a state of collapse to-night. He sent for Father O'Reilly, pastor of St. Dominic's Church. The priest was admitted to the cell of the man, and for a great length of time the father and Farrell held a deep, and to all appearances, an intensely sincere interview."

—Bucyrus, Ohio, July 19.—(Special).—During the funeral of John Keller at Chatfield, a few miles north of Bucyrus, this afternoon, lightning struck the church, seriously injuring three persons, shocking twenty-five others, and starting a stampede among the horses hitched along the fences outside.

The church was crowded to the doors, and half the people were knocked down by the shock.

Mrs. Simon Shade, who was leaning against one of the pillars of the church, received injuries from which she may die. The lightning struck the chimney, and from there passed to the pillar against which Mrs. Shade was leaning.

Suppose this had taken place at a

Free Thought funeral; it would have been used with great effect at nearly every religious "revival" for the next ten years and longer.

—Our Unitarian friends, we learn from the Christian Register, are trying to invent a prayer for children that shall be an improvement on the old orthodox one commencing with:

"Now I lay me down to sleep.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Unitarians are good, intelligent and learned people, and they ought to be ashamed to teach little children to pray to an imaginary God, who never answered a prayer. It is a fraud perpetrated on the innocent children, that fills their little minds with superstition that may go with them so long as life lasts. No honest Freethinker would be guilty of such a crime, for it is nothing less than a crime.

—Mr. Bryan, in his address accepting the nomination for President, quoted these lines:

Would we tread in the paths of tyranny,
Nor reckon the tyrant's cost?

Who taketh another's liberty

His freedom is also lost.

Would we win as the strong have ever won,

Make ready to pay the debt.

For the God who reigned over Babylon

Is the God who is reigning yet.

We will bet 16 to 1 that Bryan doesn't know for a certainty that "the God who reigned over Babylon is the God who is reigning yet."

—Miss Mary Orlander, 3031 Princeton avenue, has gone into the Superior Court to try to compel her former pastor to pay \$10,000 damages for making statements about her which have forced her out of her church.

Rev. Peter A. Hielm of the Second Swedish Baptist Church is the defendant. The plaintiff asserts through her attorney, that statements reflecting on her character were made last October by the pastor. As a result of the objectionable remarks Miss Orlander declares that she

was expelled from the church.—Chicago American.

Miss Mary only calls on her dear pastor for the small sum of \$10,000. He ought to hand it right over without saying a word.

—Ducktown, Tenn., July 30.—(Special to the Chicago Record.)—The people of Shoal Creek, Cherokee County, N. C., six miles east of Ducktown, are in open rebellion against a class or sect that professes and preaches sanctification, or "that second blessing." One hundred and ten of the citizens met yesterday at the sect's church, demolished it and burned the ruins. The Rev. Gay Bryant, Methodist, preached to the excited and infuriated crowd while the building was burning.

We read that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, but this minister preached while the church was burning. It was probably a hell-fire sermon.

—A Chinaman of great dignity and some splendor of dress was getting off an elevated train at 23d street the other day when a white rowdy called after him:

"Say," said the tough, "are you a boxer?"

The other tough added some abuse and roared with laughter after the Chinaman, who got off the car, then turned. He waited till the gates were closed, then he answered in pretty clear English:

"Say, you Christian?"

Then the gateman and some passengers laughed, and the toughs slunk into the car.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

—Morenci, Mich., July 20.—(Special.)—The Rev. A. M. Rihbany announced today that he has withdrawn from the orthodox church. He is a native Syrian, educated in the United States, and formerly was pastor of the Morenci Congregational Church. He gives as his reasons that he does not believe in the divinity of Christ. Rihbany attributes

theological dissatisfaction to the Bible itself, which he claims is made up of crude Jewish legends. He promises to publish in a short time a new edition of the Bible, in which pure and lofty teachings will be distinguished from legendary lore. Rihbany has started the establishment of what he calls the New Age Church.

—London, Aug. 6, 3 a. m.—The terrific storm which raged along the east coast of England on Friday night, Saturday and Sunday did incalculable damage to crops and property. Last night the famous Tower of St. Botolph's at Botolph's Church, Boston, in Lincolnshire, was struck by lightning, the pinnacle from the summit falling 300 feet into the church, where the congregation was assembled at mass. A mass of masonry fell through the leaden roof upon the worshippers, who were panic stricken, and women screamed and fainted, but no one was injured.

It would appear from the above that the Lord is about as disgusted with Christians, as are the "Boxers." Why should he knock down their famous tower while the congregation beneath it was assembled at mass?

—The power of the missionary to foment devilry is always at high premium. The priest would possess religious and the politician possess territorial China. I do not know that the Chinese priest and his co-operating politician act from other motives. But I concede that the people may have the right to decide who shall exploit them. The missionary violates fraternity. He is an affront to civilization. He may be honest. But he is sure to be a bigot. I know how hard it is for me to stand the zealotry of the domestic proselyter, who would bag me for game to his faith. I can readily excuse the alien who meets this hybrid as an invader. The zealot at home is a nuisance. The zealot abroad is a menace. The missionary method accentuates hatred and

makes cheap the articles of a possible humanity.—H. L. T., in the *Conservator*.

—To the Chinaman the soil is sacred to his ancestors, especially all portions of it associated with burials. To him no sacrilege can be greater than disturbance of burial-places, such as has been undertaken in building railroads. Every missionary helps to break down his reverence for ancestors; and, just so far as Christianity is introduced, family life, as it has been handed down for thousands of years, is subverted. The Chinaman feels about this quite as the people of a pious New England village would if it were invaded by a Mormon elder with three or four wives. However discreet and gentle the missionary may be, his whole conception of life is destructive of what the Chinaman has been taught to regard as sacred. At the same time the discussion of the partition of the empire by Western nations, the exaction of concessions of territory, and the persistent pushing of their interests by merchants and traders of all kinds, have brought the Chinese to a determination to drive out all foreigners.—The Christian (Unitarian) Register.

—A few Sabbaths since a gentleman was passing by a certain church, before which were hitched many teams, the property of affluent Christians, says Farm, Stock and Home. The owners and their families were inside, listening, no doubt, to the old, old story of loving kindness, man's brotherhood, consideration for the weak and lowly, protection to the helpless, etc., and seconding a prayer for the coming of that kingdom in which suffering would be unknown and the milk of human kindness would ceaselessly flow. Very likely they were contributing liberally to the work of lifting out of the darkness of barbarism and up into the shining light of modern civilization the benighted heathen of far-off lands. But all

this time not a few of the horses were enduring a torture more refined and exquisite than any that barbarous heathen could invent. The heads of the poor brutes were held in cruelly unnatural positions, and their necks were heartlessly strained and tortured by that infamous device of fashion—the tight check-rein.

—Louis White, 20 years old, who was given a sentence of life imprisonment in Joliet upon his plea of guilty of the murder of Asa Mitchell, became a convert of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the county jail yesterday afternoon. White, accompanied by two guards, went to the bathroom, where the Rev. R. C. Ransom of the Bethel Church baptized him while he stood in a tub filled with water.

And now White likes to sing that good old Methodist hymn commencing with this:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

And if that be true, the Governor of Illinois ought, at once, to pardon this young man, for no person ought to be kept in prison who has no "guilty stains." But the poor victim whom he murdered, not being a Christian, and having no chance to plunge into "the fountain filled with blood," must spend an eternity in hell fire.

—This is the reason given, according to the *New Voice*, by "one of the most widely known bishops of the great Methodist Episcopal Church," why he supports the Republican Presidential ticket:

Material prosperity is the basis of everything. Without material prosperity we could not carry on our missionary enterprises, we could not build our churches, we could not support our preachers, we could not run our schools. The Republican party is the only political party that will give material pros-

perity to this country. Therefore, even though it does not do right upon moral questions, we must support it for prosperity's sake.

This bishop thinks "material prosperity is the basis of everything," and therefore, as a matter of course, the basis of the church. The question of righteousness, with this bishop, is of secondary importance. This bishop's Bible says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.—Math. xi., 33. But the bishop's idea is: Seek first "material prosperity" and all other things may take care of themselves.

—The reader will remember what we published relating to Joseph M. Ryan on page 470 of the August Magazine. We find the following poem in *Our Dumb Animals* relating to this brave young man:

No banners waved 'round him! no bugle's
shrill call
Urged him on to the conflict, to win, or
to fall;
A noble manhood the prompter—a kind
heart—that was all.

He risked his life bravely, and for what?
—for renown?
To win men's applause? a great name?
or a crown?
Nay, nay, but to save a poor dog that
would drown!

His victory was bloodless; no shot and
no shell—
As the price of his valor no brave sol-
diers fell,
And no mother, bereaved, had a sad tale
to tell.

May the dog and his master together live
long,
A help to the helpless—a terror to wrong;
Joe Ryan's a hero, and deserving a song.
—S. Sumner.

—It seems from the following that there are "boxers" in Ohio as well as in China. In this case all connected with this mob were Christians; there

was not one Freethinker among them. It was one kind of Christians trying to kill or injure another kind of Christians, and like the Chinese trouble, all caused by religion:

Mansfield, Ohio, July 31.—(Special.)—Zion Elders Stevens and McChirkin, Evangelist Fisher of Chicago and Elder A. McFarlane of Marion were escorted by the police through a howling mob of 1,000 workmen from the shops at noon to-day and practically thrown on a train and out of town.

The night previous while holding religious service they were treated as follows:

The mob first barricaded the doors of the church and began an attack on the windows with stones. Then they threatened to use dynamite. A howling, frantic mob was outside; weeping and praying women inside. Fisher and McChirkin were dragged away by the mob to the harrow works, where they were stripped and painted from head to foot with blue paint, applied with brooms, and buckets of paint were poured over them. They were then taken to police headquarters, where they were turned over to the police. Elders Stevens and McFarlane were taken by the police in safety to police headquarters.

Physicians were called to administer to the elders. Many souvenirs of clothing were secured by relic hunters.

—St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 11.—Three men, prominent in church and business circles, and the pretty soprano soloist of the Lindell Avenue Methodist Church are strangely mixed up in one of the most interesting social scandals that has tickled the tongues of gossips here for many years.

An attempt at murder, an arrest, a promised divorce suit, charges of black mail and hints of further sensational developments have followed so closely one upon the other that the city is dizzy.

Mrs. Fannie Flesh Morse is the woman in the case who is said to be the cause of all the trouble.

One of the most sensational discoveries made in the case was that of a private bedroom in the tower of the Lindell Avenue Church. This bedroom was accessible to members of the choir, and had at

one time been used as a sleeping apartment by the sexton, who, when he got married, left it as he had used it. This room will probably figure in the divorce proceedings in the fall.—Chicago American.

The report says there was a woman in the case, and so it was in the little affair that took place in the Garden of Eden, and the woman, of course, is the only guilty party. She probably put up that bed in the tower of the Lindell Avenue Methodist Church so that her good pastor might take a nap after his exhausting services in the church, and now all the blame is laid to her. The men in the case are all as innocent as lambs.

—Ambrose Bierce has this to say of missionaries in the Chicago American:

The real authors of this blackest page in modern history are the missionaries. It is to be hoped they are proud of their work. Whether they are or not, it is the last work they are likely to do in China for a good long time. In all Christendom there is not a government that will dare to encourage these infatuated men and women to resume their horrible work. They would need encouragement, and a lot of it, to persuade them again into the field to gather the harvest of Asiatic souls. We hear a good deal about their "heroism" and "devotion," but all that is now a pricked bubble. They have shown no such qualities. Apparently the crown of martyrdom is a headgear which they are nowise desirous to wear. None are more clamorous for protection than they when menaced; none, as they, so loudly invoke the military arm. Time was when they who went abroad to preach the gospel to the benighted accepted martyrdom with avidity. Their reliance was on God. He was their refuge; if He failed them they said, "Thy will be done," and died in harness, praising Him. But these modern missionaries put their faith in legations and gunboats. They have in this instance leant upon a broken reed, and for weeks the poor-spirited creatures have been scampering to the seacoast like frightened rats, and pickling their shins in the brine to hail the passing ships. They have had more than

enough of the missionary business—a veritable bellyful of it. Pitiful to relate, their poor "converts," mostly women and children, have been slain by thousands. Doubtless these holy men are capable of rejoicing in the thought that they converted the wretched victims just in the nick of time to save their souls; but doubtless, too, they will be a deal older than they are now before they care to undertake the salvation of any more.

—Joe Thornton, son of Supervisor John W. Thornton, of Roberts Township, is best known to local fame as a baseball player. He pitches a ball that curves like a scythe handle and when "in form" is practically invincible. But baseball playing is not the extent of Joe's talents. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois, and down there they teach to those willing and capable to learn other things besides sports and athletics. An essay on "The Practice of Confession in the Catholic Church," written by Joe J. Thornton, of Magnolia, and published, with a portrait of the writer, in the June number of the Free Thought Magazine of Chicago, shows that Joe has learned to think profound thoughts and express them in concise and vigorous English. He takes the ground of opposition to the confessional, but does so in a manner that can give no offense to even the most devout Catholic. This production was a surprise to the liberal thinkers of this locality, coming as it does from a man of Joe's youth and limited experience. In these days the youth of the land does not concern itself greatly about vital questions of theology nor the welfare of the spirit in the unknown hence.

As a specimen of Mr. Thornton's style we quote the paragraph that concludes his essay, as follows:

True confession is not to God, not to a priest, but to one's self. Go into the woods where birds are singing and brooks are laughing; sit under a tree where a dove is cooing, and to yourself and Nature say, I have done wrong, I have committed errors. I shall not do so again.

A promise to yourself is more liable to be fulfilled than is a promise to a priest.
—Lacon (Ill.) Journal.

—New York, Aug. 5.—(Special.)—In discussing the responsibility of missionaries for the present situation in China, Sydney Brooks, an English traveler, the son of a member of Parliament and an authority on far Eastern affairs, said to-day:

"One of the first and most noticeable problems confronting the powers when they set about the work of reconstruction in China will be the missionary difficulty. Perhaps it would be going too far to say that the present crisis is solely due to a revolt from the evangelical propaganda we have forced China to license. Missionaries may plead with some force that the political pressure of the West upon the East, the seizure of Kiao-Chow, the alienation of Port Arthur, Manchuria, Wei-Hai-Wei, and the endless demands for 'concessions' are the real occasion of this semi-national rising. But we have to get down beneath the superficial and transitory causes into the permanent reasons for the Chinese hatred of foreigners. And that missionaries have a great deal to do with that is shown by the unanimity with which they and their converts are singled out for the first violence of attack.

"To the Chinaman the missionary is at once a mystery and a menace. His presence is a mystery; what he can possibly want in the country is a mystery; his preachings seem aimed at the foundation of all Chinese morality and social organization, of all that has made and kept the empire a whole. He is obviously supported and protected by foreign arms. A being therefore at once unaccountable, inexplicable, formidable, and aggressive, he attracts not only the instinctive antipathy of one race for another race, but whatever more can be engendered by fear, and ignorance, and superstition, and ceaseless suspicion on the one part and blun-

dering provocation on the other."—Chicago Tribune.

—Our Dumb Animals we think one of the very best journals in this country. The editor, Geo. T. Angell, publishes in the August issue his belief about war as follows:

We do not believe in war.

We did not believe in the Cuban war, nor in the Philippine war, nor in the South African war, and we do not believe in a Chinese war.

Following the religion proclaimed to the world by Christ, professed by Christian nations, acted upon by Wm. Penn. and taught by our "American Humane Education Society," we believe that the difficulties in every one of the above-named cases could have been settled without the firing of a single gun or the destruction of a single life, either human or animal. The creed of our American Humane Education Society is a very short one, "Glory to God." "Peace on earth." "Kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature."

In this creed we read "Glory to God." Now we wish to ask Brother Angell if this God that he wishes to glorify is the same God that gave the following commands relating to war that are recorded in "God's Word:"

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel. Put every man his sword by his side and go in and out from gate to gate through the camp and slay every man his brother and every man his companion and every man his neighbor, and there fell that day about 3,000."—Exodus xxxii., 27.

"And Moses said unto them, have you saved all the women alive? Now therefore kill every male among the little ones and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him, but all the women children that have not known man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves. And Moses and Eleazer, the priest, did as the Lord commanded Moses, and the booty was thirty and two thousand persons in all of woman who had not known a man

by lying with him."—Numbers xxxi., 15, 17, 18, 31, 32.

Mr. Bryan says that "the God who reigned over Babylon is the God who is reigning yet." Do you, Brother Angell, agree with Mr. Bryan, in that opinion? And is that the same God you desire to glorify? Will you please reply in your humane journal?

—The following is the account of how Christian soldiers conducted themselves. Would it be possible for "heathen" soldiers to be any more inhuman?

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 7.—A story of Russian brutality in China is told by Mrs. E. B. Drew, wife of the British commissioner of customs at Tien-tsin, who arrived from the orient on the transport Logan. She says:

"During the bombardment we lived most of the time in the cellar of our house, which was partially wrecked by big shells. Sleep was out of the question most of the time, and so unstrung were we that little food satisfied us. There was ever present the haunting fear of the Chinese triumphing and slaughtering every foreigner and convert.

"Some, probably all, of the women were prepared to act in case the Chinese effected an entrance. But it appears the allied officers were prepared to act. I did not know it at the time, but I understood that ten or twenty men had been detailed to kill all the foreign women in case the Chinese were the victors."

Mrs. Drew, with much indignation, then spoke of atrocities committed by Russian troops, saying: "They pillaged, looted, tortured and murdered right and left. There were many infants and children killed by bayonet thrusts. And many were tossed from bayonet points, only to be caught and again tossed time and again. There is ample evidence of these occurrences."

"And about Chinese women. They were mistreated and murdered in house after house. It seems as if nothing could stay the mad frenzy of these Russians.

"Out from Tien-tsin, along the Pei-Ho and Yellow rivers, are numerous little villages. The Russians swept through the villages, destroying life and property.

In these places they also tossed infants and older children in the air from bayonets. And every time this child-tossing tragedy was enacted the dead body of a mother, father or both would be hard by. The Russians also drove women and children into the Pei-Ho and Yellow rivers, where they were drowned.

"After shooting and murdering to their hearts' content the Russians would pillage, loot and burn every house that caught their eyes. There was no attempt at concealing all of the remarkably barbarous conduct. I do not pretend to say how many women and children were butchered by the Russians. I never heard the number estimated, save that a great many had been bayoneted and some shot.

"In view of what they had been guilty of in and around Tien-tsin, none of us was surprised to hear of a murderous act by the Russians at Tagu. It is generally accepted as true at Tien-tsin that the Chinese commander of the Taku forts was murdered by the Russians when he was in the act of surrendering his sword."

—Mortimer Radcliffe Keeney, a worthy Freethinker and a subscriber to this Magazine, died at his home in Bristol, Conn., Aug. 16. The Bristol Journal had this to say of him:

Mr. Keeney was born in March, 1843, in the town of Manchester, Conn., and came to Bristol with his parents when a child, having been a resident of Bristol almost continuously for nearly fifty years. He enlisted in Company B. Thirtieth C. V. I., on Dec. 30, 1861, and re-enlisted Feb. 8, 1864, serving through the war. He had always been an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army since its organization, taking an active interest in all its affairs, and was a past commander, having filled all the offices within the gift of Gilbert W. Thompson post. He was also an active member and a past counsellor of Nathan Hale Council, O. U. A. M.

He was not a member of any church, but a believer rather in the religion of humanity and the principal of human brotherhood, and the precept, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," was well and practically exemplified by his uniform conduct toward his

fellow men. He was universally respected as a good citizen, and highly valued as a friend by all of his acquaintances, while those who knew him best esteemed him most highly.

The funeral will be held from his late residence at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of Gilbert W. Thompson Post, G. A. R., and by his special request he will be buried in the uniform that he had loved and honored so long.

—The most cold-blooded murder that we ever knew of was that of C. H. R. Ferrell, who deliberately planned the murder of his personal friend, Charles Lane, the express agent, and after killing him, by shooting him in the back three times, opened and robbed the express safe. In a sketch of his life, by his father, published in the Chicago Tribune of Aug. 20, his father says: "He was a member of the Methodist church and the Epworth League." And when asked what word of comfort he could send to his distracted mother he said: "Tell her I will meet her in heaven."

—China never did a thing to us until we invaded her. When we invaded her she did that which we would have done had she invaded us. As the superiors in this contest of barbarisms we are pledged to weapons we do not trust. Your faith in your civilization is like your faith in your god. It goes to pieces at the first test. You have no faith in man. Therefore you are nested in apostasy. Your culture teaches and your states enforce hate of race and pride of birth. You get your philosophy from boards of trade. Civilization is a brokerage, subject to discounts and thefts, to irresponsible valuations and violent exploitations. The Oriental never sees us except when we go to sell him goods, seize his country or compel him to Christianity. We never ask him

to compare notes in order that we may discover what our races may essentially, not commercially, do for each other. We impose our views. And a view imposed, however good, is poisoned at the root. The poison is in our Caucasian beginnings, not in the Oriental fruitien. —The Conservator.

—Leo Tolstoi says this in the Chicago American of the work of the missionaries in China:

The husband believes in Confucius. The religion of his forefathers is the one sacred thing of which he is supremely conscious. Behold, the wife of his bosom a proselyte; twice a Christian, for the female proselyte's ardor is without bounds; it knows no reason. Man and wife each think the other eternally lost. Everything that he considers permissible, lawful, good, is a crime in her eyes—a terrible, dangerous error, at the very least.

He thinks her faithless, a traitress to his ancestors; she calls him blind, walking in eternal darkness. And when they meet in the common evening prayer, holy to the memory of their beloved dead, then the husband prays to them as to his patron saints, while the wife mourns them as sinners and lost. The husband thinks them in heaven; the wife believes them to be in hell's deepest cavern. So the Christian world has gained a soul and society one more broken and unhappy marriage! Woe to the family torn by fanatical, religious strife.

Do you wonder that the missionaries were the first to suffer by rope, by the stake and by torture when the slaughter of foreigners began way down in China? They were killed for revenge—as professional arch-destroyers of the family—the Chinese holiest of holy. The missionaries carry on their propaganda mainly among women; that means they set wife against husband; the Chinese regard them as immoral. They go further—they call us liars for saying that our God makes us love all men as brethren, while at the same time we treat the Chinese as dogs.

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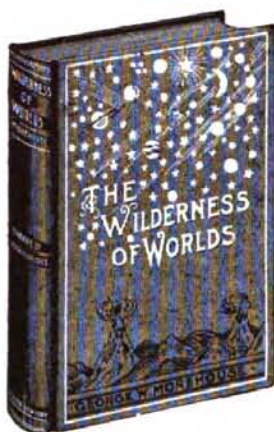
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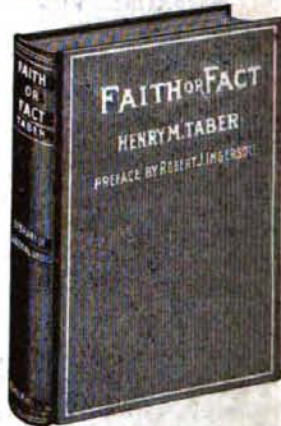
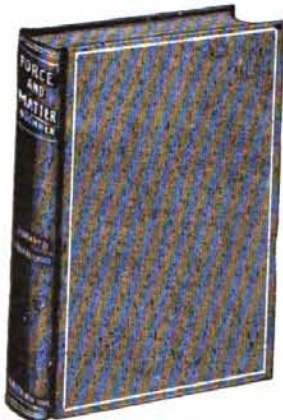


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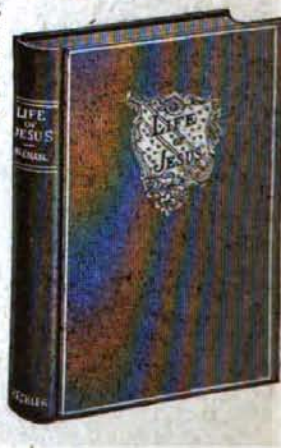


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ATTRACTION, OR GRAVITATION, THE SOURCE OF ALL LIFE.

BY JUDGE PARISH B. LADD.

I CAN think of no subject of greater moment to the scientist, the scholar, the seeker after knowledge, than the source of life, which, in its broadest aspect, involves the birth of worlds. The origin of the heavenly bodies will be first in order, after which life on our earth. The reader must not be



PARISH B. LADD.

surprised to learn that in gravitation, or attraction, lies the secret of the origin of worlds and the life of planets, and animals on our earth. The birth of worlds and of animals are but different phases of vital action. Life is eternal; it never had a beginning, it will never have an end. Death is but change; a change of form; the one could not exist without the other. Both are the result of evolution, e, from and valvo, to roll. Evolution, in its vast range, embraces astronomy, geology, paleontology, zoology, botany, embryology, comparative anatomy, physiology; all relating to the source and development of life, which permeates the universe;

death is only change. Life in its broadest sense, as applied to the universe, and in its limited sense, as applied to our earth, begins with the molecule, the most minute atoms, followed by the cell, the impregnated cell, the ovule, the nucleus, the bioplast.

The boundless worlds, with their suns and systems of suns, all come into being from the ovule; all with a vital, a living nucleus, all governed by the same law, the law of gravitation or attraction,

Here let us look through the telescope and see the efforts of nature in her process of planet making; there we may see the germ, the cell, the celestial nucleus, the nucleus in all their various processes of evolving living worlds. Turning the telescope to the south, we behold two bright spots near the south pole, known as Magellanic clouds, termed nebeeulae; the larger covering a space of forty-two square degrees. Sir John Herschel found this to be patches of nebulosity, in every stage of development; there appeared luminous matter which no power of the instrument could resolve, up to perfectly developed stars, like those seen in the Milky Way; rich star clusters were there found; nebulae of various shapes and density everywhere abound, with globular clusters in every stage of condensation.

The spectroscope has shown this matter to be neither fluid nor solid, but gaseous vapors; some in a very diffused condition, others in more condensed form. Some of these, said Sir John, are assuming spherical and oval shapes; others seem to pass by slow gradations to ellipses of various forms, sometimes appearing in straight lines. Thus illustrating the process of evolving worlds in boundless space, from luminous matter in its most diffused form. The nebulae of which these forms are composed is seen, first, to assume a strictly spiral shape, followed, as in the microscopic cell, by a nucleus, a protoplactic germ.

A number of double and multiple nebulae have been observed in process of forming double and multiple stars, which, as seen, are revolving around each other with no common center.

Surrounding these stars is to be seen nebulae of an atmospheric appearance; the greatest amount of nebulae is generally found in the regions where there are but few stars; where the stars are in immense clusters they seem to have used up the nebulae in their vicinity. Prof. Whewall discovered that Enckes' comet was describing a spiral course towards the sun. In the Milky Way, where such vast clusters abound, the nebulae diminish in number.

The author of *Unfinished Worlds* says, "That man should ever have been able to penetrate these hitherto unknown depths of space, and there behold visible evidence of vast aggregations of matter being moulded and fashioned into new suns and future systems, was a vision to which no philosophic dreamer in olden times ever ventured to point."

Some of these new-born stars have been seen, from time to time, to change their color; to blaze up, then diminish, and finally disappear. Query, were they nebulae in its earliest stages of formation, like the cloud

in our atmosphere, dispersed by the heat of other suns? Dying like most animals on our earth, in their infancy?

The well-known star, Sirius, has changed its color from red to white during the last 2,000 years. Is it eluding the hands of the destroyer; growing older; it may survive to reach maturity.

The star Argus rose from a dim light, reached its full brilliancy January 2, 1838, blazed up in March, 1843, and diminished to a mere speck in 1867. The variable stars, i. e., those which are subject to the law of mutability, are now known to reach over one hundred. Astronomers tell us that there are a number of stars which have, for a time, become extremely brilliant, then slowly faded and finally disappeared. All celestial bodies which reflect their own light have been shown to be suns in various stages of development; all are dense masses of glowing gas, enveloped with an atmosphere, or, more properly speaking, with a photosphere, in which various metals exist in a state of candescence. Our sun, 360,000 miles in diameter, is but a glowing mass of liquid fire, but, like our earth, it is cooling and will, in time, say astronomers, cease to give out light and heat. The spots on the surface are solar storms, sometimes covering spaces thousands of miles in extent. Many speculations have been made on the probable duration of the life of the sun. It is claimed that this can be told with an approximate degree of certainty, for the loss of heat by radiation, is, say these men, measured with much accuracy.

Neptune and Uranus are still in their childhood, both in a gaseous form, and this is, in all probability, true of Jupiter. Prof. Newcomb says this planet has nothing to hide its interior other than dense vapors.

As to comets, babies in the starry heavens; at all times they have attracted special attention, owing to their eccentricity; they come from without, as well as from within, our solar system; they travel with little regard to the known laws which govern other heavenly bodies; like the microscopic protoplasm they all have a well-defined nucleus, which is located in the head. This head seems to give orders for the movements of the entire structure. That these bodies are in their swaddling clothes, to become, in time, full-grown worlds, adults of the heavens, there seems little doubt, unless, like some other of the heavenly bodies, they die in infancy. Dr. Huggins says this nucleus is the life of the whole thing. So it is in the microscopic cell of the protoplasm.

We here ask the reader to patiently follow us in this sketch of astronomy, for we will show that the same energy that is at work in the building

up of planets is also building up our vegetable and animal world; all are the result of the mechanical laws of gravitation.

In 1846, when the Biela comet made its appearance, its moves, for a time, were regular; on January 13 it split into two distinct bodies, each having its own nucleus, its own vital germ, which it thereafter continued to maintain.

This is just what the little microscopic nucleus in the cell of the protoplasm does; in both cases the vital movements are the same; a new birth has ushered in, a celestial child in the one case, and a terrestrial one in the other; in each case the germ of life divides the impregnated egg; the vital ovule has given up a part of itself which has set out on a life's journey alone, but only to repeat the mother process; this division has taken place in obedience to the law of attraction; in each case the nucleus, by the law of chemical affinity, attracts to itself surrounding molecules which enter into and unite through the numerous interspaces of the exterior, when, by the law of condensation, the exterior, in the part of the least resistance, is pushed out, an oblong body is the result, a part of the germ following the elongated body, where it sets up a counter attraction, each center, whether in the nebulae or in the microscopic bioplasm, pulls its surrounding molecules towards itself, until there appears a closing of the sack, and a separation takes place. Thus, the nebula, like the microscopic cell, sends out its asters, around which other nebulae are attracted; yet, for a time, the celestial child, like the protoplasm, i. e., the Biela comet, like the microscopic protoplasm, maintains close relations by the interchange of spores, filaments. The tail of the comet, like the molecules around the bioplast, obeys the law of attraction and follows the nucleus. This comet, on approaching the sun, apparently lost a portion of its tail. The intense heat of the sun is supposed to have scattered the vaporous matter until it became invisible. It is on this theory that so many new-born worlds, seemingly, disappear, some permanently, others only to reappear.

We have here reached the point where it will be in order to present to the reader some facts pertaining to the source of life on our earth. But, first, the earth itself from infancy to the first appearance of life thereon.

Kant was the first, followed by Laplace and Herschel, to put forth the theory which has since ripened into true science, that the whole universe, in the countless aeons of the past, consisted of gaseous chaos in different conditions of density; that all, originally, formed one homogeneous mass; that no celestial bodies then existed; all was in a nebulous state of extreme tenuity; that this tenuous matter commenced to move; that,

in places, this nebulous matter was heavier than in others; that at the several centers of the more solid matter, what is called attraction, or gravitation, commenced to pull, or push, this nebulous matter towards the heavier mass; at the center a nucleus of more dense matter was formed, toward which the nebulae, in its immediate vicinity, by this law of gravitation, rushed on to join this nucleus; as it could not move in a straight line under the resistance of other particles, its course, necessarily, became spiral, thus presenting the nebulous matter as seen in numerous astronomical drawings, all moving in a circle toward this common center; and this is just what is seen through the microscope in the little protoplasmic cell, where the nucleus was once thought to be the unit of life, but which, by later discoveries, has been determined to be a complete organism, an individual being, a homogeneous body, fully organized. Such must have been the process by which the countless billions of suns came into being, such was the birth of worlds innumerable, in boundless space, with not an eye to behold the stupendous grandeur, for countless aeons.

The man of to-day stands forth in his boasted majesty, but comparative nothingness, and sees through the telescope the same natural, mechanical forces at work creating new worlds, some, or all, to be peopled, in time to come, with, possibly, animals and men like ourselves; all to evolve from dead matter to living organisms under this great law of chemical affinity and universal gravitation.

Under the theory of Kant, which is now generally accepted, there arose a separation of this gaseous matter, which has ever since been going on and giving birth to new worlds, just as we shall learn, by and by, with the microscopic atoms which form a protoplasm, and later, the bioplast, the impregnated germ or nucleus which propagates by simple division, as did our sun by giving off his satellites, and these planets by throwing off their moons, or lunar satellites. This simple division has given rise, and is giving rise, to an endless plurality of worlds, multitudes of heavenly organisms, offspring, children of this nebulous ether. Under this theory, as applied to the heavens, the centripetal force attracted the rotating particles, it brought them nearer and nearer to the nucleus, while the centrifugal force tended to throw them into a tangent, a straight line. In other words, the two forces, the centripetal and centrifugal—the former pulling in, the latter tending to push off—forced the outer nebulae to lag behind in the rotation, ending in a separation of the gaseous matter—the inner-going towards the center, while the outer particles were left to form one or more rings.

In time these gaseous rings break up, and by the law of their own attraction, one or more satellites are formed, which, by the law of the two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, are forced to revolve on their own axes and around their parent body. In this way our moon, and the moons of other planets, were formed. The ring or rings of Saturn, as we see them through the telescope, are but nebulous matter, which, in time, will, in obedience to the law of attraction and repulsion, separate into one or more moons of their parent.

By the process of condensation, all celestial bodies become molten masses of burning fluid. All such bodies, in their infancy, are suns, reflecting their own light and heat, throwing out a photosphere composed of liquids and molten fluids. As the planet cools metallic vapors, possessing more specific gravity, than the aqueous, are more readily drawn toward the center of attraction. In time all of the metallic vapors descend to, and form a part of, the body of the planet, leaving none other than the aqueous vapors outside of the solid body; at this stage the planet is crusting over; a solid shell is being formed, as with our earth at this time.

As to our earth, we must understand that for countless ages after it had crusted over, its heat was mostly derived from the fiery mass of burning fluid within the body; such was its condition in the remote past. Under the theories of our greatest scholars, we have learned that a rotating liquid, or gaseous body, cannot become a perfect globe; the centrifugal force will necessarily draw out the equator, leaving the body slightly flattened at the poles.

How long our earth remained in a gaseous state, and how long thereafter, in a fluid condition before it crusted over, no correct conjecture can be formed; all we can say is, that it must have been countless millions of years. It is believed by scientists that when our earth first crusted over the crust covered its entire surface; this must have been, from time to time, rent and broken up in part, if not in whole, for this breaking is still going on; but the time came when the crust had so thickened and so cooled as to permit of the production of the flora and fauna. For a long time, as shown by geology and paleontology, the climate must have been uniform, or nearly so, as the surface derived its heat from the interior of the planet. It was during these ages that the earth was so densely covered with vegetation, and a little later with animals; at first, there was too much carbon in the air for animal life; this was the main support of the vegetal kingdom. While a large quantity of carbon was the life of plants, it was the death of animals. Animal life could not have existed on our earth

until the vegetal had taken up and absorbed most of the carbon, which went to make up our vast coal-beds.

This brings us to the point where we must enter on the formation of animal life on our earth. Where and how did animal life first make its appearance? But two ways have ever been suggested. The, so called, Mosaic account of creation, and the law of spontaneous generation, archigony. So far as the Mosaic claim is concerned, suffice it to say that no man of intelligence, at this time, at least no scholar, attempts to maintain that theory, i. e., no one who is honest and is informed—nor could it be otherwise, as that theory rests alone on the so-called cosmogony of the Moses who was but a myth; all true scholars, of this day, know that Moses never existed, except in the imagination of the writer of the Pentateuch. The Thora has been conceded, by all learned men, to be but a copy of old Chaldean legends, and the so-called Moses to be none other than the mythical Egyptian god Bacchus. That theory has not a single fact to support it; besides, it is in conflict with every known law of nature, and in conflict with all of the well-established sciences, as well as at war with common sense.

The second theory rests on spontaneous generation, which means living matter, or organic beings, from inorganic, or dead, matter. But it is here said that all, or nearly all, scientists have given up the idea of spontaneous generation. This, to a certain extent, we must admit to be true; but as to their experiments, they were all made in violation of natural law. When an experimentalist uses methods that violate every known principle of natural law, how can he expect to produce natural things or living beings? Such has been the case in every experiment made; success can only crown such efforts under the influence of sunlight, air and water. The fundamental properties of every natural body are, matter, form and force. Chemists have succeeded in analyzing all known bodies into about seventy elements, or simple units; among the principal ones are oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, potassium, sodium, iron, gold, etc. The chemical constituents of organisms are the same, differing only in their formation or structural units: it is the different modes of combination which give rise to organic and inorganic bodies; every body, organic and inorganic, by the increase of temperature, can be reduced to a liquid, and by further heat to a gaseous condition. In other words, all can be reduced to their original elements. Plants and animals are composed of both solids and liquids, the latter comprising the most of the organism. By the union of solids and water, in proper proportion, mineral, vegetal and animal bodies

are the result; such bodies are the product of the laboratory, i. e., the chemist has so far imitated nature, but he has failed to put vitality into his compounds; he has failed to make his organisms assimilate food, obtain growth or propagate their species; he can make man, but cannot make him move; so far he has failed to put life into his compound. This equally applies to the vegetal world.

Among the simple elements, carbon stands as the most important in the formation of vegetal and animal bodies; it can unite with other elements in infinitely manifold relations. By the union of carbon with oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorous, we have the albuminous body, the protean, which is the first and most indispensable substance of vital phenomena, the source from whence all life emanates. In other words, we have the Monera, the link between dead and living matter, the first and the lowest animal; their bodies consist of nothing but a semi-fluid, albuminous lump. All organisms, including man, and all other animals, at an early period of life, are found to be germ-cells, or egg-cells—mere lumps of albumen, known as plasma, or protoplasm.; they differ from the Monera only by having a nucleus, a vital germ center. In the one, we find the little germ cell, the source of vitality, the spark of life; in the other, it is absent, the cell has not yet formed; this cell will come later; but from whence? Science, so far, has failed to determine; the chemist has failed to put it there. All life, vegetal and animal, is traceable back to this nucleated protoplast, or bioplast. These Monera are non-cellular. The process of converting the non-cellular into the unicellular bioplast, has never been discovered. From whence this germ of life, this source of the animal world, including man? Here we find ourselves at the very threshold of life on our globe. Can anything be of more interest to the student of nature? Has this vital spark been ushered into existence by the fiat of some heavenly monarch? Or has the great law of affinity and gravitation done the work? While the mythologist will affirm the former, the scientist adopts the latter hypothesis. What is this life force but a co-operation of molecules which have a chemical affinity for each other—whence this affinity? Even science fails to discover. Why all these atoms, which make up the germ of life, revolving around each other, like the binary stars of the heavens, colliding only occasionally? And by what power do they move? Is it gravitation arising from affinity? To this the scientific world can give no direct response; we are left the alternative of speculation, founded on the most reasonable hypothesis at our command. In the formation of planets the body increases, or grows, by

accessions of foreign matter; the crystal, by accession to its surface; the vegetal and animal by accession from within, by the process known as digestion; the food, after leaving the stomach, passes along the intestines, which take up and distribute, through the arteries, the life germs, which become, in the organism, the source of vitality, growth and locomotion, i. e., the food after leaving the stomach passes along the intestines, whence the nutritious particles percolate through the walls of the intestines and thus enter the blood capillaries, from whence it is carried to all parts of the organism and deposited as cells, nucleated protoplasts, which go to make up the community of the organic being. In the young it furnishes new cells to increase the body, while in the full-matured organism it supplies the spaces vacated by worn-out cells, which are thrown off. We must remember that each one of these little cells in the human body, as in all bodies, is a life within itself, possessing all of the powers of an independent being. Here comes in the division of labor, different classes of cells performing different functions; while some are gathering in food, others are assimilating it, and still others are at work carrying off waste material, etc.

As this matter is of such vital interest to the biologist, a little further explanation will not be out of place.

As we have no other explanation of the source of life, spontaneous generation must, at one time, when the conditions on our planet were favorable, have taken place, even if it is not now going on, so slow as to be unobservable. The step from the non-nucleated Monera, the piece of formless jelly, the albumen, is but a short one; all that is required is gravity, to be followed by spiral motion—as we see in the formation of planets—to create the cell, which all admit to be life, if not the source of life, as some contend. By the use of the more powerful microscopes, one may see within the nucleus of the little cell, all of the spiral and other motions which are seen through the telescope to take place in the formation of a planet; as both are seen to perform the same movements, why are not both governed by the same law?

Man, as well as all other animals, and all vegetals, starts life as a simple cell, a simple lump of mucus with a kernel. Now let us explain how this little nucleated cell, which was discovered by Schleiden and Schwann, carries on its functions. It starts life as a single cell, possessing, as is believed, the inherent power of assimilating its food supply; it is, as before stated, a complete individual to all intents and purposes. The center, the little microscopic nucleus, is to all appearances the source of life and vi-

talities; it is surrounded by the plasm, a shapeless piece of jelly, an albuminous substance, which is found in its purest form in the white of the egg, in the serum of the blood, in the muscles, bones and other parts of all animals. This nucleus, to all appearances, contains the sole power over the surrounding plasm; it assimilates the food, grows and expands; when it has expanded far enough to propagate, it throws out spores, little fibers, thread-like filaments, which, like the rings of planets, break up into what is called nucleolus, i. e., the new growth commences to form a nucleus of its own, but never more than one such. When this new organism has attained the size of the parent, before it commences to expand, its position is still a part of the parent, both forming an oval, often a much-elongated body, the two ends pulling apart; but for a time they maintain their affinity by the use of their filaments; when the child has attained full size the fibers are snapped and the new-born child starts life on its own responsibility, but to repeat the same process; each and every cell doing the same. In this way, and by this process, the entire organism of man and all other animals, as well as the vegetal kingdom, is built up. In the cell, and in the lower order of animals, all of the labor is performed by the one set of functions, i. e., each part of the organism takes in, assimilates, digests, and throws off waste material; as we ascend in the scale of complicated beings the labor is divided, each group of fibers performing its special part.

Prof. Beale, after using one of the most powerful microscopes, tells us that the living germs are never at rest; that the particles of which they are composed are ever on the move among themselves, while the matter, as a whole, moves through its surroundings, sending out a part of itself to form nucleoli; that the little molecules seem to move at will, showing that the moving power resides in each molecule; that the germ takes up dead matter and converts it into bioplasm; that in extreme cold, or, for the want of pabulum, the bioplast remains dormant until more favorable conditions present themselves, when the bioplast renews its former activity. This process is the same in the animal and vegetal. The ovule, or egg, of all mammals is at first but a naked mass of plasm, to be followed a little later by a non-nucleated cell, after which arises the nucleus, which afterwards takes on the cell wall. Growth takes place from within; matter which is to become tissue first passes through the living state. The office of this living matter is to convert pabulum into nuclei. In the process of nutrition no distinction can be observed, says Prof. Beale, in the workings of the bioplasm, whether the result is to be a cabbage, a worm, a toad or a Daniel Webster. Lamarck maintains that the first organisms were of

spontaneous generation, under mechanical and chemical laws, from dead matter to non-cellulated protoplast, from which, by the law of gravitation, the nucleus was formed by rotating atoms in a spiral form, as with the birth of planets.

We fail to find in the sciences the slightest difference in the process of development of life between man and all the rest of the living world below him, and in this, with slight variation, we may include the vegetal kingdom. All life comes from the ovule, the egg, which first divides in halves; then divides again, and so on, until the contents of the ovule become one mass of minute cells. Out of this seemingly structureless aggregation a budding process is first seen.

The fetal man thus commences life on the same plane, with all of the animal world below him; he is first a nucleated little cell, surrounded with plasm, a nucleated membrane. In his fetal transit the brain takes on and finally passes, one by one, all the lower forms of life; it is only in the latter stages of development that he passes the ape.

The ovule, in all mammals, at an early stage undergoes a process of segregation; on each side of the tube formed by such segregation, a furrow rises and grows until it laps over the tube, leaving it hollow, to be filled with the spinal cord; at first, both ends are pointed; in time one develops into an orb for the coming brain; at the other end intestines appear, while the heart, lungs and liver occupy the middle; in early fetal life the man, the dog, the tortoise, the chick, present the same appearance. Prof. Huxley tells us that all mammals begin life as an egg, the yolk always undergoing regeneration; that there is a period in which the young of all vertebrate animals resemble one another, not merely in outward form but in all essentials of structure, so closely that the differences between them are inconsiderable.

This author further says that man originates the same as all other mammals; he passes through the same slow, and gradually progressive, modifications, depends on the same nutrition, and finally enters the world by the help of the same mechanism; that the mode of origin and the early stages of the development of man are identical with all of the animals immediately below him in the scale. Man in his onward course finally leaves all other animals, and launches on the ocean of life to finish his journey alone as master of the animal world.

Thus every body in the universe, in the heavens and on our earth, owes its origin to molecular action, to the law of mechanics, the human body being no exception to the rule; all are composed of molecules, the process

that builds up terrestrial and celestial bodies is the same; it shows no partiality, polyp, mollusk, fish, reptile, worm and man, all start life as a single nucleated protoplasm; all live, grow and die in obedience to the one law—the law of gravitation. The law of gravitation, so far as known, is inherent in all molecules. The millions of suns and their satellites, ever moving onward in boundless space, are but aggregations of homogeneous atoms, possessing the inherent power of attraction. In this way nature collects properties having affinity for each other, and calls to her aid the law of attraction and chemical combination as the nonintelligible source of life on our planet and of the birth of worlds.

Alameda, Cal.

THE NEW HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

FOR 1,800 years we have been commanded to believe certain things about heaven and hell. To-day the Rev. R. Heber Newton assures us that those old beliefs are "childish, archaic, unthinkable and untrue." That is precisely what some of us have been saying for a long time, and we



HELEN H. GARDENER.

are delighted that so distinguished a churchman has been bold enough to openly assail these ancient errors. But Mr. Newton does not stop here. He offers us an entirely new theory, and he asserts that he knows all about a future life, whether it be in "heaven" or in "hell." He gives many curious details about these interesting places or "conditions of mind" which are "over there" and "in the hereafter," or "in the next life." But to the Agnostic the new form of dogma is equally archaic and childish and unthinkable, and we fail to find in Mr. Newton's arguments or statements any better basis of truth than he finds

for the old form. Robert Ingersoll, that frank and fearless soldier in the army of Truth, said: "I do not know, I cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door, the beginning or end of a day, the spreading of pinions to soar

or the folding, forever, of wings. I do not know. I cannot say." This is precisely the attitude of thousands of the best and clearest thinkers. The evidence of the old orthodox dogmas Mr. Newton now finds insufficient. The evidence upon which he bases the new is equally so. He claims to base his faith upon evolution, but he has not handled that principle with frankness. Evolution teaches not that the individual persists, but, upon the contrary, it teaches that the individual is but the incident, the stepping-stone, for the persistence of the type, the race, which swallows up all individuality, making it minister to the type—the progression of form and function always toward the higher.

I am not saying that Mr. Newton's heaven and hell do not exist; but I do say that to me they are quite as unthinkable, as archaic and as childish as he now finds the old orthodox types to be. I am saying that he gives no better proof of the truth of his statements than do his old-time colleagues. His so positive statements lack all corroborative evidence. He offers "Swedenborg and Spiritual Mediums" as the basis for belief, but these are no better evidence than are the "Fathers" and Popes and Saints and Scriptures which he now discredits. Mr. Newton says that he knows that heaven and hell exist in the hereafter, and he knows that you and I, as conscious entities, are going to one or the other. I assert that his proofs are precisely as vague, as inadequate, as the ones which he discredits for the old form. Let us examine some of his statements. He says: "The dead have found it hard to realize that they have died." How does he know? "Those who have died only become conscious of the change that has passed over them in their inability to communicate with the forms around them, so well known and loved." How many dead men have explained this to Mr. Newton? Again: "He who dies awakens into consciousness the same being as of old. He is conscious of his continued personal identity. He knows himself to be himself. The dead are, therefore, recognizable by one another, and by the living, if ever communication is established. We will be at home in the hereafter as we are at home here. The activities of our being on earth will be the activities of our being in heaven." How does, how can, any man know that? How can he know that the cook here will eternally wrestle with pots and pans "there?" The hostler will hold reins over the backs of departed horses. The hotel clerk will continue his "activities" and send "Front" with the new arrivals to rooms freshly "done up" by tired chambermaids! He says: "We must go on doing there what we are doing here. If homes are necessary here, homes are necessary there—the centers of family life,"

We cannot hope, then, for surcease of gas bills and the plumber is to be an eternal menace! The possibilities of the old heavens and hells were terrible, but this—this is past endurance!

But worse is to come, for even in "heaven" Mr. Newton says: "There must be the reality of the State as of the church. In the heavenly State there must be the functions of the earthly State." Polling places, straight tickets, Middle-of-the-road-men, Tammany Hall deals and strenuous, militant, rough-riding Governors "over there!"

"There will be there hosts of undeveloped lives to be governed and ruled." And so benevolent assimilations by Mark Hannas will go right on, it seems, and the adjoining stars will be "governed" and "ruled," and trade will continue to follow the flag. But where is "there," and what stars adjoin? It has been said that the telescope long since put both heaven and hell beyond the possibility of belief—made "places" where governments and "family life" and "necessary earthly activities" unthinkable, archaic, untrue. "A studious man will be studious in heaven," so says Mr. Newton. Then there will have to be books, printers' ink, pulp mills and the eternal grind of the nimble reporter out on his assignment. The weary editor arranging "copy," and the pedagogue prodding dullards. Can the "material-minded," of whom Mr. Newton speaks with little favor, outdo these propositions of his own? I think not.

But "heaven" is not going to be any better than it should be, after all, for we are told, "There is no more heavenly heaven to be found in all the worlds of space than you will find in your own New York."

If this is true, then for all eternity the cry of anguish is to be in the ear of every thoughtful and tender man, for in this "heaven" in dear old New York (than which "no heavenlier will ever exist in all the worlds of space"), the lion's paw is ever on the throat of the weak and unfortunate, and the shriek of pain floats in through the palace window and disturbs even the saintliest men at their full meal. I can conceive of a heavenlier heaven than that—if only one might have "all the worlds of space" and free scope for speculation.

But Mr. Newton says that each man gets what he deserves in this world and makes his own hells here as hereafter. "Generally speaking, virtue brings on earth its own reward, and vice insures here its own punishment. In the long run the good man succeeds and the bad man fails." If this be true, how can the preceding page be true, where he says: "There is no such thing as living in soul-sin up to the day of death—wallowing in wantonness, stifling the spirit in sensuality, clutching at gold and murder-

ing the bodies and souls of one's brother to get it—and then by experiencing religion or by receiving extreme unction at the last hour go straight into heaven." Did those "murdered bodies and souls" get what they deserved? Did they "succeed," or did they deserve to be murdered? If they did, then was not the man who murdered them doing the right thing? Did these murdered ones "build their own hells" on earth? How about those who are born handicapped with insanity, idiocy, blindness? Did they "bring it on themselves?"

Mr. Newton says heaven and hell are in our own minds, but speaks of them as "over there," "in the worlds of space," and yet again as places where "industries," "homes," "governments" and Churches exist. Can language be more unthinkable than this? More archaic? More untrue to any legitimate use of words? To an agnostic these heavens and hells and factories and homes and governments and future lives, with all the paraphernalia of this one, only invisible and "over there," are fully as archaic, as childish, as unthinkable; are quite as much gratuitous assumptions of positive knowledge where knowledge does not exist, as is any of that of the past which he brands as both unthinkable and untrue.—*New York World*.

A VALUABLE ATLAS.

"Rand-McNally's Dollar Atlas of the World" is one of the most valuable geographical works that has recently been published. It has colored maps of some 300 States or countries, which, taken together, give a most perfect view of the whole surface of the earth, with a good description and history of each country; also an elaborate index that enables one to readily turn to any part of the globe, and is so beautifully printed and bound that it constitutes a most splendid ornament to any center-table. This Atlas is for sale at the office of the Free Thought Magazine. Price, \$1.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

"**B**EATIFIC messages in bugs were found by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in yesterday's session of the sixth annual congress of the Illinois Society for Child Study. Bugs are more prolific in these messages than Sunday school hymns or cards—at least the speaker thought so.



MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

"Sunday schools were being discussed, and Dr. Jones continued:

"'Sunday schools are responsible for the irreverence in the life of the generation now growing up. Sunday schools are superficial and stand for incoherency, incompetency and illiteracy. And they are filled with boulevard children, too. The children of the slums are too sincere to come in this category. Sunday school children are flippant. Our young people meet in their societies, sing silly, meaningless, jingly tunes, and then walk away—in pairs.

"'We go to the Art Institute and weep over the works of the masters. Then we go home and smile approvingly at the Sunday school cards—

those giddy, gaudy bits of pasteboard that our children show us. We must find a method for improving these schools or close them. A catechism doesn't mean much to a little boy or girl. Teach them the divine in words, flowers, stars, and don't put them in charge of a girl who possibly has been through high school. Give them mothers to mother them."

The above is from the Chicago Record of a few weeks ago, and as I reread it this morning I feel constrained to say for the readers of the Investigator that the statement is entirely like Jenkin Lloyd Jones such times as he gets down off his "stilts," and, forgetting to wear (for unity's sake) an orthodox semi-smile, just utters the truth.

I feel to say: "How handsome a man looks when he is content to be natural."

How handsome every being who resolves to step out of the cathedral of superstition, whose tinted window-glass and colored smoke and rose-colored "calcium lights" destroy the very focus of the eyes of the worshipers who have become fascinated, hypnotized till they are ready to spurn and blaspheme Nature and Truth; truth untattooed hurts their eyes with her whiteness. But now and again some eyes are not so bedazzled but what they can come out and bear the sight of the universe under just sunlight; some ears can shut themselves to the chanting and canting, and come out and listen to Mother Nature.

The talk of Dr. Jones to the children concludes (as you observe) with the words: "Give them mothers to mother them."

Well, I know a little boy named Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I have known him many years, and I know a score of his brothers and sisters, and am prepared to say they are most honest themselves when they quit the tinted enclosure of the cathedral of the imagined superhuman, and go out to great-browed Mother Nature and say: "Mother, we are tired of make-believe; let us abide in thy fields and groves, and by the side of thy rivers and oceans. No artist has yet lived who has been able to paint thee as thou art; no, not one. We need our mother to mother us."

Yes, they need the mighty Mother Nature which includes both common material nature of earth and sky, and also earth's dependent human nature. Through Nature's ways, not in spite of them nor independent of them, the mind and soul exist now, and attain, or fail to attain, immortality this side the grave surely and probably beyond what we consider death.

Is this a strange statement for one who is listed among "Atheists," and one who does not hold with modern Spiritualists and what is termed Spiritualism?

But to return to the subject of The Mighty Mother, and also to return to Dr. Jones' statement: "Give them mothers to mother them." Alas! the hard truth is just this: the mothers of our age have been brought up to shrink from and distrust the mighty mother of all—Nature.

Says Dr. Jones: "Sunday schools are responsible for irreverence in the life of the generation now growing up." To be sure, and how long does the Doctor or anyone else suppose Sunday schools would exist but for the house-cooped mothers who keep a gilt-edged Bible on every table while they kindle the kitchen fire with the *Scientific American* and *The Natural History*, the mothers who scorn the suggestion of an honest, rugged husband and father to "gather the young ones and go for a day in the outdoors, or at least half a Sunday where 'father can go, too.'"

Yes, the mothers who treat with indifference, and often with scorn the husband and father, and fly to the minister who views all the universe from his study-chair and within four walls balances and judges this world and all other worlds.

"Oh, um, certainly," says the parson, "we will go into the fields. I will take you under my care, you and other 'lambs' of the fold, and we will go and worship God in the open air. We will go—say—well—say Wednesday."

Then that sample mother spends Monday afternoon and Tuesday cooking layer-cakes, cookies and pound-cakes (both white and chocolate), and frying chickens and making salads and so on without end; and, finally, on a day when "father" is busy in his office, the mothers, children and preacher go out into the fields, and there the children are applauded for striking dead every living thing that is not in human shape. The little girls are led to feel that it is "nice," and "proper," and "lady-like" to scream at the sight of a cricket, to go into spasms at the sight of a snake that is making all haste to avoid them and get to a place of safety from the human venom that the males of the crowd are giving him cause to fear.

Is there anything the children do not spurn? Is there anything they are not encouraged to kill?

Then when dinner-time comes what do we hear? Ah! the Reverend Creedorus Textwebber kneels, or at least bows, in the holy presence of the layer-cake and the pound-cake (both white and chocolate), and says, piously: "Father, we thank thee for thy merciful bounty; we earnestly thank thee for having spared our lives, and humbly pray that we may return to our homes in safety."

Are all ministers and all mothers like that? No, not all, but the number is so large with that feeling running through them, and the trend in the past has been so strong that way, as to stamp the "Sunday school" way of viewing Nature as something abnormally inconsistent with an avowed desire to seek truth.

Well, now, here is the point: When a man, who calls the majority of brick and mortar buildings that wear steeples and refuse to pay taxes, "houses of God," declares in an open meeting of a representative city of the world that Sunday schools are failures, giving, as one reason, the fact that the classes are not under the direction of mothers, we must contradict the said speaker and say the classes are under the control of the mothers, because from the mother's home and influence the children went to the school. The "high school girl" who teaches them, or looks at them while

they read their lessons or sing their hymns, is also fresh from the arms and homes of the mothers, and all those mothers and homes are under the direct warping, blinding influence of the pastor-priest who, with a dead-letter soul, has placed the husky dead-letterism, known as Sabbath-day worship, before the eyes of mothers and children in such wise as to obscure Nature.

You know if you hold a silver dollar before your eyes you can obliterate Mount Blanc, or the highest peak of the Rockies; so the literal Bible will obliterate all the universe, both material, mental and moral.

Who so in the habit of doing this as the mothers? That is what they are doing.

The result is what? Husbands and fathers filled with the sense of manhood look with contempt on the pastors and the women, the sons after a while follow the fathers, and now we hear from all sides the same story, "only women and girls in the church;" or, indeed, "only the sickly women and sickly children of either sex in church," sickly may mean weak of mind, though not necessarily sickly of body.

The fathers, sons and strong women are otherwise engaged—they are out with Nature, or in the library, or at the club.

When a minister complains that wheels and parks on Sunday leave the "House of God" empty, he makes a mighty cutting argument against the so-called house of God.

If we should admit that "God" is the correct name whereby to designate the source of all things, then even a child, if left uncoerced, would logically reason out that no certain pattern of building can with any moral honesty be termed "house of God," nor any one day "God's Day."

But enough! enough! The cry, forsooth, is coming up from great Chicago: "Mothers! we need mothers!"

O, spirit of white Truth, I hereby testify unto Thee that the mothers of the world are starved, are stunted, are dwarfed, are hunchbacked and crippled, because priestcraft has laid hands on them and held them back so they could not take of the sweet white milk of Nature, the mighty Mother of them all.—Boston Investigator.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY W. E. JOHNSON.

A FEW days ago I returned from a two months' stay in the Philippines, where William McKinley, the Methodist, is now conducting a war of "benevolent assimilation" in the name of the Lord God and for the spread of "Christian civilization," etc. We have, from time to time, been assured



W. E. JOHNSON.

by the administration newspapers that the Filipinos were delivered into our hands by the "Providence of God."

But Mr. McKinley's campaign in these islands (in the name of God) bears such a striking resemblance to Moses' celebrated campaign against the Midianites (also in the name of God), that I quote the official report of that affair from the thirty-first chapter of Numbers:

"And they warred against the Midianites, as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males.

"And they slew the Kings of Midian, besides the rest that were

slain; namely, Poi, and Rekem, and Zur, and Hur, and Reba, five Kings of Midian; Balaam also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword.

"And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods.

"And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles, with fire.

"And Moses said unto them, Have ye saved all the women alive?

"Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him.

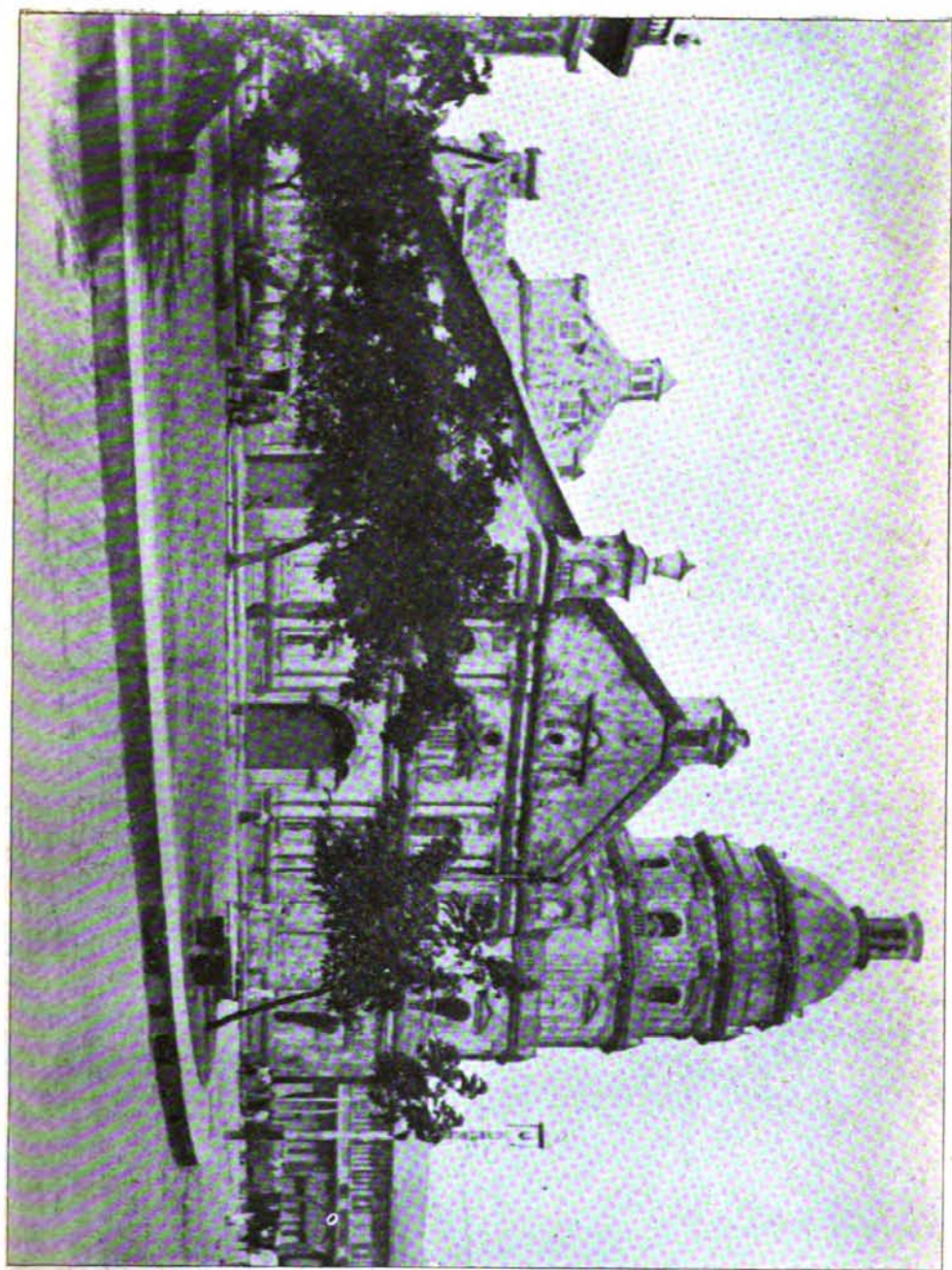
"But all the women children that hath not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"Divide the prey into two parts; between them that took the war upon them, who went out to battle, and between all the congregation.

"And Moses and Eleazar the priest did as the Lord commanded Moses.

"And the booty, being the rest of the prey which the men of war had



BENON'S CHURCH, MANILA, THE LEADING SANCTUARY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

caught, was six hundred thousand and seventy thousand and five thousand sheep.

"And thirty and two thousand persons in all, of women that had not known man by lying with him.

"And the Lord's tribute of the sheep was six hundred and three score and fifteen.

"And the persons were sixteen thousand, of which the Lord's score was six hundred and three score and fifteen."

Soon after my arrival in Manila, I picked up a copy of the *Daily Freedom*, the leading exponent of Christian civilization in the city, which, by the way, could not pay expenses were it not for an income of about \$1,800 a month derived from advertising the whisky of this "Christian civilization." I read there that six drunken American soldiers had broken into the home of a respectable native, that they looted the house, that the brutes took turns holding the struggling husband while the others ravished the frantic wife before his eyes; that when the old mother of the girl pleaded for mercy, one of these advance agents of Christianity knocked her senseless with the butt of his revolver; that the little children ran shrieking from the house and alarmed the neighbors, and that when the police finally arrived, the American civilizers had all fled save one, who was lying in a drunken slumber on the floor.

I read the files of this paper through for the year ending with June 15 last. Its pages were fairly streaked for the whole time with the most abominable outrages of this sort committed upon inoffensive natives by these "advance agents of Christian civilization."

I found that this same "Christian civilization" had opened nearly 400 saloons in Manila alone, besides scores of grog shops in all the cities and towns where "the flag" has been planted.

I give below a table which I have compiled from General Otis' report and from the *Bulletin of Philippine Commerce* recently issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington:

Importations of Liquor Into the Philippines From All Sources in Three Years.

Kind—	Aug. 22, 1898. to July 31.		
	1893. Litres.	1894. Litres.	1895. Litres.
Wines	758,589	835,681	1,424,490
Malt Liquors	104,712	75,066	1,877,623
Distilled Liquors	53,200	67,335	185,423
Various			76,896
Total	916,501	978,082	3,564,432



"EVICTED TENANTS," THE "SCRAP HEAP" IN THE REAR OF PACO CHURCH,
MANILA.

From this report it appears that, during the first ten months of American rule, about twice as much liquor was imported into the islands as during the two years 1893 and 1894.

I examined the first annual report of Major John A. Hull, Judge Advocate of the Military Department, which covers a period of ten and one-half months ending June 30, 1899.

During this period there was an average number of 21,078 enlisted men in the command, yet during this time there were 12,481 cases of court martial of various sorts. These were divided as follows:

General court-martials	*565
Garrison court-martials	3
Summary court-martials	11,902
Trials by military commission	11

Total 12,481

*Two of these were officers.

The 11,902 trials by summary court martial represents 7,090 different men. On this official showing a full third of all the soldiers who were sent here to teach civilization were arrested and tried for crime or misdemeanor before the first eleven months of the American occupation were completed. Besides this, the report shows 137 desertions from the American ranks during the same period.

About two hundred brothels, containing about six hundred women, are now being operated under the direction and supervision of the War Department, a regular military bureau having been organized to look after the "business." At Jolo, in the Sulu group, no prostitutes could be found among the natives, so there advance agents of God Almighty were obliged to import a pack of women from Japan in order to stock their three military brothels opened there.

By one of the chief surgeons of the First Reserve hospital at Manila, I was told that of the one hundred thousand troops which had been sent there to civilize the natives, sixty thousand had gone through the hospitals. Of these sixty thousand boys, ten thousand had been stricken with infamous diseases. Moreover, this diseased host of ten thousand soldiers did not include thousands of others who took private treatment of private physicians.

Prize fighting is another factor of Christian civilization which has been introduced into the islands. Two or three times a month a brutal prize fight is given at the Teatro Libertad, the sluggers being toughs from this armed host of "Christian progress."



A RALLY OF CIVILIZATION—DEAD FILIPINOS IN THEIR TRENCHES.

AN
TENANT
NOT PAY
AT PACO



EVICTED
WHO DID
HIS RENT
CHURCH.

The Catholic priesthood of the Most High have these simple peoples by the throat. There is but little in the way of houses or lands which does not belong to the priests. They own the land, they exact a tax at birth, they demand another fee for baptism, they extort another for "confirmation," they demand another big fee at marriage, they work in a fiesta (feast day) assessment several times a year, they extort a "coffin tax" of \$5, and demand rent for your grave. If the corpse gets behind five years on his "rent," the bones, coffin and all are dug up and dumped into the "bone heap" back of the church. I know of no words in the dictionaries by which I can express my feelings of wrath as I stood among the coffins on the bone heap behind Paco church, and, with my own hands, handled the skulls of the dead who had gotten in arrears with their rent and who had been dug up and thrown into the scrap heap by these cowed ghouls of Christianity.

There is now a whole race of half-breeds in the Philippines, who point to this priest or that friar as their "father." As in the campaigns of Moses, these befrocked wretches, for an hundred years, have demanded the choicest of the Filipino maids who "have not known man." For eight years there has been on Calle Neuva, Manila, an establishment of lust for the exclusive use of priests of the "holy Catholic church."

This is a brief resume of the work which is being carried on in these unhappy islands by William McKinley, in the name of Almighty God. He now wants an endorsement of this "benevolent" work from the American people at the ballot box.

The ignorant Negroto of the Luzon Mountains eats his dog and

worships his pig. But, to my mind, pig worship is a harmless and elevating diversion as compared to the worship of this God of Moses, this God of blood and lust.

THE OUTWARD FORMS OF RELIGION.

BY REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

A PROPER rendering of James 1: 27, is, "The outward forms of pure religion are, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted," which is to say, such deeds as spotless love will prompt are the proper forms of pure religion. As religion becomes more pure and rational it finds less need for ceremonial and form; or, rather, deeds become its forms. As religion becomes superstitious or soulless, it gathers to itself forms which too often usurp the place of morals and the acts which love ordains.



REV. PERRY MARSHALL.

In the Christian church great contests have raged around its forms. And to this day it is not settled whether baptism should be by sprinkling, pouring or immersion. And the Baptist denomination exists, as distinct from the Congregationalist, solely for the doctrine of immersion and the non-baptism of infants. And who are the proper subjects for baptism; adults and children, or adults only, the church can not harmoniously decide.

"Jesus himself baptized not," and Paul said, "I thank God I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius. For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." (I. Cor. 1: 14, 17.) He certainly took an eminently reasonable view of the matter. There may be texts which make baptism a duty; but there can be none which teach it more explicitly than the feet-washing form is taught. "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought to wash one another's feet." If baptism is a duty for these times, to wash each other's feet is also. But the forms mentioned by James are much better than either, though doubtless some good use may still be made of those.

The communion service, too, has been the occasion of almost endless controversies, whether "consubstantiation" or "transubstantiation" was a part of the war waged between Luther and the Pope. And Luther and Zwinglius disputed him in a great gathering over the question whether the body and blood were mysteriously present with the elements—consubstantiation—as Luther held, or not. They could come to no agreement and Luther refused the proffered hand of his fellow-reformer, saying, "You are of a different spirit from us."

The word communion means common union. In this sense, all must recognize its value. An ordinary meal is one of the very best means of common union. The first "supper" was undoubtedly a common meal at the close of the passover. Conscious that a cruel death was near, Jesus took the remaining bread and wine—the food and drink of their ordinary meals—and said, as he gave it to his disciples, his personal friends, "This do in remembrance of me." In other words, As oft as ye eat and drink, remember me. Remember me when ye gather and see my place is vacant. How natural that he should thus wish to be remembered by those who had known him intimately for some years, and who had been his personal friends. But the case is different with us, who have not been associated with him after their manner. This was not instituting a supper. It was giving special significance to a common meal, making it a memorial of him. Better far than a monument of stone was such memorial. It is said we do not know a man until we eat with him. And as discipleship consists in knowing and loving each other, such a memorial was most suitable. Those disciples lived and ate together in common. And now, when at a social gathering refreshments are served, and there is friendly, common union, so full of self-giving love that we are reminded of the great examples of love, we have complied with his request. Here coldness gives way, and interchange of thought and feeling begins. This live, cheerful method is far better than that in which we take a single morsel of bread only, and all communion ceases.

Better not use the wine, and so avoid the reproach of the Corinthian church, whose members Paul rebuked for being drunken at these suppers. And if a special form must be had, more dignity would be given to it, by using it less often. We celebrate the death, or birth, of Martin Luther centennially, and with a dignity which could not obtain on monthly or yearly celebration.

Another of the forms of religion is prayer and praise. If prayer be a petition to infinite mercy to be more merciful, or request that the all-wise

will change a plan or purpose, it is irrational. Or, if it be praise, offered to him who is above all praise, who is not weak to need it, and who is no egotist to desire it, then it misses the true and highest end. But if prayer be entering into the thought and feelings of those who mourn, of the orphan who cries, and of the widow who weeps, of the mother whose tears bedew an empty cradle; of the homeless poor who have no bread; of the sick and the dying, as well as into the joys of those who are glad, and the blessedness of those who are happy, then prayer is comely, indeed. Moreover, if prayer be crystallized into deeds of love, finding work for the unemployed, watching over sickness, giving strength for weakness, knowledge for ignorance, purity for impurity, love for hatred, then it is one of the outward forms of religion according to the statement in our text.

A group of little children were playing in the street. The oldest, a little girl, took up a coat and flung it to her shoulder, and a tiny boy began to cry. Seeing she had hit him, she threw her little Irish arms around his unwashed neck and face, thus soothing him and saying, "Did I hurt you, Tommy?" That kindly love was true religion; and that gentle act its proper form; better than any mere ceremonial she will ever join in cloister or cathedral.

Recently at a railway station I saw a man with his wife and two grown-up daughters enter a car, the mother carrying three long coupon tickets, indicating that her daughters, with herself, were going far, far west, and he to stay at home. He kissed each daughter his good-by; then, coming to his wife, whose eyes were wet, he could not speak, but strove to hide the struggle of emotion which would betray itself by quivering lip and drawing muscles of the face. It was religion, and every kindly deed of theirs its loveliest ceremonial.

When religion is perfected in the soul its forms will become automatic and will not be artificially performed.

Perfection tends to automatism in action. The heart without our watching well performs its work. Digestion, dependent on attention, would be worse done than now. Walking, so difficult at first, later becomes automatic. The eye endangered closes automatically. The musician who at first was obliged to look at the page, then at the keyboard, then at the fingers, now discourses difficult music without conscious thought. Nerve force is stored up in ganglia, which preside over the movements without attention from the brain. And virtue is not complete while it needs our watching. I knew a man who had been converted in six successive revivals, and yet his tongue could not tell the truth except

he watch it, which he rarely did. But honesty and veracity are among the outward forms of pure religion, and should be automatically acted ; that is, love should prompt them rather than fear or the lashing of conscience. It is noble to do good at conscience's bidding. It is better to love to do it. The mother who would care for her child for conscience's sake has not reached the plain of her who needs not conscience's admonition. Hatred damages the nutritive function, makes man physically weaker, and shortens his duration. Anger is poison. The babe has died from taking natural food from an enraged mother, and men have suddenly fallen the victims of their own great ire.

John Fikes writes, "The emotions are still too feebly developed, even in the highest races of men. * * * We have made more progress in intelligence than in kindness. * * * The tender and unselfish feelings, which are a product of evolution, have too seldom been allowed to grow strong from exercise. * * * Nevertheless some progress has been made, along with the diminution of warfare, and by the time warfare has not merely ceased from the earth, but has come to be the dimly-remembered phantom of a remote past, the development of the sympathetic side of human nature will doubtless become prodigious. * * * Sympathetic feelings will increase in strength as the sphere for their exercise is enlarged. And thus at length we see what human progress means. * * * Character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct." Thus science teaches automatism in religion, whose outward forms shall be the deeds of love. Each shall esteem another better than himself ; and, as Blake says, shall be pained whenever self is found superior to another.

New Salem, Mass.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY C. J. GREENLEAF.



C. J. GREENLEAF.

WHY should I go to surpliced
priest,
To confess my sins and his
pardon take?
Can I tell the greatest or tell the
least
That torture my soul and my
courage shake?
Can he yield me aught that I ask
and seek,
The calmness of spirit, the
strength of soul,
The voice of heart and brain that
speak,
Chiding me as I fail the goal?

Can he restore the gain I won,
By unfair method and lying speech,
Can he now perform the deed undone,
That was close to my path, my strength and reach?
Can he heal the heart I trampled and broke,
Restore the dead unto life again,
Yield sweet sleep to the soul I awoke,
From Nirvana's rest, to life and pain?
Oh! Priest, can ye do or undo these?
I will grovel in dust and kiss thy feet,
I will yield my life and my soul to please
The God that hath made my life complete.
Nothing of these can he yield to me,
Nothing he giveth or taketh away,
It is only myself that can know and see,
That can save and hold, or myself betray.
St. Paul, Minn.

MRS. STANTON—"HER MARK."—1869.

BY MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

THE above title may sound captious, perhaps, yet I assure you I never felt more real dignity to the square inch than just now, while penning the same, for that headline is fraught with meaning; how much meaning only they can fully realize whose memories reach back to the times of Theodore Parker and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the movements and co-movements these names suggest.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

One of the most important works a human being can accomplish is that of placing the present generation in touch with the time when was laid the foundations of the liberty and liberalism which is now ours.

Without a knowledge of the past we cannot measure progress nor set a right estimate on the blessings of the present; this is what gives the stamp of value to the metal of "record," of "history," or "reminiscence."

This is the kind of work that has been done by one of America's noblest representatives, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her valuable book, "Eighty Years and More," concerning which book I feel it my duty to speak now briefly, leaving a longer study for another time.

I feel it would be selfish not to speak now so that others may be reminded to open and read this book, which is more than a reminiscence; yes, it is more than a charmingly told personal experience. There are sections of it that are not only good history but good literature; for instance, take the chapter headed "The Spirit of '76," and you will find a record that is not going to die. I feel morally certain that the pages 312 and 313 of that chapter will be published in the reading books of the free schools of the future. Isn't that a picture for the children of the future?

There stood Richard Henry Lee of Virginia reading the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and advancing toward Lee on the same rostrum were representatives of America's best womanhood, led by Susan B. Anthony. Do you not think an artist of the future will put that on canvas? I assure you yes; do not doubt it, and (what is more important) the men and women of the future will study it and from it contract the sacred contagion of liberty—more liberty, equality, justice.

That chapter (No. XIX.) is after all one of the most practical chap-

ters, taken as a whole. Susan B. Anthony may there be called the commanding general.

Chapter XVII. is a chapter that no earnest woman can read without a great heartbeat of thankfulness and sympathy toward the women and men whose names are there set down. On page 200 Mrs. Stanton tells us that she first gave her name to the New York bureau, and on Nov. 14, 1869, "began the long, weary pilgrimage from Maine to Texas." Do you realize now what that date means? Surely you understand that on that date Mrs. Stanton made "her mark" in a greater sense than just signing her name. "Her mark" will outlast time and change.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY LUTHER L. BERNARD, B. S.

WHAT is truth? Does it lie in the principles of a creed, or is it handed down to man in some sacred book—the inspired words of prophets? There doubtless is some truth in each—there is an element of truth in all things expressed or unexpressed—but we can no more say that truth has its inherent source in creed or so-called sacred prophecy than we can hope to demonstrate all natural phenomena are lies.



LUTHER L. BERNARD.

The truth of one age may not be truth in another. In the process of evolution man must have gained all knowledge by experiment. What he knew he of necessity read in the face of Nature. He was her imitator, and from her he learned his first principles. He felt them acting upon himself, he saw them acting around him, and he came to recognize them as truth. That is the name he gave to the manifestations of Nature, or natural law about him and within him. Truth did not come by revelation further than Nature reveals; nor did he get it from creed, but direct from Nature herself.

"Thou shalt not kill" had come of its own bitter lesson of experience long before Moses stood on Sinai. Man had learned to respect the rights of man by having his own trampled underfoot. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," was born of necessity, and civilization knew no alternative.

Truth fascinated and men are eager to grasp it. Evolution itself is a harmony with an element of natural truth for its embodiment. Through all of his upward course man has been asking Nature to make revelations

to him. But in his weakness sometimes he has asked for more than he could comprehend. He saw the beautiful gliding river, gently descending day after day, year after year, throughout his existence, and it impressed him with its wonderful continuity. He could not understand why it never ceased, nor why it did not flow the other way, or why it flowed at all. Newton's Law of Gravitation had not been discovered, and in his simple condition he could not understand. The principle was there, the cause and effect were just the same then as now, but his mind was not sufficient to comprehend. So in his weakness he created a god. There was in the manifestation before him something unseen, and he ascribed its cause to an unseen power—a supernatural being. Thus, in his own ignorance he wove the bonds of superstition about him.

He clothed Nature in a halo of imagination and ascribed to each unperceived power the work of a deity, and worshipped it. He forgot that individual effort is the key to knowledge and attainment, and in the poverty of his mind begged mercy of the gods. Here the creeds began. What he believed, he thought there was nothing true besides. In order to assuage the anger of the "divine powers" he had made sacrifices and had offered up prayers, and he thought if others did not do likewise they would be "surely damned." He formulated his conceptions and demanded that others should believe them. If they refused he called it heresy and resorted to brute force. In this way Nature was forgotten, and instead of her principles and laws—the truths themselves—baseless dogma and superstitious belief in supernatural beings, acting without regard for law or right, were substituted. The element of fear outgrew man's reason.

It was hard for him to see, blinded by egotism as he was, that truth is only relative. Men have only of late learned that what is truth to one is not necessarily such to another. Not all men see the same thing exactly alike. Environment moulds our characters, and no two persons' surroundings are exactly the same.

While Theocracy held sway, Science was left uncultivated. Everywhere in Nature its material was abundant but unperceived. The priesthood, the dominating influence, would not touch it because it gave individual reason to man.

But man is progressive. The principle of the "survival of the fittest" insures the preservation of the best of the race. Nature and man could not exist side by side—in fact, a part of each other, without his being benefited thereby. He looked in her face and read the secrets which satisfied his soul. The truth could not be hid, and it leaped into his view and he called it Science—Natural Law.

Pierce City, Mo.

ATROCITIES IN CHINA.

AGAIN the Orient is crimson and even a superficial glance is sufficient to perceive that the carmine hue of recent Chinese news emanates from Shanghai. Apparently the retailer of fictions about massacres in Peking and the torturing and killing of the envoys and legationers and the throwing of their bodies to the dogs has resumed his gory work. He gives in detail (except where he thinks it is more effective to hint that the details are too shocking even for his truthful pen) the story of women missionaries in China being subjected to revolting atrocities and then put to death by the order of the Empress. Some were hanged, some killed by forks and spears and a few (strange to relate) got away.

Only a tender sense of the proprieties and a fear of shocking their relatives by mentioning the names of these victims of Chinese fury restrains this veracious Shanghai chronicler from printing a list of these murdered missionaries in bold black ink. For this consideration, at least, the public will be grateful, and it will be much more convenient for the Shanghai band of newsmongers. The latter ventured on giving names when they were telling how the Russian minister was boiled in oil, Sir Robert Hart was caged and his fingers clipped, and, finally, how all the envoys were killed after a heroic resistance and after having first thoughtfully saved the Chinese the trouble of killing their wives by killing themselves.

Unfortunately for the men who seem to have a monopoly of news-telling in China, the legationers were found alive in Peking when the allied forces entered. But, so these same chroniclers assured us, they were rescued not a day too soon and had not provisions for even another day's resistance to famine and the Chinese. Later it was learned that the legationers were not starving and that they had a fair supply of luxuries, as well as of necessities.

In these circumstances it became somewhat of a question what a faithful liar was to do. Seemingly he has solved the knotty problem of being sensational and gory and shocking and at the same time safe by the simple expedient of not mentioning names. China is a big country and it would take a clever man to ascertain whether the latest stories of atrocities are or are not true, especially as particulars as to names and places are withheld.

Seriously, the public has had about all of this kind of news it can stand without entirely wrecking its faith in any story purporting to come from Shanghai. Just now, moreover, there is a growing suspicion that the atrocities are not all on one side in China. For the credit of Western civilization it is to be hoped that the apparently well-authenticated stories of the looting of Tien-tsin and Peking may prove to be as groundless as those about the atrocities and barbarities committed by the Chinese.

As to the effect these stories of Chinese cruelties and horrors have already had it is sufficient to point to Emperor William's stern mandate to his troops—a command that possibly might be justified had the news

emanating from Shanghai at that time proved to be true. Now that it has been proved to be ridiculously untrue, the story mongers are again at work, seemingly, striving to inflame the animosity of Europe and America against China. Hereafter all such stories will be discounted by the public until there is no longer doubt as to whether they should be classed as news or merely as weird, imaginative literature.—Chicago News.

FREE THINKS.

BY A. PHILISTINE.

AT the risk of being called a carper and a foggy, I will say that many Freethinkers do the cause of Free Thought more harm than good by their utterances, their manners or their actions. Because a person does not believe in the theology of Christians, it is not necessary nor profitable to be all the time raising the issue with those who do believe and who are probably members of the church. By ridicule and harsh utterances of those things that Christian people honestly believe, and which many Freethinkers once believed, we alienate the respect and regard that our Christian friends often have for us, and lessen the chances and likelihood of being able to get them to think and to study on the subject. We shock and disgust them right in the start, and they will not hear or argue the question with us. Both in speech and writing I fear some of us are too intemperate and radical to be effective persuaders of men. We must be something more than Iconoclasts. It is not the whole thing to break the images, but rather to persuade people to cast aside their belief in them. Even if there is no God, no personal Supreme Being to be feared and deified, there is good which is personified in God, and so, when we make sport of God we indirectly laugh at good, anyway. We give a rude shock to those who believe in the existence of a personal Deity and so destroy our influence as teachers of truth or exposers of error. Then, too, I think some Freethinkers, in their anxiety to show their independence, array themselves against constituted authority, the law of the land, and disregard the conventionalities and proprieties of life. Because a woman has cut loose from the superstition of the church, she is not absolved from the obligations of her sex nor of society. I am convinced that our non-orthodox women, both in intellect and morals, compare favorably with those in the church, but in their independence and disposition to disregard some of the conventionalities and proprieties of life, and by doing outer, though not necessarily wrong, things, they give the adversaries that occasion for evil speaking, and "talking about" them which the latter are always glad to have as a means of destroying their influence and Free Thought teaching. It is necessary, therefore, for Freethinkers to be paragons of perfection in their observations of the proprieties, for they will be very closely observed by all orthodox folks, and held to a stricter account at the bar of society than those who have the cloak of Christian profession to cover up their shortcomings, and an organized orthodoxy to hold them up when their own merit and conduct would not.

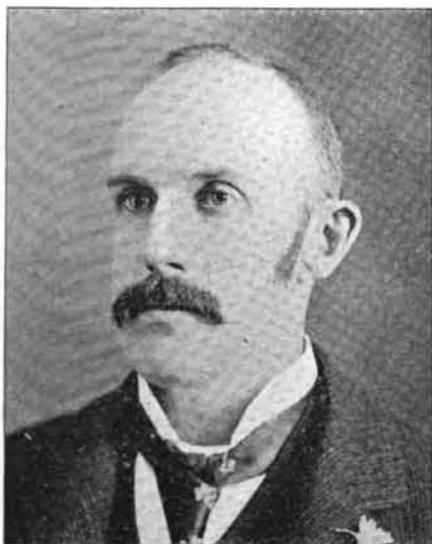
Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

A NEW VERSION OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

BY GEORGE H. RUNDELL.

FROM the tenor of certain articles which have appeared in the Free Thought Magazine, it would seem that the writers have never heard any very reasonable, well-connected life of Jesus.

It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to hear a little about him, from the standpoint of the Persian Sun Worshipper.



GEORGE H. RUNDELL.

On the rolls of the Sun Worship Temple at El Kharman, Persia, it is said, there appears the name of Jehoshua, Nazir," or, as we would say, "Jesus, the Nazarite." His stay there was for thirty months, or from the time he was twenty-seven until he was twenty-nine and one-half years of age.

No one can become a Sun Worship Philosopher, that is, one of the "inner circle," without his life history being fully known, including the names of his parents. He must give them his complete biography up to the time he enters, and, after he leaves the Temple to take up his life work, the authorities keep track of him, so that his entire life is a matter of record. Such a record is there to be found of the "Sa-

vior" of the Christian churches. Read the account in Luke of the conception of Jesus, and also of John the Baptist. Substitute for the name of "Gabriel" the name of Elia, of Carmel, and you will have a fairly accurate record.

Elia was a priest and prophet. Being a true prophet, he made it his business to see that his prophecies were carried out. He decided that the time for the long-promised Messiah was near at hand, and he took it upon himself to produce the Messiah, as well as the forerunner.

Zacharias, as stated, was a priest, and Elizabeth was his wife. He was about as zealous as many of the present-day priests, but his wife was a religious enthusiast. They had been married twenty-six years, and, according to the Jewish law his wife was "unclean" to him, she having been declared barren after seven childless years. As they had lived blameless lives, according to the record in Scripture, he had not known her for nineteen years. He was naturally dumfounded when he learned that his wife was to bear a male child. But she did, and the male child was John the Baptist.

Miriam, or, as we call her, Mary, was the daughter of well-to-do par-

ents, who had no other daughter, although they had sons. They were also religious enthusiasts, and thought it the proper thing to have their daughter educated in the Temple. So, when she was eight years old, at which time she could be admitted, she was placed in the hands of the Temple authorities, and cared for by them until she was thirteen years old, at which time it was necessary that she be removed from Temple influence entirely until she was eighteen, when she might, if she desired, again enter the Temple, and give up her life to the work of the Lord. But, before her time came to leave, both her parents died, and it then became necessary for the Temple authorities to provide her with a guardian, who must be a kinsman, but who must not be a member of the priesthood. Hence Zacharias would not do. Josef, a kinsman, who lived at Nazareth, about three days' journey from Jerusalem, was chosen. He was not a poor carpenter, as is usually supposed, but an artist in his profession. He was a wood-carver, and what we should call an architect. He had charge of repairs and new work on the Temple. He was a well-to-do man, and learned. He was a member of the sect known as Essenes, who were learned men, more so than the ordinary Jew.

But before Josef could come up from Nazareth after his young ward, Elizabeth, according to Scripture, had been with child for six months, and Miriam had also been approached by Elia, and told that she was to be the mother of the coming Messiah. Later on, Josef appeared, to take his ward home, but he discovered the state of affairs, and declined to have anything to do with her. Elia, however, succeeded in persuading Josef that it would be policy for him to marry Miriam, and, as Elia rather had the whip-hand of him, he concluded it would be best to do as Elia commanded. Josef was in an uncomfortable position, as her guardian, and that was the best way out of it. Probably he had some affection and pity for the girl, which helped his decision.

He took her to his home, which was in a suburb of Nazareth, called Bethlehem. Not of Judea, as stated, but of Galilee. Here Jehoshua was born, and here he grew to boyhood, attending the schools of Nazareth, and also having private tutors. Josef was a well-to-do man, and he determined to give the boy the best education to be had. The boy was evidently one of remarkable intellectual development; the pre-natal influence having given him a religious bent, and a capacity for learning. It is now claimed that the tale of going down into Egypt, and the slaughter of the innocents by the frightened ruler, are more figments of the vivid imaginations of the Gospel writers. No taxing, no census having been ordered anywhere near the birth of the boy.

At the age of thirteen (not twelve), the boy was taken to Jerusalem, to be confirmed in the Temple there, and thus become a full-fledged Jew. The reason he was able to ask the wise men in the Temple many questions that they could not answer, while answering all they asked him, was because of the wider education he had been given by his foster father. He could have been confirmed as well at Nazareth, but, he being a very precocious boy, the parents wished to take him to Jerusalem, to the greater

Temple there. It made it a much larger affair than it would have been at Nazareth.

After he had learned all that could be taught him in Nazareth he was sent down into Alexandria, Egypt, where he learned the Egyptian system of healing, which was largely hypnotism and fear. He made the acquaintance of all the prominent men of that country while there. Then he went to Rome, and learned Roman law, also making valuable acquaintances there, among them being the Emperor. When his law course was finished he went over into India, still pursuing Education. On his way back from India he stopped at the Sun Worship Temple at El Kharman, as before stated, where he learned the system of healing which he afterward employed, during his mission. A reference to the New Covenant, or Testament, will show that this system was what is now known as suggestive therapeutics. It required faith to make it effective.

Much that is said about him in the Gospels is pure mythology. The walking on the water may safely be accepted as a "sun-god" myth. The turning of water into wine has a deep meaning, but the miracle never happened.

After he returned to Nazareth he was, on account of his great popularity among the people there, elected a member of the Sanhedrim, and represented his district at Jerusalem. This is where the tale of his being tempted in the wilderness, forty days and forty nights, comes from. The Sanhedrim was in session for that time, and it was a spiritual wilderness for him. Caiaphas was the "devil" who tempted him. Caiaphas had wide ambitions. He desired to be the temporal ruler of the Jews. He wished to get up an insurrection that would throw off the yoke of Rome, but he was hated and feared by the people, hence he knew that it was a hopeless wish. He knew that Jehoshua was very popular with the masses at Jerusalem, as well as at home, and he knew that he, if anyone, could succeed in the insurrection, and he tried to show Jehoshua where he would be the gainer by doing as Caiaphas wished. But Jehoshua had a mission, and it did not include being temporal ruler. He refused to have anything to do with the schemes of Caiaphas, and he thereby incurred the fierce hatred of Caiaphas, who was directly responsible for his death. Caiaphas worked through his corrupt friends in the priesthood, and they, in turn, through their friends on the outside, and managed to get him indicted for treason. The Scripture tells how well they succeeded. Pilate was a friend of Jehoshua, so was Herod, but they could not go against the will of the populace. Giving Jehoshua Bar-Abbas, the malefactor, was not sufficient; they demanded Jehoshua Nazir, and crucified him, as stated.

Caiaphas feared Jehoshua, as he knew that he was very popular all through the country, and he feared he might have a small "standing army" of his own; hence the soldiers were sent after him. But he had no army, although the record says he said he came not to bring peace, but a sword. According to the Sun Worship Philosophy, the present "Cycle of War" commenced five years before he was born, and will continue until 1960, when the earth will change its position with regard to the sun, and the vi-

brations, which are now contentious, will become harmonious, and war will gradually cease. This is what he meant.

The crucifixion was not done by order from Rome, but the Emperor heard of it, and he sent an order to Pilate to hold Jehoshua, and send him to Rome, that the Emperor might investigate the case; but the order came after the men were on the crosses, and, presumably, dead.

According to Roman law, a malefactor once nailed to the cross must hang there until the body dropped apart, and was devoured by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. But, in this case, Pilate was enabled to allow the kinsmen of Jehoshua to remove the body, having received the order from Rome. This he did, giving permission to Nicodemus, who was a physician, and Joseph of Arimathea, who both loved the unfortunate victim of Caiaphas. Nicodemus was a member of the Sanhedrim also. When they arrived at the cross Nicodemus pronounced his friend dead, and they took his body to the new tomb in the private grounds of Joseph of Arimathea. This tomb, like many Oriental tombs, had a rear entrance, leading into Joseph's house. This, however, was entirely unknown to the people of the neighborhood. It was none of their business, and Joseph did not see fit to tell them.

Nicodemus went to Caiaphas and asked permission to place a guard of soldiers in front of the door of the tomb, and he presumably picked men upon whom he could depend in an emergency.

The door was of stone, hung on pivots, and so arranged that it could not be thrown off the hinges from the outside, but it could from the inside. That is the reason the door was thrown open by an "earthquake."

After carefully placing the body in the tomb, Joseph and Nicodemus went into the house, and returned to the tomb from the rear entrance, took the body into the house, and, after much trouble, succeeded in resuscitating Jehoshua. He was in a state of coma on the cross; not dead. Hence the miraculous resurrection.

When the friends, ignorant of these facts, came to the tomb to do something for their beloved friend, they found the door open, the tomb empty, and an "angel" (human again), who gave them a misleading thought:

"Why seek ye the living among the dead." Then they immediately started the story that he was risen from the dead, as he had told them he would. The story has not yet been stopped.

The two men who fell in with the stranger on their way to Emmaus were much deceived with regard to the personality of their chance acquaintance. He was another "Savior," named Appolonius, of Tyana. He knew more about the Scripture than they did, and they knew of no one who knew so much as Jehoshua. When they reached the town they asked him to sup with them, which he did. He "brake the bread," which was in a flat loaf, in the Oriental fashion, in the form of a cross. Then the two thought surely this could be none other than Jehoshua, and they fell to discussing it between themselves. Appolonius saw this and, while they were excitedly whispering he gently withdrew from the room, and went

his way. They hurried back to the city, and told all they thought they knew.

In the case of the "Doubting Thomas," it was Jehoshua who appeared to them. But Thomas did not have to put his hands in the prints of the nails; one look at that well-known, beloved face was enough. He no longer doubted.

Jehoshua did not appear very much more to his disciples, only to give them some instructions that circumstances had prevented him from giving them before his trouble, and then he withdrew from all save those who kept him until his death. He was broken in body and spirit, and he longed for death to come. His mission, so far as he was concerned, was ended, and life was a burden to be laid down with joy. It was not thought wise to have his whereabouts, or even the fact of his living, known to the public, as Caiaphas might have again tried to get him into trouble. Or it might have been necessary for him to go to Rome, to see Tiberias, who had sent for him too late to save his life. So he was kept in seclusion until the day of his death, which occurred on the fifteenth day of August, three years after the crucifixion.

He was buried according to the rites of the Essenes, of which he and Joseph of Arimathea were members.

The story of the ascension, like that of the "resurrection," is simple myth, the author not knowing how else to account for his disappearance. It is like the story of the "Three Black Crows" of our youthful days. And still men and women, intelligent and well-informed on other subjects, even physicians, who ought to know that the wonderful things said about Jesus could not happen, being against Natural Law, which is another name for God's Law, or the Law of Necessity, believe them with a belief that cannot be shaken. Verily, the mind of the "Orthodox" Christian is a deep mystery.

This account is necessarily condensed, and much of the detail is left out; but this is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the only reasonable, well-connected story of the life of Jesus that has ever been given to the world.

For the foregoing information I am indebted to Rev. Ottoman Zardusht-Hanish, of the Temple of El Kharman. He claims to have read this account in the books of the Temple, where it is written, in the Zend language. He says the same records are in the Vatican at Rome, but for obvious reasons are not published. The Roman church is still standing.

972 North 41st Court.

BIBLES THE BANE OF THE WORLD.

BY JAS. H. CRANE, M. D.

SINCE conscious thought came to man, he has sought to formulate the universe in personal terms—thereon basing a hope of future existence. The effort, satisfactorily, to do this has led in time to the production of many so-called "sacred Books or Bibles;" the authors and advocates of each claiming extra-human origin and promising conditioned salvation. These "sacred books," while drawing largely upon the imagination, and appealing strongly to hope and fear, in man, have always followed lines somewhat after the then prevalent ideas and conditions. A marked peculiarity of "sacred books" and systems of theology, is that all claim to set forth the desires of an assumed "master of nature," who originated all things, and to whom all intelligences owe allegiance and adoration. This claim of allegiance to a supreme arbiter here, is always coupled with a declaration that acknowledgment of this allegiance and adoration—under certain priestly forms—secures illimitable happiness hereafter; while failure to do so is attended with consequences most dreadful. It is precisely this "God idea" which designing theologians have seen fit to promulgate, and credulous people have continued unthinkingly to swallow, that has caused the fearful contentions of the past, and is now causing the despoliation and division of an innocent, inoffensive nation.

To verify this statement, it is only necessary to insert here the words of a distinguished theologian, Rev. R. A. Steel, of Virginia:

"The Bible is at the bottom of all the ferment of the world to-day. Jesus Christ declared that the effect of the Gospel would be a deadly conflict. The gleam of the sword Christ was to send is seen in the gleam of the battalions around Pekin." "The love of Christ is the almighty social dynamic, and it is equal to the task of lifting a fallen world back to its pivotal place, among the stars of God." The clergy is almost a unit in saying, "The Orient must be Christianized at whatever cost of blood and treasure." These quotations show conclusively that the "Sacred Book" of our time does not differ from the sacred books of the past; does not bring "Peace on earth and good will toward man."

After two thousand years of the most active and energetic propagation of the "love of Christ," during which time it has "caused the world untold misery," and is increasing in intensity of love, is it not time to abandon the "personal God idea" and to teach the supremacy of nature in all things, everywhere.

To further exemplify the effect of "Sacred Books," and to show that the one so fondly worshipped in our time is no exception to those of the past, it is only necessary to cite the fact that any questions respecting its authenticity or full application to our time, are resolutely ignored, as a very kind friend deliberately put it. He allowed nothing to antagonize the Bible.

Thus it is, a theological system, once having acquired credence and

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ant duty of the revision of the creed, and which recently met in solemn conclave at Saratoga, has sent to the clerks of the various Presbyteries certain questions to which they desire very specific answers before they proceed to their important work. They wish to know whether a revision of the confession of Faith is really desirable. Men may change, but principles never do, and therefore they halt, and ask for instruction. This is no doubt the proper thing for them to do.

The particular paragraphs in the Confession of Faith which seem to have caused the movement for a revision are the following:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death." * * * "These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain, and definite, that it cannot either be increased or diminished." * * * "All those whom God has predestined unto life, and those only, he is pleased in his appointed and accepted time, effectually to call by his word and spirit out of that state of sin and death in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation by Jesus Christ," etc. * * * "Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved through the spirit who worketh when, where, and how to pleaseth; so also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being called by the ministry of the Word. Others, not elected, although they may be called by the Word, and may have some common operations of the spirit, yet they never truly come to Christ and therefore cannot be saved. Much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of Nature, and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may, is very pernicious, and to be detested."

The dogmatical assertions contained in the foregoing extracts from the creed must certainly be repugnant to all the finer feelings of humanity. They are positively atrocious and inhuman in their character. What a beautiful and soul-elevating belief that "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to eternal death!" What wondrous love! What justice and mercy! Millions of human beings consigned to eternal misery and death by "the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory!" I believe it was the great and good religious poet Isaac Watts who wrote as follows:

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise."

And as a reason for this praise, he gave us (I think it was Watts, or some other dyspeptic), the following beautiful thought:

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there."

But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

I don't think that grand old hymn is now sung in the churches, but I remember well when our venerated grandmothers (may their ashes rest in peace) were wont to whine it through their noses to the tune of "Old Hundred," in very slow time, while they looked as solemn as owls and fancied they were singing.

Of course the few who walk in the "narrow path" mentioned by the poet, are the elect, and being foreordained they cannot do otherwise. On the other hand, the countless millions who have not been elected and foreordained are the unfortunates who must, perforce, walk in the broad road to death, because they are absolutely unable to change the destiny to which they have been consigned by the decree of a merciful and all-wise God. Is it not a sad thing to contemplate that these poor, unfortunate beings:

"Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be
Born to conditions they could not foresee,

Must be consigned to eternal death, and all for the manifestation of God's glory?

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We again repeat what we have said many times before, that it is very unsafe to send to us bank bills in a letter. The only safe way is to remit in a P. O. order, express order, registered letter or in draft or check, payable to our order. Try and remember this and save your money.

H. L. Green, Publisher.

A CORRECTION.

"The Apostles' Creed," by Archibald Hopkins, and "The Other Side of Christ's Life and Teachings," by Dr. J. Barr, are each one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) a volume, in place of \$1.00, as we stated when we noticed them. Purchasers will hereafter take notice.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN ARMY KEPT IN CHINA FOR?

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY asserted many times over that he was sending the American army to China for the sole purpose of liberating our Minister of State, and when that was accomplished the army would be withdrawn. For this assertion the President was justly praised. Nothing he has said since he became President has been received, by the American people, with so much satisfaction. And when our minister was liberated it was expected that the President would keep his word, and order the soldiers to leave China; but it has now been more than a month since the Minister was set at liberty and the American army still remains in China. War has not been declared against China and the people are asking what the soldiers are kept there for. We hear it said that our soldiers are retained in China to keep the peace in that country—to keep down insurrection, to assist in reorganizing the Chinese government. It has been objected to in some quarters, our keeping a standing army in this country to put down insurrections here at home, but what must be thought of the idea of our maintaining a standing army to put down insurrections in other countries, even those that, like China, are on the other side of the globe.

But it looks as if this claim was only a subterfuge, that the real purpose for which our army is kept in China is to protect the Christian missionaries, and the Christian "converts."

The plain duty of the President in this crisis is to issue a proclamation ordering every Christian missionary from this country to immediately leave China and return to their homes, and instruct them that if they refuse to comply with this proclamation they will be left with only God to protect them from the fury of the Boxers. If the President would do that, he would exhibit more real statesmanship than he has ever done before. But if he keeps the army in China much longer, it will be believed by many that it is for the purpose of assisting the Christian fanatics, known as missionaries, in their diabolical work of forcing a religion, that the Chinaman justly abhors, upon them. Can it be possible that this is the object in view by the President of the United States of America?

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the above, we are informed by the papers that the President will soon order our army to retire from China. That is good

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which he held the Archbishop responsible. Whether the Archbishop was or was not responsible, we do not know, and it is rather perilous to draw inferences as to the Archbishop's true character from this one instance. Nevertheless the dead brother of John W. Hanly, lying in a neglected grave in a Catholic cemetery and the Archbishop luxuriously living in a richly-furnished mansion illustrates perfectly the condition that has always existed between the Catholic clergy and the Catholic laity. Priests rarely live up to the precepts they give their parishioners. Preaching poverty and humility to the latter, they are themselves often rich and always arrogant.

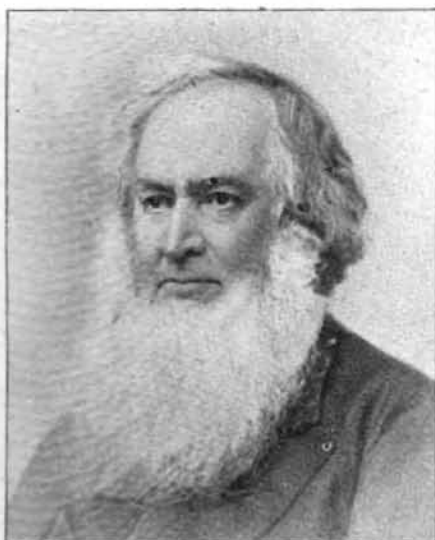
The Catholic clerical knows as well as a king who claims to rule by divine right, the value of wealth and pomp as a means of dazzling the ignorant. If he happens to be a parish priest he wears expensive broadcloth. When he becomes an Archbishop or a Cardinal, he puts on more costly and gaudy colors and lives in a mansion like Archbishop Corrigan. When a Pope he attires himself in costly robes of white and gold, surrounds himself with flunkies, and waits with the patience of a spider for pilgrims with Peter's pence. Now all this is very fine as a piece of spectacular. But the worst of it all is, that this pomp and finery must be paid for by somebody, and that somebody consists of poor and ignorant people who are made to believe that they must look up to these clericals with awe and support them in luxury or suffer in the future that wrath which these priests claim is one of the attributes of a Catholic God.

The conduct of John W. Hanly in the home of Archbishop Corrigan is not to be approved, but if Catholics had less of his destructiveness and more of his spirit, they would cease to contribute to the coffers of luxury-loving priests, Archbishops and Popes, and would look more to their own welfare. The poor would administer to the wants of their children and themselves; and the rich would provide for public schools, public libraries and other institutions of learning, instead of attempting to perpetuate ignorance and superstition by building nunneries, monasteries and cathedrals.

R. N. R.

GERRIT SMITH—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

IN the January, 1900, number of this Magazine we published the portrait of Gerrit Smith as the frontispiece, and also a very good life sketch of the distinguished philanthropist by his cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and now we are indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, the daughter of



GERRIT SMITH.

Gerrit Smith, for this life sketch, written and published by Charles A. Hammond, who was well acquainted with Mr. Smith for many years, having been his preacher at Peterboro, N. Y., for some time, occupying an independent, unsectarian church, nearly or wholly maintained by Gerrit Smith, in which the only religion Mr. Smith desired taught was the Religion of Humanity.

Mr. Hammond has succeeded in producing a most accurate, valuable and interesting biographical presentation of the leading characteristics of this grand man, one of the best men that the nineteenth century has produced, and we are upheld in this assertion by a letter written to the author of

this book, by Hon. Andrew D. White, on receiving a copy.

LETTER FROM HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

"Charles A. Hammond, Esq. :

"Dear Sir—I have very rarely opened a package and found a pamphlet which I was more glad to receive than this of yours, regarding Gerrit Smith, just received. He was one of the greatest and noblest men I have ever known. The quotation at the beginning of your first chapter applied to him perfectly. He was a most magnificent specimen of manhood, physically, morally and intellectually. I, who heard him at his best, saw him in his own house and in my own, and watched his course for many years, love and respect his memory as I love and respect that of few others. I have read your book with care; it is an admirable sketch and a most worthy tribute. With renewed thanks I remain, very sincerely yours,

"Andrew D. White."

"Gerrit Smith, the Story of a Noble Life." By Charles A. Hammond, with portrait of Mr. Smith, p. 80.

And to digress a little, we heard Andrew D. White pronounce very much such an eulogy at the grave of Samuel J. May, another noted humanitarian, of national reputation. If we were to select the names of the two best men we ever knew, we now think those names would be Gerrit Smith and Samuel J. May, and they were both heretics and in their day were not considered by the orthodox church fit for heaven, and by the orthodox creed were doomed to an orthodox hell; and if there be a hell full of suffering humanity these men would be much more at home in that locality, where they could do something to relieve the suffering of the damned, than in an orthodox heaven, "loafing around the throne." We are glad we were permitted, in our younger days, to know those apostles of righteousness, and to listen to their eloquent utterances in behalf of humanitarian reforms. Their very presence was a benediction for good.

Mr. Hammond introduces his book with these very appropriate lines:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

We would like to quote very extensively from this book, but our space will not permit of our doing so. We can only here give the titles of the subjects treated. They are as follows: "The Introduction;" "Peter Smith and the Indians;" "Gerrit Smith's Birth;" "Affected by His Mother's Death;" "Oswego Property Was Valuable;" "Magnificent Specimen of Manhood;" "Dark Days for Abolitionists;" "Leaves Colonization Society;" "God Winnowed the Nation;" "Views of Garrison Abolitionists;" "Gives Away Farms;" "On Dress Reform;" "Breaches 'Bible Politics';" "His Views of the Bible;" "His Part in the Jerry Rescue;" "An Abolition Speech;" "A Man of Many Ideas;" "His Temperance Principles;" "Demanded Compensated Emancipation;" "Aided John Brown."

The book closes with an eulogy upon Gerrit Smith by the Rev. Robert Collyer, wherein Mr. Collyer says, among other things:

I think the time will come when we shall begin to make a calendar of the saints of this world, which will blend naturally with that of our statesmen, patriots, soldiers, inventors, and writers of great books, in our almanacs and histories, and be counted as essential an element in our greatness and glory as the greatest and best besides. I imagine also that when this is done, those who live to see it will find by some sure instinct, born of our new life, our calendar will differ widely from that which has gradually come to us out of the old times. It will be a record of those who have won distinction for the breadth as well as for the loftiness of their religious character, who have lived in the world rather than above it, and

true to the whole truth, rather than to some special word of it, have made their mark as pure and holy men through their identity with us in all true ways, rather than through isolation from us in any way; of whose devoutness we shall hear but little. And while we hear a great deal about their devotion, while their religious services will not be in word, but in deed and truth, we shall find perhaps that they rather grudge the time spent on their own account in communion with heaven, which might be turned to a better account among the stern realities of life, and cared but little about making their own calling and election sure, while there was another man in the world they could pluck as a brand from the burning, and whose holiness was simply and entirely wholeness, according to the measure of their manhood, touch them where you will.

And when that time comes, I think my friend Gerrit Smith will stand as good a chance of canonization in this new order of saints as any man of our generation. For if we are to measure him by such a standard of goodness as this I have pointed out, he has left no better man behind him.

We do not have this book for sale, and do not know the price. If any of our friends desire a copy, they should write to the Author, Charles A. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISM, by DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

THIS Magazine has many subscribers who are spiritualists. They are good people, much better, taken as a class, than Christians, because they believe in this world as well as the next, and in either world they have no need of supernaturalism. They are, in fact, in full accord with Materialists and Agnostics, so far as this life is concerned, and they are all zealous advocates of personal liberty and the entire separation of Church and State. We have thought for some time they ought to have a hearing in this Magazine, and we are now glad to announce that we have been able to engage probably the ablest and most distinguished speaker and writer in the spiritual ranks, Dr. J. M. Peebles, to furnish us with a series of articles for this Magazine. In reply to our request for him to do so, he sends us the following letter:

"Battle Creek, Mich., Sept. 20, 1900.

"H. L. Green, Chicago, Ill.:

"My Dear Friend and Fellow-worker— Your favor of Sept. 18th at hand. Your inquiries are almost startling, considering the fact that I am at the head of a large medical business, lecturing in some city almost every Sunday, editing the Temple of Health, and writing books, one or two every year; but considering our long friendship and co-working efforts in the overthrow of creeds and sectarianism, and the good that I might do, I will consent to write a series of five or six articles for your broad-minded and liberal journal. Of course the articles will be criti-

cized by agnostics and materialists, all of which will be perfectly right, providing they write in a candid and respectful manner, as they no doubt will.

"I have just put in the binder's hands my latest book, entitled 'Vaccination a Curse and a Menace to Personal Liberty.' It will create a howl among the old school doctors, but I am so used to being howled at that I quite enjoy a howl and a crucifixion. Very cordially yours,

"J. M. Peebles."

ALL SORTS.

—The fall term of the Silvertown University has just opened with over a hundred students and a full faculty of teachers.

—And so, alas! she died, and when

She'd passed the pearly gate,

She asked a sister-angel there:

"Say! are my wings on straight?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Patriotism, just now, is thicker in this country than was Egyptian darkness, and it will so continue until after election, and then it will all disappear in the next twenty-four hours.

—Bishop Candler says Methodist mission work in China will be kept up.—Chicago Chronicle.

But the Bishop himself will not endanger his life among the Boxers. He will see the "heathen" in hell first.

—Rev. E. F. Roe, Ph. D., a Methodist clergyman and pastor of the Lacon, Ill., Methodist Episcopal Church, will furnish an able article in defense of the Christian religion for the November number of this magazine.

—We present the portrait of Dr. J. B. Wilson as the frontispiece of this number of this magazine. The reader is requested to turn to page 536 of the September number and see what we there say of him. The portrait should have appeared in the September number, but the photograph did not reach us in time. Dr. Wilson is one of the most distin-

guished Freethinkers in America on account of his great ability as a writer and speaker in behalf of Free Thought ideas.

—Christians, we all know, can easily love their enemies, but the poor "heathen" Chinese is not able to love those Christians who come there for the purpose of stealing their land and their religion, and so they call them "foreign devils." How wicked!

—The Liberal University, we are glad to learn, is prospering. We advise each one of our readers to send \$1 to the publisher of the Torch of Reason and order that paper for a year and learn all about the University. Besides, that journal is one of the best Free Thought papers published. Address Torch of Reason, Silvertown, Ore.

—We desire to remind every friend of this magazine that just now most every man, and some women, are crazy over the Presidential election, and many Freethinkers have caught the malady and have forgotten to look after Liberal publications; therefore our special friends will have to be more vigilant.

—The Open Court for September is a very valuable number, as in fact is every issue of that magazine. The contents are, in part, "On Greek Religion and Mythology," "The Propensity Toward the Marvelous," "The Associated

Fists, Known as the Boxers." This magazine is splendidly illustrated, and there is no finer appearing publication in this country.

—Stettin, Sept. 8.—The official text of Emperor William's remarks yesterday, in replying to the burgomaster's address of welcome, gives the concluding passage as follows:

"I have no anxiety whatever for the future, for God is with us and he will help us through."

Kings and monarchs and all kinds of despots always have God on their side. He is always with them.

—Notwithstanding the report a few weeks ago that Sir Robert Hart had been put in a cage by the Chinese Boxers and the ends of some of his fingers cut off as souvenirs, Sir Robert himself in his recent dispatches fails to mention these interesting circumstances. It is evident there has been some tall lying about affairs in Pekin and that all of it has not been by the Chinese.—Chicago News.

—The Examiner is a Free Thought, eight-page, bi-monthly journal, published and edited by R. Peterson at Paris, Texas. It is a well-conducted Liberal journal at the low price of 25 cents a year. At that price it ought to have 100,000 subscribers. It is worthy of the support of every Freethinker in this country, and we request every one who reads this notice to send 25 cents immediately to Brother Peterson for the Examiner. Direct Paris, Texas.

—"Christianity; Its Impeachment and Decadence" is the title to a pamphlet we have just published. It consists of "The Impeachment of Christianity," by Dr. F. E. Abbot, and "Astronomy Ends Christianity," by Prof. T. B. Wakeman, and also the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." The portraits of Dr. Abbot and of Prof. Wakeman are in this pamphlet, and it sells at the low price of 6 cents a copy, or twelve copies for 60 cents. We have not published a better missionary

document for a long time. We hope our friends will order large numbers for circulation.

—The gulf coast tornado, by which thousands of the inhabitants of Texas lost their lives and other thousands were injured, and millions of property destroyed, was just as much the act of Providence as the sunshine and gentle showers that cause our fields of grain to grow and ripen and our flowers to blossom. If we thank God for the latter we must also thank him for the former dispensation.

—In a late address at Monona Lake Assembly Rev. Sam Jones made this remark on the present style of dress. He said: "Nowadays the girls have cut off the top of their dresses for the ball room and the bottom for the bicycle, so that I am getting real uneasy about it."

The Rev. "Sam" has taken special notice of this matter, probably, and it has made him "real uneasy" and caused him many sleepless nights. What will the poor man do when he gets to heaven, where clothes are unknown?

—The Liberal Society of Chicago, under the tutorage of Dr. Gregory, we are glad to know, is constantly improving in numbers and influence. We think there is no church in the city of Chicago whose membership is increasing as fast. We know that no other organization has, according to the number of its members, so many intelligent adherents. Brains are at a premium in the Liberal Society, but there is a very little old-fashioned "piety."

—After Sunday school little Ned and his younger cousin, Horton, were permitted to play in the yard on condition that they would be very good and quiet. They had not been out long when Ned's mother heard loud screams. Upon investigating the cause, she found her small son sitting on his cousin, pounding him vigorously in spite of Horton's pitiful wails. "Well, mamma,"

Ned explained, "I wanted to teach him the Golden Rule and he said he wouldn't learn it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—The Free Thought Magazine is one of the best exponents of rationalism in the world and should be in the hands of every Liberal. This last issue contains fifty-five pages of clean-cut choice reading matter, and is most excellent in all its departments. The Free Thought Magazine is high-toned, and filled with the best thoughts of many of the brainiest contributors in the Liberal ranks. If you have not already, subscribe for it. Address Free Thought Magazine, Chicago, Ill.—*Blue Grass Blade*.

—A bright little 5-year-old girl had learned to intersperse her language with some emphatic words she had heard her father use. Her mother, being a good, pious woman, called in her minister to try to induce the young lady to refrain from this bad habit. The attempt resulted as follows:

Minister: "I am very sorry, Mary, to learn that you are in the habit of using some improper language."

Mary: "Who told you so?"

Minister: "It was whispered to me by some little birds."

Mary: "I know, it was those d—d little sparrows."

—The statement in the Tribune some time ago that only civil marriages are allowed in Cuba called forth much comment. A decree to this effect was issued by Gen. Brooke over a year ago. Gen. Wood has now annulled this decree so that hereafter ecclesiastical marriages will be legal as of old. Thus a senseless piece of injustice is wiped out.—*The Woman's Tribune*.

We would change the last sentence in this paragraph so that it would read, "Thus a sensible piece of justice is wiped out." Marriage is nothing but a civil contract, and only civil officers should have the right to perform the marriage ceremony. Gen. Brooks, by that decree, proved that he was a man

of sense and should have the thanks of every friend of the total separation of church and state.

—It is gratifying to learn that here and there we find a woman who is not a slave to the church and thinks for herself. Such a one writes as follows:

I have received two sample copies of your Free Thought Magazine. Read every word in them, and considered I had enjoyed a treat. Perhaps you may understand my appreciation when I state that I am the only woman of Liberal ideas in this community. And further, most of the people in this little country place are Methodists of the most narrow gauge kind. There isn't a soul here to whom I can talk or exchange ideas, so it seems, since I have come to know your magazine, that I must have it.

—Mount Vernon, Ill., Sept. 4.—At its Saturday afternoon business session the Salem Baptist Association of Jefferson County, through Rev. Messrs. Thorgmorton and Danbury of Duquoin, made an onslaught on the State normal schools, and resolutions declaring them un-American and that they should be abolished and turned into insane asylums and orphans' homes were adopted.

Mr. Danbury said it was alarming that only 33 per cent of Jefferson County teachers were Christians. — *Chicago American*.

No, Mr. Danbury, it is not "alarming," but encouraging "that only 33 per cent of Jefferson County teachers were Christians." No genuine Christian is qualified to be a teacher of the young.

—The story told in the Associated Press dispatches from Taku, printed in the Post, the reliability of which is beyond question, will increase the anxious desire of the American people for the earliest withdrawal of our troops from that country consistent with the honor of the nation. Our going there was compulsory. Our exit should not be delayed a day beyond the requirement of a compelling necessity.

And if circumstances should occasion a recall of Christian missionaries from a land in which Christian soldiers have

so shamefully satirized the spirit of Christianity, it seems to us that abundant employment could be found for them in an attempt to instill some of the doctrines of that faith into the armies of civilized nations.—Washington Post.

—Fremont, Ind., Sept. 4.—As a sort of offset to the W. C. T. U. prayer chain a woman of this city suggests a "Presidential prayer chain."

It is built on the same idea as is the W. C. T. U. plan and works the same way. Letters pledging the receiver to pray daily for the success of McKinley are sent to women thought to be in accord with the project, and each of them in turn sends out four copies to friends.

The proposal has been received with favor and is now being put in operation. A great number of letters will form the links of the "endless chain."—Chicago Tribune.

This is a blow under the belt, by the Republicans in their fight with the Democrats, and now we shall expect that the women Democrats will organize a "Presidential prayer chain" in Bryan's behalf. That will place God in a disagreeable position.

—The following telegraph dispatches passed between the President and Minister Conger after the Minister was rescued by the soldiers:

To Minister Conger:

We all mourn for those who have fallen, and acknowledge the goodness of God which has preserved you and guided the brave army that set you free.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

This evening the President is in receipt of this message from Minister Conger:

The President, Washington: All Americans here thank you for congratulations and successful efforts for our relief and bless God for final deliverance.

CONGER.

There is a good deal of thanking God in this correspondence, but we can't see where God performed any valuable services in this affair. He, as our orthodox friends claim, had the power to

have rescued every minister and every Christian missionary, but he never lifted a hand in their behalf, but allowed the "Boxers" to murder and imprison them to their heart's content.

—The Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, the young millionaire clergyman and secretary of the Yale corporation, made his first appearance in a New Haven pulpit this morning, when he donned his vestments at St. Paul's Church and assisted in the service. The Rev. Mr. Stokes was called to the assistant pastorate of the church last summer and accepted. His term does not commence until Sept. 15. Mr. Stokes read the service this morning and Mr. Pratt preached. Mr. Stokes also assisted in the administering of communion after the regular morning service.

A millionaire preacher. He probably took for his text these words of Jesus: "And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." Matthew xix., 24. And we read of another young man who was rich but not a millionaire, who came to Jesus for instruction. And Jesus said unto him: "Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Matthew xix., 21. He may have taken these words for a text.

—O. Howland Powers, of Lula, Va., sends us the following problem for this magazine, to prove that the Christian's God is unwise:

If God created everything he must have pre-existed everything. If he did not pre-exist matter, matter must be as old as himself and, therefore, he could not have created it. If God created matter there must have been a time when he created it. Time is a measured portion of duration, as a year or a day. Duration is infinite. In the nature of things duration must be infinite in the past and in the future. Christians claim God's past to have been infinite. If we select any point in duration there must have been an infinity of duration before that point. Let us place the point where

God made the first matter, or created the first thing. Before that period an infinite, to us inconceivable, portion of duration must have passed away, during which God must have existed alone in the universe. As the Christian theory makes God perfect, and as he was all there was in the universe, and as no change could have been possible, if it was wise for God to make matter when he did make it, it was unwise for him to defer making it through the infinite past.

—The Chicago Western District Epworth League's third annual convention, in session at Centenary Methodist Church, listened with approval yesterday to a criticism of Chicago ministers for not preaching the gospel. They even went so far as to applaud the remarks made by Frank L. Wood of the Western Avenue Church, an expression seldom indulged in the Methodist Church.

"If any one thinks the preachers of Chicago preach the gospel every Sunday," said he, "let him look at the titles of their sermons in the Monday morning papers. They claim they are treating the problems of the day from a religious standpoint, but they are really adjusting the gospel to these problems. Of the attendance at an evening service 80 per cent want comfort from the gospel, and you cannot blame them for being discouraged and not coming again when instead they hear of 'The Boer War,' 'My Trip to Europe and What I Saw,' or 'The Conditions of Our Streets and Alleys.'"

The pious bigots have not learned that "the gospel" that they want preached is "played out," and any preacher that should confine himself to it would have to preach to empty seats.

—The foreign missionary does not work for love of humanity alone. He is a well-paid person, and instead of having the usual Sundays and holidays of rest like other folks he is given a year's vacation with salary every once in from four to ten years. The married men missionaries in China receive \$1,000 a year and travel pay. When missionaries who are married have children old enough to require to be kept in school away from

home they are allowed \$150 additional. If young children are with their parents and to be supported \$100 additional is allowed for each child. Of course these salaries include house rentals and traveling expenses to and from the stations.

When missionaries take a vacation of a year their traveling expenses to and from their stations are paid at this time and almost their full salary likewise allowed them. More than the salary must, of course, be the impelling motive when missionaries go to such fields as China.

It is good, too, to learn that the laborers are not lacking even in the face of such horrors as it is feared have recently been inflicted on gospel workers in China. Even at the present moment foreign mission boards are in receipt of hundreds of letters from volunteers who clamor to be sent to the land of the celestials.—The Philadelphia Call.

And much of this money is collected from the poor, who are told, to induce them to cash over their last cent, that they are laying up treasures in heaven. We hear much about "trusts" in these days, but there is no "trust" so detestable as this missionary trust. No wonder the "heathens" who have become fully acquainted with it call the missionaries "foreign devils." The name fits them exactly.

—The "good book" tells us there was at one time "war in heaven," and we think there will be another war there when all the good Christians get there, they have such a love for one another.

The Chicago Tribune informs us that "Dr." John Alexander Dowle, the "head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion," has declared war against the Methodist Episcopal church, and has issued a challenge to the members of the general conference, whom he calls "Priests of the Masonic Baal."

"Dr." Dowle said that the membership of the Methodist church, according to the bishops' statement, showed a startling decrease, and added that the church had lost during the last year not only as many as all who joined the church during that year, but 20,000

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Protestantism had a very good outlook in Japan, and many highly educated Japanese embraced it. But it took the "advanced thinkers" among the converts only a year or two to out-Spencer Spencer, and to-day the vernacular Protestantism of Japan is getting on as best it can without any burning or shining light whatsoever. The burning and shining lights—in other words, the leading native ecclesiastics—became all of them "philosophers," and, while still professing to be Christians, attempted to call in German and other materialism to their aid. The English and American missionary bodies to which they belonged naturally objected. The American Episcopal Church of Japan fell foul of Dr. Sugiura, a Japanese minister (who has had, by the way, the advantage of an excellent American education), who denied the miraculous birth of Christ. Many of the leading Japanese clergymen resigned; and, in another direction, the organ of the Lutheran Church in Japan, a magazine which maintained that the Bible is a revelation, was discontinued because "no suitable editor could be found who was prepared to defend such a theory."

—William P. Marker, of Sea Cliff, N. Y., sends us the following under the title of "Heaven for Punishment:"

The grand vizier, the lord high chancellor, the cardinal and all the rest of the stalking horses of his satanic majesty were gathered together in the corridor outside the throne room, awaiting the summons of their ruler.

"What ye s'pose he wants with us?" said the grand vizier uneasily.

"Guess he wants to talk on that same subject that's been worrying him so much lately," said the cardinal, as he carefully removed a quid and tossed it into the nearest cuspidor. "He's probably got some new scheme for keeping the church denominations well separated in their doctrines and for promoting intolerance. I'm afraid we're losing ground in that sort of work."

"Yes, we are," said the lord high chancellor, who was the most crafty and highly respected member of the group. "My suggestion is that we rather encourage this idea of tolerance that's gaining popularity so fast, and then, when it be-

comes just generally enough understood to get up a sort of new era—a revolution in thought—by which the people will react violently from conventional morals, not toward logical and expedient morals, but toward no morals at all. What do you all think of the scheme?"

"Good! Bravo!" went up in a chorus. The applause was interrupted by a messenger, who announced that his majesty was ready to consult with his vassals. The impatient vassals crowded eagerly into the throne room.

"We'll have to devise some new punishment," began his majesty unceremoniously, "for our oldest subjects. A good many of them are learning to be quite satisfied here. Now, there's Cain, for example. He openly confessed to me the other night that the agony I've put him through so many centuries is getting to seem so habitual to him that he believes he would feel out of place—feel that something was lacking in his life—if he had to do without it. I don't wonder. Getting singed has come to be as natural and agreeable to him now as eating to an ante-bellum individual, and it's the same way with a good many others among the oldest inhabitants. Now, I've thought of making arrangements up above for securing a lease on a section of heaven out in the unsettled territory and sending some of these cheerful subjects up there to be bored. We could fit them up with wings, and as they don't know how to fly, wings would be very disagreeable impediments. We can see to it that they have no fire, and they would soon feel a terrible craving for a little singeing sensation. We can take all playthings away from them except harps and gold bricks and precious stones, and these old settlers have forgotten how to play with such trumpery. As far as securing the lease is concerned, that will be easy, the owner up there thinks we are doing a good work so long as we are really punishing sinners. I'll dismiss you now and take your vote. Those in favor of carrying out the scheme will spit once on the side wall as you pass out."

And when the vassals had departed his majesty counted streaks of tobacco juice even to the number of vassals who had been in his presence.

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213 East Indiana Street,

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Free Thought Magazine.

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THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

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MAUD INGERSOLL

(YOUNGER OF COL. INGERSOLL'S TWO DAUGHTERS) AND HER PET DOG

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1900.

A DEFENSE OF AGNOSTICISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE term "Agnostic" is only of mid-century growth, but it marks the development of accuracy of thought in the nineteenth century as no other term does. Agnosticism means discernment as to the extent of personal knowledge, and veracity in stating it when discerned. Theism,



GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Atheism, and Agnosticism denote attitudes of thought in relation to the existence of a Supreme Cause of Nature. The Theist declares, without misgiving, that there is such an existence. The Atheist, without misgiving, declares there is no such existence. The Agnostic, more modest in pretension, simply says that, having no information on the subject, he does not know. He does not say that others may not have knowledge that there is, or knowledge that there is not, such a Primal Entity; he merely says that he is without that information. Nor does he find from what Theists and Atheists say that their knowledge goes beyond conjecture. For their be-

lief, or disbelief, they may have the confidence of inference. But inference is not knowledge. Knowledge is proof and understanding. The Agnostic neither believes nor disbelieves in a Supreme Existence, from lack of satisfying evidence to warrant affirmation or denial. He is neutral, not

because he wishes not to believe, or desires to deny, but because language should be measured by proof and conviction.

In the beginning of this century all theological thought was wild, and those who rejected theological tenets often expressed their dissent in extreme terms. The theologians flung opprobrious epithets of "Infidel" or "Atheist" with Pauline profusion at all who were indisposed to accept their dogmas. That there could be honest doubt, or degrees of honest dissent, seldom, if ever occurred to them. They were too impetuous to choose their words, too bigoted to examine into their truth, and too intolerant to believe in the sincerity of their adversaries. Sometimes even Freethinkers are indiscriminating and unjust in their accusations. An instance occurred lately in the *Free Thought Magazine* which honorably admits the freest expression of opinion on the part of contributors. One is a lady who has vigor of expression, and, what is better, flashes of originality, until she comes to Agnosticism, when distinction in thought fails her, and she accuses like a priest. This lady, Marie Harrold Garrison, is a real person, very pretty and engaging, as she appears in the portrait given with her article, in which occurs this strange passage:

"I often feel vexed at Mr. Huxley for having invented the word 'Agnostic'; it is such a shield for 'dodgers,' and I notice that the men who dodge behind it are the very ones who really have arrived at the safest and most logical conclusions, and can give the clearest definitions of things. I take it that Dr. Gregory and George Jacob Holyoake belong in the same category, and what we ordinary folk need to do is to corner them right in, and 'make them tell,' as the children say."

This means that Huxley invented a sheltering term for hypocrites and cowards—he being neither one nor the other, but an open detester of both. His wise, useful, and honest word "Agnostic" has done more to teach theologians to think, and to incite in them discrimination and tolerance, than any other term which has been added to the nomenclature of controversy this century. Has this lady never thought—has she never heard—does she not know, that to profess Theism is to pretend to possess infinite knowledge? Theism is an egotistical declaration that all the powers of this inconceivable universe have been ascertained, examined, and tested, and that its incapacity of self-existence has been found out by all-seeing, all-knowing Theistical detectives. Does she not know that, in like manner, the Atheist assumes that he has explored the whole infinity of worlds discovered, and knows all the possibilities of those undiscovered, and finds no traces anywhere of a Supreme Originating Cause. Is it "dodging" to refuse to identify yourself with the preposterous presump-

tion of the Theist or Atheist? Is it not imposture in anyone to adopt a term which implies all-penetrating knowledge, when you know you have it not? Nature is too illimitable to be conceived, and the past is beyond all human experience.

Without giving this lady any trouble to interrogate me in "corner" or court, I am ever ready "to tell" what I think. It is that Theism is an unreal and unprovable pretension; that Atheism is an equally wild assumption of impossible attainment—an assumption acquired in rivalry and exaggerated in resentment.

Huxley was for integrity in thought and speech. He was for scientific accuracy as far as attainable. His own outspokenness was the glory of philosophy and science in his day. He never denied his convictions; he never apologized for them; he never explained them away. Is it over his noble tomb that we are to write "Here Lies a Dodger," because he invented an honest term to devote the measured knowledge of honest and modest thinkers?

I am an assistant editor of the Free Thought Magazine. Is this Magazine an organ of "dodgers?" "The Agnostic Annual," of London—the first Annual that Agnosticism has had—is also, upon the authority of a pretty, unthinking critic, of the most self-confident city in the world, to regard it as the Annual Manifesto of Dodgers? In what niche in the temple of priestly falsehood was this accusation found?

There is a still more singular passage by the writer in question. She says:

"I must assert that such men as Darwin and Huxley and Wallace and Spencer and their ilk are not Agnostics, though modesty caused Mr. Huxley to invent the name, and apply it to himself."

This means that these eminent men, upon whose lives no shadow of unverity ever rested, all lie. They described themselves as Agnostics, but all the while they are not. Their modesty is a pretense. They are not to be believed on their word.

It is not because this particular lady says this that her allegations are cited here. In her it is mere mistakenness of the term "Agnostic," which expresses the scrupulousness of truth, which she, on other subjects, respects and vindicates. She does not mean what she says, because she has not thought out the nature of what she writes upon; she does not, therefore, know the purport of her words. It is because there is a general impression among the uninformed and unthinking that the term "Agnostic" is a mask, and that behind it lurks Atheism, afraid to show its face. Such

persons are not aware that Theism and Atheism have no logical existence, and that there is nothing to conceal. Agnosticism is judgment suspended, from lack of capacity to solve the mighty problem of the cause of eternity. The Theist and the Atheist have no doubt that they know the solution. But dogmatism is not demonstration. To the extreme all moderation seems fraudulent, and they distrust, not only the judgment, but the honesty, of all who do not go as far as themselves.

When the first French Revolution made a Society of Theophilanthropists possible a new and humane religion arose. Thomas Paine was one of its adherents. The reader would expect that freedom from imputation would be found amid the professors of philanthropy; yet they imitated the contemptuousness for all who did not accept their theophilosophy, from which they themselves had suffered from their priestly predecessors. They declared in their manifesto of faith that the principles of natural religion which they professed "no one can deny, unless he be insane or corrupt." Sixty years later W. J. Fox, the greatest preacher of his day among Unitarians, declared, in his work on "Religious Ideas," that Atheism was to be accounted for by some disease of the mind or some deficiency of intellect. He was far from subjecting such unfortunates to any punishment or political disqualification; in fact, he defended their right to their opinions, but bespoke for them tenderness of treatment on account of their defect of understanding.

This serves to show how difficult it is for persons strongly persuaded of the truth of their own views to understand the veracity and competency of those who dissent from them. The Agnostic is free from this opinionative superciliousness. He knows that Theist and Atheist must have sufficient evidence of fact or inference before them to answer their requirements. The vehemence of their adhesions sufficiently shows that The Agnostic neither decries them nor disparages them, but frankly says he is not of their way of thinking. Their evidence is not sufficient for him, and he would lie if he pretended it was. By the simple word "Agnostic" he indicates that his scruples are those of truth.

When I was a young man I was one of a group who gave the public notice that "we warred not with the Church, but with the altar; not with the forms of worship, but with worship itself; not with the attributes, but the existence, of Deity." So uncompromising a declaration of Atheism has not been made since. When myself and four of my colleagues were in prison we stood by that avowal. At that time I knew little about Atheism, but I well understood the right of the free publicity of Atheistic

opinion and I defended that right. Because I defended the right it was concluded that I was of that opinion. If I defend the right to sell venison, it does not follow that I care to eat it; but others may like it, and I am for those having it who prefer it. But in those days no one believed in such distinctions, just as many now see no distinction between Agnosticism and Atheism. It is the wide distinction between knowing and not knowing.

The term "Agnostic" has changed the character of theology among all educated thinkers. Like Newton's law of gravitation, or Darwin's theory of development, the Agnostic question, "Are you sure?" comes into every mind. It begets tolerance when the difficulty of certitude is met. If men were to limit their words to what they know, three-fourths of all the literature of theology would have to be struck out. Thousands of differences of opinion would disappear as by magic if touched by the Agnostic wand of sureness.

Agnosticism means scrupulousness and truth.

THE EARTH NOT BORN OF THE SUN.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

SOME years ago there appeared in this Magazine a monogram, prepared by myself, entitled "The Earth Not Created: Fallacy of All Cosmic Theories." This the publisher put into pamphlet form for sale, but I am not informed that it is gone beyond the forty-ninth edition. I



DANIEL K. TENNEY.

undertook to establish, in that paper, the following propositions:

1. The nebular theory of creation is without substantial foundation; is absolutely negated by demonstrated truths and should be abandoned by all candid minds.

2. The suns and planets are eternal entities and not the concentrated product of intensely heated material, originally circulating through the realms of space.

3. Neither the sun nor any other of the celestial orbs, are gaseous or intensely heated bodies, and do not reflect heat or light, as such, to illuminate or warm the earth.

4. The earth is not cooling off,

nor is any other part of the universe.

5. The sun, the earth, and all the other celestial spheres, by their illimitable whirl, necessarily operate as dynamos, producing an interchange of electro-magnetic currents with all other bodies of proper polarity. Their movement is caused and controlled by the influence of these currents. Indeed, the forces thus manifest are the controlling power of the universe.

6. Between the sun and earth and between the other celestial bodies of proper polarity, there are ceaselessly interchanging currents of electro-magnetic energy, which, when entering the atmosphere of one another, are thereby retarded and thus engender the heat and light which we so much enjoy, just as the retardation of electricity through the coil of an incandescent lamp, engenders light and heat for our use.

7. The earth was never cast off from the sun. Its internal heat is not thus derived, but is caused by the intense gravital pressure of the

overlying matter, thus continuing such heat, practically uniform, from eternity to eternity.

8. By reason of this internal heat and descending moisture, steam is continually engendered, causing earthquakes, volcanoes, hot springs and the like, which set free from the interior and cast upon the surface, molten or other intensely heated matter, whose place, in the interior, is continually resupplied with matter settling down from nearer the surface, necessarily so gravitated, to fill the vacancy. So there is a continual ascent toward the surface from the center, and a continual reciprocating descent from the surface to the center.

Notwithstanding my herculean efforts in "The Earth Not Created," to convince the world that the nebular hypothesis is a delusion, and notwithstanding the universal circulation of this magazine among thoughtful people, I perceive, from time to time, that some of them are not quite converted yet, but are still insisting that the universe proceeded from torrid nothingness and is to end in eternal frigidness. I do not intend, just as present, to restate my former arguments, or cite authorities in their support. Readers, sufficiently curious, can get the whole, up to that date, by sending to the Free Thought Magazine. I will say, however, that to me the propositions of some current writers, that the universe proceeded from a protoplasmic germ is too thin for comprehension. If it can be shown to have done so, then I want to know where that germ came from, so I can send for one! Evolution does not imply the existence of any such germ as that. It is safe to start with the worlds, in substance as we know them. Hitch on our evolutionary team, crack the whip and go ahead. If we drive the other way, we will surely pitch down the bank of everlasting nothingness and nonsense.

Not long ago the authorities in charge of the Lick Observatory, by means of a reflecting telescope, photographed the celestial orbs, or tried to. It is claimed, by some nebulous thinkers, that the pictures thus obtained confirm the truth of the nebular hypothesis. The result of this astronomical endeavor is thus stated:

"And especially among those mysterious and wonderful clouds of faintly glowing gases, called nebulae, has this telescope proved its exceptional power. Vast spirals, immense gulfs of blackness surrounded by luminous walls, intricate patterns of nebulous traceries, as delicate in structure as the finest lacework, beaded with stars, interlinked rings of light, gleaming like the phosphorescence of the sea, but each so stupendous in circuit that the whole solar system and many solar systems together, might be embraced by it; orbs of pale fire, whose gigantic whirling motion

and whose gradual compaction into new suns, under the pressure of gravitation, are all but visible. Such are some of the marvelous shapes and appearances that these photographs show."

In other words, they have been photographing the clouds in far off space. Will the reader please re-read that quotation carefully. Is there any evidence in it of the truth or falsity of the nebular hypothesis? Not a scintilla. We used to gaze at the "Milky Way," and thought that it consisted of a lot of nebulous unborn worlds, in process of gestation. Later, it was demonstrated to be composed of myriads of distant stars. That pictures have now been made of "wonderful clouds of faintly glowing gases, vast spirals, immense gulfs of blackness surrounded by luminous walls," and the like, indicates that the new telescope has got into another "Milky Way." When more effective instruments have been devised, this "Milky Way" will doubtless be converted into celestial Edam Cheeses, or, rather, into a multitude of spherical bodies, rotating in space, just like the rest of them. This universe is pretty old. There is no material for enlarging it. Even the repairs, continually going on, have to be made by a readaptation of the old stuff. There is no planet building going on, that we know of. There never was.

It is a good deal easier to get up a hypothesis than it is to prove its truth. When it was found that the hypothesis of Moses, that great divine scientist, concerning the creation of the earth and "the stars also," could not be confirmed by the affidavits of eye-witnesses, it was thought desirable to account for the creation in some other way. This was very natural. A hundred years ago Laplace, a great French astronomer of that time, projected the cosmic scheme known as the nebular hypothesis. He beat Moses most decidedly, for there are many things in nature which seem to conform to its truth. It should be remembered, however, that just one demonstration, distinctly antagonizing a hypothesis, completely upsets and destroys it. A considerable number of such have already been produced, as is completely shown in the pamphlet above referred to.

It is known to scholars that the atmosphere of the earth, for many miles in altitude, is filled with atomic and chemical representatives of every element of which the earth itself is composed. No doubt the atmosphere of the sun and other celestial bodies is in like manner laden. When the solar spectroscope is brought forth, to determine the elements of these distant bodies, the lines produced are simply indicative of the atoms floating in the atmosphere of the earth. No two products are just alike, but there is a general resemblance between them all. It is just pos-

sible that the atomic ingredients of the distant atmospheres may produce some effect also. But as the whole has to pass through our atmosphere, this must necessarily be the controlling element, influencing the spectral lines. Light and heat do not proceed from distant bodies, through absolute cold and darkness for millions of miles, and reappear here as heat and light again, nor are the electric currents proceeding from those bodies to us, laden with atomic dust or anything else. They are not freight carriers.

The electric theory of heat and light is pretty well established in the minds of many modern scientists and the theory of Laplace necessarily overthrown. But it dies hard. Scientists have their creeds and dogmas, as well as the churches. Some of them are very reluctant to question anything found "in the books." An eminent French scientist recently avowed, that "the most fruitful method of investigating is by imagining some hypothesis and trying to verify it, and by modifying it as new truths come to light." And he says that "the clearest scientific ideas, those which seem least subject to controversy and when addressed to the most enlightened minds, require not less than twenty-five years to establish themselves, and that the directing ideas of science usually change about every fifty years." In other words, this reads to me, "It takes about twenty-five years to get an idea into the head of a scientist, but when once there and found to be wrong, it takes fifty years to get it out again." Though science is infallible, the scientists are not. Though we owe to the devotees of science all our important knowledge, it cannot be denied that the scientific vehicle occasionally runs off the track and shakes up the passengers! I think it has done so in adhering so long to the nebular hypothesis. The change is already in sight. No cloud pictures from the Lick Observatory, or elsewhere, can stop it.

I have written this brief article because Brother Wakeman, of the Torch of Reason, has been wrestling with the subject, and though apparently concurring with my conclusions, as already stated, wants to hear from me concerning the recent cloud pictures of the Lick reflecting telescope. So I have thus briefly spoken.

Madison, Wis., October 10, 1900.

KILLING CHINESE IS MURDERING CHILDREN.

BY PROF. T. B. WAKEMAN.

THE PORTLAND EVENING TELEGRAM of Sept. 24th has the following sample of war resulting from Christianity:

"It would be hard to estimate the number of Chinese killed by the allied forces, but judging from what he saw and the statements of other responsible parties, the officer thinks that the number must be enormous. Mounds of earth, under which the Chinese were buried, covered the earth at intervals of every few feet for miles and miles on the way to Tien-Tsin. Corpses which lay on the ground were devoured by numerous pigs and dogs, and the stench was terrible.



T. B. WAKEMAN.

"The sight of the pigs devouring the dead Chinese revolted my stomach against any future pork-eating during my stay in China," said the officer. "I could not bring myself to eat pork, some of the ingredients of which, perhaps, was furnished by the carcass of a Chinaman, who probably was one of the lineal descendants of the royal

Confucius. I was informed by a Mr. Lord, a representative of an English firm with headquarters at Tien-Tsin, that he saw the bodies of thousands and thousands of dead Chinamen thrown into the river. This will show to some extent the slaughter effected by the allies."

That there might be no mistake about war as the result of Christianity, let us read Matt. 10: 34, "Think not that I have come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace, but a sword," etc., to verse 39.

The verse "peace on earth and good will to man," is a text corruption. It should read, "peace on earth to men of good will"—that is, to those who believe as we do. "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 16.) That damnation is the heart, soul and essence of all Personal God religions, and it simply results in the general murder of non-believers, for the more wholesale the murder is, the better. The sword of the Roman was succeeded by the sword of Christ and of Islam. Theism, and especially Monotheism, has made human history a sea of blood. At

bottom it is a license if not a command to murder. So has it ever been since Yahweh commanded the Hebrews to rob and murder the Canaanites, down to this day, when William, "by the grace of his God," commands his Germans to see that "no prisoners are taken," no quarter given, in the Christian murder war against the Chinese. The Christian Bishop, Cranston, is seconded by Christians and Imperialists everywhere, to the effect that life is of no great account in the "Christianization" of China.

The heart of every Liberal and of every Human ought to rise in revolt and protest against the whole of this bloody business, and the Christianity and greed which is at the bottom and the cause of the whole of it. Missionaries, and then traders, force their way among a child-like people, to outrage their most sacred beliefs, to beat them out of their property and lands, to force opinions and goods upon them which are destructive. Then when these children resent, resist, and try to shake off this interference, the Christian civilized nations go over and murder them by the thousands, if not millions, in a war which would disgrace a savage, because no quarter is given—"no prisoners to be taken!" Then we at home sing "te deum," and glorify and pension the butchers!

The heart is not human that is not sick of this whole accursed business! The slave trade was pure and white in comparison; then the victim had some chance for life, civilization, and even the ultimate "blessing of Christianity." Now the Christian carries the black flag! His mission is one of pure, silent death in order to populate his Hell for the glory of his God.

And whom are they murdering? Simply children, as we have said above; for such they are, and only are, under the laws of evolution, history, civilization, international and American law, common humanity and morality.

Our Christian statesmen are treating these fetichistic Chinese peoples and their patriarchal governments, just as though they were a consolidated European nation. The masses of the Chinese do not understand what is being done with them, nor what for, any more than the inmates of a "kindergarten" would under similar circumstances. By American and all human laws, all of the peoples in the earlier stages of evolution are the "wards" of those who have evolved further on, and who pretend to be civilized. The present extent and value of our civilization will be tested by the way this "wardship" is exercised. Our Supreme Court declared, on the grounds above intimated, that the Indians were the wards of the United States, but we have made a poor fist in exercising our ward-

ship over them, because we allowed the Christians and settlers to boss the job, and they soon discovered that "the only good Indian was a dead one," and acted accordingly.

But, we are asked, must not the Chinese peoples be held responsible for what is done among them, just as Germany, Britain, France or the United States would be? Is not "equality-equity" among nations, just as it is among suitors in our courts of equity, or among our states and civilized nations? The law of evolution and wardship answers decidedly, No! Equality is equity among equals, but among unequals it is exactly the reverse. To act towards or to treat a child as an adult is to abuse, torture and kill him. To treat a people in the earlier or childish stages of evolution as though it was a grown-up member of the great international human family, is to commit the same blunder in sociology, law and morals; only on a tremendously larger scale, and with consequences, not intended perhaps, yet none the less terrible.

The great duty and law of wardship is to look out for the ward and his estate. Under international law, this obligation and rule applies to the undeveloped tribes and peoples. Just as the citizens of the United States are equal in their rights and before the law, so each nation and people is equal in its right to live and to have its life undisturbed so that it may evolve in the natural and most beneficial way.

It is our duty and advantage to show them peacefully the benefits of Science and Civilization as we did in the case of Japan, through Commodore Perry. And just as we keep the Chinese from populating and interfering with the welfare and growth of our country, so we should respect theirs; and if our missionaries and traders will force themselves there and in ways not wanted, and so are forced to leave, as we force Chinese to leave us, no war should follow. The privilege of travel in each other's country, and of trade fair to both, should be secured by treaty if possible, but not by force or war. The confidence of these subsidiary child-peoples, and the ability to benefit them, must be obtained, as in the case of children, by kindness, protection and helpfulness. Force, injustice, intermeddling, missionizing and war will only teach them the same, and make bloody barbarians of them.

The forcing of Christianity upon these fetichistic ancestor worshipers is a most cruel impertinence on our part, and death to them. Christianity has no sense of comparative religion, sociology, or of the international future of the human race. Secular statesmen should become the

managers of earthly and human affairs, and manage them "for the benefit of all concerned."

But the main thing for all to do is to realize that the Chinese are childish peoples, not a consolidated people; and that they are not a nation, nor empire, in our sense of the word; and that they have no modern motives nor ideas, nor language to express them as we have. They are, in the history of our race, what the Protoza are in early animal life; a lot of monosyllabic, coalescing family colonies. Like early Protoza in Biology, they remain socially the most numerous and the oldest peoples, but still only in the first and simple childish stage. The true picture and measure of them is their language of one syllable only, which after thousands of years is just beginning to form into words.

So it is with their ancestry worship, and all of their imitative habits and ideas—all "childlike and bland." And they should be treated like the grown-up children they are, and great and good things will come of them; for they are in many ways the most industrious, patient and best children that Humanity has ever had, and they should be respected as in her "holy keeping."—Torch of Reason.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

FANCYING the name of the Free Thought Magazine, and having been a Free Thought Spiritualist for these fifty years and more, and further having had the pleasure of this journalistic editor's acquaintance for a full half century, may I claim sufficient hospitality for the insertion



J. M. PEEBLES.

of several articles in your journal in the elucidation and defense of Spiritualism, as I understand it? Under no consideration would I presume to speak for the great body of Spiritualists, as I differ radically from many of them. To me naturalism and Spiritualism are in perfect accord.

Spiritualists, unlike churchmen, have no tutelary, human-shaped God to worship, no iron-clad creed, no priest-conceived confession of faith; but have a general declaration of principles, which probably a large majority of them accept. Upon one point all Spiritualists agree; and that is, the continuity of life.

They compare death to a rose, that, climbing up some garden wall, blooms on the other side; or to a bridge, the crossing of which opens into a world of conscious verities, peopled with innumerable intelligences, and with better facilities for development than in this preliminary stage of existence, where the poor often beg for bread, where hearts often ache and tears often flow.

If Divine Energy—Evolution—has lifted us up through agony ages from and through lower kingdoms; if it has pushed or pulled us, just as you please, thus far up onto the pinnacle of rational royal manhood, and endowed us with towering aspirations for further unfoldment, why should this benevolent law suddenly stop at death's door and drop us, consign us to the terrible doom of an eternal and merciless non-consciousness? Trust in the uniformity of nature and in the continuity of its processes, leads not only to a different, but to a far more rational conclusion.

In these clear, pensive October evenings I look up to those glittering, shimmering star-worlds, the moon with its extinct volcanoes, Mars with his canals, Saturn with his golden rings, and say to myself, Oh, how grand to see, to study the cosmology of planets heretofore unpressed by human feet; and further how delightful to meet over there my old friend of the Free Thought Magazine, and with him, relieved of the silica, iron, phosphorus, lime and other physical constituents, traverse together the ever-multiplying spaces of immensity. Is there an ideal that cannot become real?

The body has its uses in this primary stage of being, something as the husks have theirs while the corn is growing. But the body is not the man. I never knew a corpse to bury itself nor to plant evergreens over its grave. At death the conscious man vacates, moves out of its temporary tabernacle. Clairvoyants see it in the process of moving. Because others cannot is their misfortune. We sympathize with the wayside blind man, who cannot see the sun. "Where shall we bury you?" said the disciple, Crito, to Socrates when he was dying from that drastic hemlock poison?

"Bury—bury me," exclaimed the dying philosopher, "bury me just where you please if you can only catch me;" then he added, "Have I not often told you and the wise men that this body is not Socrates."

My sainted mother at eighty-nine, while sitting in her chair, slept into the higher life. Leaving her earthly tenement and catching glimpses in this birth-hour, of the spiritual world, and beholding the forms of welcoming friends, her own death-chilled face became wreathed in smiles. It was the soul's victory. In all my public life of fifty-nine years I have never seen the dying weep. The Hindu priest, while baptizing the infant in Ganges' waters, says, "Child, precious little one, you came into the world weeping while all around you smiled. May you so live the true, divine life, that departing, you may smile, while all around you weep." What mortals dolefully denominate death, the risen, robed in immortality, pronounce birth.

In the struggles and death-spasms witnessed in the last hour of mortality there is no pain. The nervo-contortions, the slow, deep breathings are but the efforts of the real thinking man to release himself from the disease-impaired tenement, unfit for further use. Study nature. In the hatching process, the growing, restless, unhatched bird twists and struggles to break away from its shell. The shell only dies. The released bird,

retaining its individuality, soon makes music in the lilac bush or the far-away forest.

The bodies of human beings die—not because some unhistoric Adam in a mythic Eden sinned, nor because the war-inspired Napoleon crossed the Alps; but because they are physical organizations composed of atoms, molecules, cells and varied other earthly substances; and, it is an immutable law that all such organized forms must in their time become disorganized, earth to its earth. Life and death, comparable to the co-related forces of being, are both equally beautiful when fully comprehended as the positive and negative sides of nature.

Ex nihilo, nihil fit—"from nothing, nothing comes"—is axiomatic. We laugh at the old Calvinistic dogma that God made the world in six days out of nothing; but if nothing cannot be made, or cannot become conscious, rational something or substance; the converse, logically considered, must be equally true, that something, conscious substance, real rational, substantial men cannot become nothing. Annihilation is unthinkable. The universe knows and can know no absolute loss. The word annihilation has fully given place to transformation. Once out, absolutely out of real, conscious existence, never in; and once in, never out, into unreasoning, incomprehensible nothingness.

The good and the true do not even for a moment in dying lose their consciousness. The erudite Judge Edmonds, of New York, whose spirit seances I occasionally attended a generation ago, had a warm personal friend in the Quaker Abolitionist, Isaac T. Hopper, who for months had been confined to his house by a lingering disease. The Judge, frequently calling, saw him one afternoon, and, though quite low, he conversed cheerfully, and the Judge thought he might live for weeks and months. At seven o'clock the same evening the Judge held his usual Thursday evening seance. An invocation was offered and almost immediately the hand of the Judge's daughter, Laura, was seized by some unseen force and wrote speedily, automatically, "I am in the spirit world.—I. T. H." "Who can this be?" was the passing inquiry. The Judge, looking, said, "Those are the initials of friend Hopper, but it can hardly be him, as I saw him but a few hours ago, and, though feeble, he seemed quite comfortable. It will take but a short time, I will go and see," exclaimed the Judge. He found Hopper dead. Returning soon, the lady's hand again wrote, "I am in the spirit-world and I quite fully understand now what the Apostle meant when he said, 'We shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed.' I have changed worlds, and met my friends that had passed on before."

This was not telepathy, not mind transference, nor miracle, but the direct testimony of one who had crossed the crystal river and reached the evergreen shores of that better land, of which poets had sung, prophets foretold and the existences of which, the intermediaries of to-day, demonstrate.

From the testimonies of the dwellers in those higher, invisible realms of being, I feel justified in saying that spirit-life is an active life, a social life, a retributive life, a constructive life, and a progressive life; consciousness, memory, reason and aspiration accompanying us thither.

The spirit-world is here. We are spirits incarnate now, crossing the bar, as Tennyson called it, we shall be spirits decarnate; having stepped up one step higher in the stage of evolutionary life. In those spirit-spheres there are refined etherealized fields, forests, fountains, gardens, groves, meandering streams, schools, lyceums, conservatories of music, massive libraries, art galleries, educational universities, congresses of angels, parliaments of savants and seers such as Confucius and Plato, Jesus and Epictetus, the Phrygian philosopher—everything to charm, to intellectually unfold, and spiritually enrich the once inhabitants of earth. These, and million other realities, refined, sublimated and adapted to those higher spiritual states, obtain in those up-realm spheres of a measureless infinity. This article must be considered as but preliminary.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

BY REV. E. F. ROE.

THE September number of the Free Thought Magazine contains an article on "The Decadence of the Christian Theology," by S. E. Chamberlin. Starting with the universally recognized fact that Christian theology is at present in a transitional state, Mr. Chamberlin jumps to the

conclusion that the complete downfall of the entire system of Christian doctrine is imminent. A little reflection will show that such a conclusion is not warranted by the premises. The mere fact of change is more an indication of growth or development than decay.



REV. E. F. ROE.

If Christianity were not sufficiently progressive to survive the most radical changes in its doctrine, it would not have endured until now. The history of Christianity shows that these very changes are the means by which it has been preserved. It never could have long existed in a fixed form, as some other religions have, for the simple reason that it is a living, growing thing, and requires the light of truth for its

development. Error and superstition can survive through long periods of time only by shutting themselves up in the dark and becoming fossilized. Christianity, more than any other religion, has manifested the spirit of investigation, and subjected its doctrines to whatever light the accumulating knowledge of the centuries could throw upon them. Hence, its continued existence proves its essential truth, as well as its capacity for progress.

It should be remembered that Christianity was not given to the world in a mature form, but as a "small seed" which was to become a "great tree;" therefore, in the process of its development from the original germ, radical changes should be expected. Christ placed no importance upon a formal and fixed statement of the truths which he taught. On the contrary, he intimated that the "new wine" of his ever-expanding truth would be continually requiring "new bottles" or new forms to contain it.

Christianity is not opposed to Free Thought, but is indebted to it for

its continued existence, and for its ever-increasing hold upon the highest intelligence of mankind. Protestantism, but for which Christianity could never have retained its hold upon the civilized world, was the direct result of Free Thought, and was a victory for faith, not for unbelief. Modern Freethinkers are not accomplishing the downfall of Christianity, however much that may be the hope and purpose of a few of them. They are, on the other hand, contributing to the permanency of Christianity by aiding in adjusting the Christian faith to the advanced thought of the age. That such an adjustment is both possible and inevitable, and that as a result Christianity will gain more than it will lose is the universal opinion of Christian scholars. Modern Freethinkers are the protestants of our day. There are more of them in the pulpits and pews of the churches than there are outside of them, and the result of their free thinking will not be infidelity, but a stronger and more rational Christian faith.

Why should theology more than any other science be supposed to decline with a change of creed? Every branch of science finds it necessary to change its creed as often as theology does, and there is to-day as much new science as new theology. The decadence of astronomy, or geology, or science in general, can be proved by the same kind of arguments by which Mr. Chamberlin attempts to prove the "decadence of theology." Evolution is as much "a stunning blow" to every department of science as it is to theology. But it is a blow which will give us a better science and a better theology. Instead of "destroying man's hope of immortality," evolution affords a scientific basis for the doctrine of eternal life. For, if higher and higher grades of life are gradually being evolved, perfect and unending life is the logical outcome of the process. If we have evolved out of brutes there is good hope that we will evolve into gods, that is, sons of God. The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, as exemplified in the Christ life, is the evolution of divinity from humanity, and but the carrying out of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. If, by a series of births, brute life has become human life, the doctrine of Christ that by a new birth human life may become divine seems more than probable.

Criticising the statement of Dr. Anderson that "the age demands a theology founded upon fact," Mr. Chamberlin says, "A theology founded on fact would be no theology at all; it would be secularism, nothing else, for nothing is known outside of nature; all else has only faith for its support." It is assumed by Mr. Chamberlin that we know all about nature and nothing about God. The fact is, we know a little and believe

much about both. How much natural science "has only faith for its support?" Modern science is largely made up of hypotheses which are accepted as science because they are believed, not known, to be true by scientists. Suppose there is nothing outside of nature; is there not room enough in nature for God and theology? Nature is as truly the foundation of theology as of any other science.

Christianity does not "rest upon miracles as violations of natural law." Christians do not regard the miracles as contra-natural, or against nature. It is not in the least degree essential to the Christian faith that the miracle be regarded even as supernatural, or above nature. If what has been believed to be supernatural turns out to be natural, what difference will that make? Natural resurrection of the dead, if it can be accomplished; will be as good for all practical purposes as supernatural resurrection. The more we know about nature the less need there is of faith in the supernatural. Modern science affords good ground for the faith that with nature all things are possible. And if that is true, and the Omnipotent God is found to be in nature, will He be any the less worthy of worship than if he were above nature?

If Mr. Chamberlin had written on "the decadence of the supernatural," his theme would have been in accord with the facts; for a decline of the supernatural must be admitted. But a decline in theology does not necessarily follow, for theology is gaining more from the increasing knowledge of nature than it is losing by the gradual elimination of its supernatural element. There is no intimation in the teaching of Christ that it was his mission to set aside natural law. He did declare that he came not to destroy but to fulfill the law. Modern Christianity interprets the doctrine and method of Christ to be the gradual working out of the redemption of humanity in accordance with natural law.

The Bible is only a product of the Christian faith, not its foundation. Christianity is founded upon facts in nature, history and experience, and the Bible is a record of those facts and experiences, together with teachings and prophecies based upon their significance. The language of the Bible is largely figurative, and therefore capable of being progressively interpreted. If this were not so, it would long since have been laid aside. As it is, each successive age has practically a new Bible without any change in its form. The creeds attempt to state the truth in exact language, and for this reason their continual modification is inevitable.

An appeal to history proves that religious faith can change without dying, and convinces the unprejudiced that it is destined ever to abide.

Further, a study of comparative theology shows that Christianity is the essence of all religion, and that, though Christianity proper began with the earthly life of its founder, yet it existed in germ in Judaism and the more ancient religions; and this suggests that Christianity in substance will survive all future theological developments. The New Theology, therefore, however much it may differ in form from the old, is and will continue to be essentially Christian Theology.

Lacon, Illinois.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

GREAT changes in the customs, ways and thoughts of the human race are of slow development. They are brought about only by changed conditions and environments. These changed conditions and environments are due to nature's action, which is ever slow. New thoughts lead to new environments. The intelligent man of to-day, except, perhaps, in physical appearance, is no more like the man of the Roman Empire, or the man of the Roman Empire like the man of the Egyptian period, than he is like the chief of the darkest race of inner Africa. While his outward and inward appearance may bear strong resemblance to such low order of the human family, yet he is very different in thought and action.

There are many causes which have led to this difference and turned the whole current of his thoughts into a different direction from those of earlier times. The physical and climatic changes are chief among these causes, and many of his changed environments are due to these causes. The great center of business activity has entirely changed. Many are due to his own acts—all from natural causes. His necessities have ever urged him onward, when free to act, and increased his wants. His wants have created the necessity for filling them. His wants have thus created the necessity, and his necessity created wants. Thus we have an endless chain constantly stimulating him.

The origin and rise of Christianity grew out of the necessity of the times in which it originated. It could not possibly have come into existence under different conditions. The conditions, surroundings and environments were such at the time as to allow it to take root and develop. Its survival is due to the environments with which its promoters surrounded it. No other surroundings could so long have perpetuated it.

Its conception of one, invisible, overruling God, in whom all attributes theretofore delegated to different objects or idols, struck a deep chord of sympathy in the minds of intelligent Romans. It could not then have taken root in Greece or Jerusalem, its alleged birthplace, or anywhere else, because there were not like conditions. Up to this time Rome had allowed absolute freedom in religious thought. Each conquered nation, or tribe, had been allowed to maintain its own particular form of God and mode of worship. After many conquests, the gathering of so many objects of worship, to each of which were attributed divine attributes, the thoughtful people began to look upon the whole subject of religion with extreme disgust. This was the condition, and these the environments, which gave to early Christianity such a mighty impetus. It was so much superior in its conception of God, in such broad contrast with the existing sacred objects of worship, that it soon became the religion of Rome. Had the Roman politicians let it alone, and allowed it to work out its own destiny, in its early simplicity, we would not now blush with shame, and turn with horror from the dark pages of history which record its innumerable infamous crimes. But the exigencies of the hour, and the existing environments of the Roman politicians, required that it should become a part of the state; worse than this, to maintain it, and to forever fasten it, and its promoters' grip upon the people, learning and knowledge were made a crime, punishable by most cruel death, and the sanctity of the home invaded by the confessional, and the rack, thumbscrew and fagot, applied in its search for doubters.

Before this time there had existed a very respectable civilization. By the withering blight of its acts all such disappeared in so-called Christian countries, and lapsed the race into more than a thousand years of barbarism and ignorance. Such were the environments which have caused this religion to linger with us yet. During this period, conservative historians estimate that more than one hundred million human beings gave up their lives on this account, and vast sections of country, once populous, happy and contented, became barren and desolate. History records no horrors which equal its crimes.

That we may form some estimate of the enormity of the crimes committed in the name of this religion, that it might maintain itself, let us suppose that every school, academy, university and place of learning in present so-called Christian countries, should be closed and destroyed, together with all appliances and text-books; that all libraries, public or private, should be burned, and the possessor of a book should be subject to

the death penalty; that every man or woman who should attempt to teach a child anything except the church creed, or who should advance any idea or thought, on any subject, not in accord with such creed, and the punishment for the violation of such a decree should be, not a term of short imprisonment but most cruel death, with confiscation of property, what would be our condition at the end of the first generation, the second or the third? Can anyone doubt but that the human race would be turned backward in full retreat towards savagery, and our now happy and prosperous land filled with woe, misery and desolation? Yet this is what our religion did for our ancestors for more than one thousand years, and would again do if the religious bigots were to have their way.

The right of individual freedom of action, thought and speech was crushed out, not to return again until after many generations had come and gone, and therefore the unfortunate victims were not to blame for their wretched condition. Having suffered themselves to lapse into this unfortunate condition, and become the prey of designing scoundrels, there was no escape except through what evolution might bring in the lapse of time.

Finally came the so-called reformation—a rebellion against the iniquities of the church head at Rome. It is an even question if this rebellion was not as much for the gratification of personal ambition as for the reformation of these iniquities. The barbarisms and cruel practices of the so-called reformers were hardly excelled by the promoters of the mother church. It seems to have been a case of "tit for tat." The atrocities of the one seem to have been no less cruel than those of the other. The sword, rack and fagot are not more evidences of virtue in a Protestant than in a Catholic. All the time this throat-cutting was going on there was little choice between the methods employed. It is not to the methods employed during this struggle that our times are indebted for the victory over such an accursed system, for if either had gained the complete victory a few years of such mastery would have seen a complete return to the old ways.

It was the awakening of the thought, feeble in its inception, that individual man had some rights which even the promoters of God's chosen church were bound to respect; an awakening from the long, silent sleep of centuries, to a realization of the fact that man's mind was not to be enslaved, and that in the fullest freedom comes his noblest development and greatest happiness. The discovery of America played an important part in this revolution, as it awakened him from his slumbers and quickened his

actions in asserting his natural rights. From this awakening has come a slow, steady advance. It has not always been a smooth, level path. Obstacles have been constantly thrown in its way; the road has been constantly blocked with many hardships and much danger. It has been a constant fight against bigotry and oppression. In this country, with the exception of the bigotry and sometimes wickedness which characterized our early settlers, but with less physical resistance, the way has been much more easy than in many European countries. The early laws which regulated the weight of the nails in Sunday shoes, and which forbade the kissing of one's wife on that day, demonstrated much religious zeal of a milder type, however, but hardly indicates that love of personal liberty for which they left the mother country. That church edict which required the child to be taken to the church and baptized on the first Sunday after birth, whatever the condition of the weather, materially increased the mortality among the innocents, but it bore its fruit in the opening of the eyes of parents to the absurdity and wickedness of the requirements of the church in this particular.

Having briefly stated the origin, and traced its history since, let us examine its present condition and from the analysis judge of what it is to be. At present it is in all stages of development, depending upon location, membership and local environments. There is a chasm of fully two hundred years between the Christian church of Spain, or the Philippines, and the Metropolitan church of our great cities, or centers of modern thought. This gap is filled in with all stages of development. It is like the mighty forest in which may be seen, almost alone, the mighty oak, spreading its projecting branches far out upon its sides, beckoning, as it were, the wayfarer to rest beneath its ample shades; its foliage so green and beautiful and dense that but little of the REIGN of superstition may enter and soil the garments of he who rests. Near it are trees of less proportions, and less inducements to offer, for there are large openings in the foliage for the REIGN of superstition to fall through. These trees are of a less healthy growth, but far more numerous than the first. Underneath the whole are the stunted, scraggy, sickly-looking trees, engaged in fierce battle with Nature for self-preservation. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, and each is sure it is the selected one. And so they quarrel and wrangle with each other, just as their ancestors did, and only few survive, for their environments will permit only a few to come out into the full glory and enjoyment of Nature's sunlight. There are all sizes, ages and conditions in this forest. And so it is with the church. In different

sections of our country there is a difference of almost centuries in its development. But a small part of its underbrush will ever be able to catch up to the advancing leaders, and what few do will find the leaders have kept on as steadily in advance. It is this underbrush—this mediocrity—that is constantly holding back the advance by exhausting the soil from which its roots are nurtured, and thus preventing its more rapid advance. This underbrush, dwarfed, sickly, weak and feeble, and, in the nature of natural selection, doomed to early death, is the great body of the ministry of the church, and is that which holds in check its more rapid advance. It is this which keeps the advanced thought of its leaders from a fuller discussion of modern conceptions of the ruling power of the universe, and from proclaiming, honestly and manfully, the scientific thought. This continual tugging at the garments of advanced thought retards its progress, but the wheel of evolution is ever rolling forward, although its speed is sometimes checked by obstacles thrown in its way, and gradually it, too, will come to the position now occupied by the advanced clergy; almost fifty to one hundred years behind it, however, while the intelligent leaders will have advanced into the broad, open fields of Free Thought, and reason, and gradually the backward will have come up to this point.

The church of this period will not be the house of prayer, or the fostering protector, or promulgator, of superstitions. It will not burn men, or ostracize them in society, or business, for opinion's sake. It will not play upon the credulity or fears of men, threatening them with dire everlasting punishment for resistance to its demands. It will be the house of reason, free and open to all. It will be the house of help, and sympathy and kindness, and no dark and blood-stained pictures will adorn the walls. The church of the future, in one or two centuries, when the survivors of the underbrush have caught up to the middle of the advancing thought, will be an attractive and hallowed place, in which all will be glad to meet once in each week, or oftener, and hear subjects of present vital interest discussed by men versed with full knowledge of the matters they discuss. It will be the schoolhouse of the adult, in which will be taught only those things which relate to man's present personal well-being. It will be so interesting and attractive that, while there will be no compulsion, all will attend. None will remain away, as many now do, because it will be a pleasure and a profit, not a dreaded apparent duty. There will not be then, as now, many deserted and abandoned church buildings. More than one-half of our people now absent themselves from church attendance because they are not in sympathy with its aims or objects.

The great growth of the fraternal societies, which have come into existence during the past twenty-five years, are a certain index of the many changes being wrought for the betterment of man, and they are exerting a great influence in lessening the power of the church. They stand for the present betterment, and the present amelioration of suffering humanity—for living ideals—not for past superstitions and uncertain, indefinite, alleged rewards beyond the grave; something that no one can by any possibility know anything about. Their objects are present help, charity and brotherly love. They care for each other in sickness, seek and obtain employment for those out of work, and provide for the care and support of the widow and orphans after the death of the husband or father, in substantial cash; not in empty sympathy or idle speculation as to the future destiny of the deceased. Their meetings are attractive, and are a quiet, beneficial haven of rest from the cares and responsibilities of every-day life. While many of their ritualistic forms are yet slightly tinctured with the superstitions of the past, still their teachings are elevating, and lead to a high order of morality. They teach and inculcate the true spirit of brotherly love and affection, and of equal rights and privileges for all. They are a band of brothers, united in thought and interest, for the well-being of each other, not from motives of selfishness, or the promotion of the individual ambitions of anyone, for their interests are for the benefit of all. There are many millions in this country, and in the Old World. Many of them are at present under the ban of the church. The fraternities make no war upon it in retaliation. It is a conflict of ideals, however—the old stubborn resistance to progress, but the outcome is not uncertain. Thousands of the members of these fraternities have rarely seen the inside of a church, and have no sympathy with it, and yet their daily acts and deeds, in nobility of purpose, far outshine their Christian neighbors. These fraternities, yet in their infancy, have a great mission to perform, in the bringing of the people of all countries together, without bloodshed or force, but by peaceable, quiet means, in one common bond of friendship and personal regard. As a slight illustration, let us refer to the Independent Order of Foresters, an International Fraternity, of Canada. Probably one-half of its 175,000 members reside in the United States, one-third in Canada, and the remainder in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, with a few in Norway and Sweden. Its membership knows no dividing political lines. Although its head officers are somewhat tinctured with the old superstitions, yet they know no particular religion. All are brothers, animated by the same grand purposes, and all feelings of na-

tional prejudice are rapidly disappearing among its members. The genuine feeling of brotherly love, engendered by one common purpose, the betterment of all, cannot help but promote friendship and prevent turmoil and strife. The closer together the people are brought the better they know and understand each other, and each other's motives and ambitions, and as we come to know each other better, past differences are forgotten, and we become friends, imbued with one common purpose—the uplifting and betterment of our race.

Men will, and should, unite for great purposes, and so the church of the future, dropping its present great bone of contention, individual future existence, and the roads that lead thereto, and looking only to the present happiness of the race on lines that are known, will be one which will bring peace, happiness and contentment in its fullest measure.

Madison, Wisconsin.

WOMEN SHOULD READ THE BIBLE FOR THEMSELVES.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

MANY years ago we desired to establish a Homeopathic College for women. A friend of mine, having inherited a million of dollars, I urged her to make a generous contribution for this purpose. She said she would consult her pastor, as she did in all her charities. After a few days I asked her what her pastor said. She replied, "He said, 'In all matters, consult your Bible; you will find there is no mention there of a college for women.'" I told her to read II. Kings 12, and there she would find the prophetess Huldah in a college in Jerusalem, thoroughly posted on all great questions of church and state. For a full account of her great services rendered in the reign of Josiah the King, read the third chapter in Part II. of the Woman's Bible, and there you will find a most interesting account of the great prophetess.

Again I asked the rich widow to contribute to the Woman Suffrage treasury, as we were holding conventions and having "hearings" before the Legislatures of several States, but her pastor said, "This movement is all opposed to the Bible and God's laws; we have no account of women going before Legislatures to plead for their political and civil rights; again I say, be guided by your Bible in all such matters."

"Tell your pastor," I replied, "to read the 27th chapter of Numbers and there he will find that the five daughters of Zelophehad went before the Jewish Congress in Jerusalem to plead for their rights of inheritance." (A full description of this great occasion will be found in Part I. of the

Woman's Bible, Chapter 5.) The arguments of these women made so profound an impression on Moses, the Great Lawgiver, that he retired to his closet and communed with the Lord, who said, "The daughters of Zelophehad are right; give them their inheritance." At that time family property descended only to sons, and went to the church when there were no sons; thus it was to the interest of ecclesiastics to ignore the natural rights of all in the female line. The reader should take notice that on the first appeal of the daughters of Zelophehad their demands were approved by the Lord and answered by their rulers, while the daughters of Jefferson, Hancock and Adams have appealed in vain for their civil and political rights for half a century. It would be well for our rulers to enter into their closets and commune with the Lord as to their duty to the daughters of the Republic. Whether the daughters of Zelophehad were more logical and lucid in their arguments, we cannot judge, as we have no report of their speeches. As so many pastors are responsible for the action of women, it would be well for them to peruse their Bibles more carefully before thus misleading them.

As the widow above referred to soon after gave \$20,000 to Princeton College, thus benefiting men instead of her own sex, we can appreciate the danger of ignorant advisors.

CHINA AND THE MISSIONARIES.

BY ROBERT N. REEVES.

A FEW months ago the world was startled by the announcement that the Chinese were about to massacre all the Christians in China. Christians of all nations were immediately up in arms thirsting for the blood of the peaceful followers of Confucius. It seems now that the first reports



ROBERT N. REEVES.

were greatly exaggerated. While, it is true, there was considerable rioting and destruction of missionary property by the Boxers, there were, on the other hand, but few lives lost among the missionaries and other foreigners. This fact is now being recognized by the heads of the various Christian nations, and everything points to a peaceable settlement of the affair unless the quixotic and hare-brained emperor of Germany attempts a religious crusade such as paralyzed Europe during the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The Chinese are not a bloodthirsty people. They are not warriors. They fight only on great provocation, and

it is for this reason that their nation has continued to exist while all the great nations of antiquity—the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek and the Roman—have perished. Not only have the Chinese people, as a nation, existed from time immemorial, but their laws and customs, and particularly their religious customs, have survived for ages and will no doubt survive for ages to come. Slow, conservative, industrious, time nor contact with other nations does not seem to work any change in their political and religious ideas.

"O mighty fortress! when shall these impenetrable brazen gates of thine be broken through?" was the mournful exclamation of the Italian jesuit missionary, Valignani, as he gazed upon the unbroken walls of the Chinese empire four hundred years ago. And the same cry has gone up from the throats of thousands of missionaries who have since worked as faithfully and failed as signally as did Valignani in an effort to Christianize China.

In China there is no state religion. The Chinaman, in religious matters, has perfect freedom of thought and expression. The people, however, for the most part, are divided into three sects—the followers of Confucius, of Leo-Tze, and of Foe.

Of these three Confucius is the greatest. He gave to the world a system of ethics that could be studied profitably by every age and people. These ethics are embodied in maxims in which there is an entire absence of the two empty chimeras that have beguiled and misled the religions of christendom—the conception of a personal deity and the immortality of the soul. Voltaire read the books of Confucius, made extracts from them, and found in them as he says “nothing but the purest morality, without the slightest tinge of charlantism.”

Leo-Tze, who lived nearly five hundred years later than Confucius, was also a philosopher of a high type. But his teachings are less practical than those of Confucius. He was more of a metaphysician, and believed in lifting the mind above earthly objects. Nevertheless, he wrote a book called the *Tao-te-king*, which contains about five thousand sentences replete with good, common sense and excellent morality.

Foe, the third Chinese philosopher of consequence, comes nearest the Christian conception of religion, and is therefore worshipped by the more ignorant and superstitious of the Chinese. He taught the transmigration of souls, and held out future happiness upon certain conditions such as donations for erecting temples, and maintaining Chinese priests called bonzes. Like the Catholic churches of Christian countries, the temples of Foe abound with hideous images which are looked upon by the ignorant with the profoundest veneration. One of these images is called *Shin-moo*, or the sacred mother, and answers that of the Virgin Mary of the Catholic Church. In fact, the forms of worship in some of the temples of Foe resemble so closely those of the Catholic Church that some of the Christian missionaries have said that the Chinese had formerly obtained a glimpse of Christianity from the early Nestorian fathers; but it is far more probable that the Christians borrowed their religious forms from the Chinese and the Hindoos and forgot to acknowledge the debt.

It is the doctrines, or, rather, the system of ethics, taught by Confucius and Leo-Tze that have made the Chinese so tolerant and peaceable a people. There is in these systems no Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Ghost, or any other absurdity to wrangle over, as there is in the doctrines of Christianity. The Chinese religion is a system of ethics, not a set of dogmas. That is why the Chinese have lived in their self-satisfied,

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missionaries sent out, and the amount of wealth wasted each year by this nation in an effort to convert the Chinaman to the superstitious doctrines of Christianity. And the worst of it all is, from a Christian standpoint, that with all this expenditure, there are but few converts, and those only from the lowest and most ignorant classes. Some of the Chinese become Christians only as a matter of curiosity, others—the more weak-minded—are converted because they believe the foolish stories told by the missionaries; others become Christian converts merely to enjoy the idle and easy life of the missionary, much as a certain element in our own country joins the Salvation Army in order to escape work.

Some years ago Thomas J. Hutchinson, consul to one of England's colonies on the western coast of Africa, asked a native, who had been converted to Christianity, and who for ten years had been connected with one of the missions there, what he knew of God.

"God," replied the native, "him very good. He make two fine things—one sleep and the other Sunday."

That is about the way the converted Chinaman looks upon Christianity. If he can be well housed and well fed, like the missionary, he is willing to carry a Bible about under his arm. It is for this reason that the more intelligent class of Chinamen hate, not only the missionary but the converted Chinaman as well; for they know that the doctrines of Christianity are not equal in practicability, in common sense, in real worth, to the sound ethics of Confucius; and they know, too, that the Chinaman who rejects the latter for the former is, in nine cases out of ten, doing it purely from a selfish motive. Christians need not be surprised, therefore, at the manner in which the unconverted Chinaman resents being told that he will everlastingly be damned if he does not accept the doctrines preached by Christian missionaries.

Science teaches that the religion and civilization of a higher race cannot be thrust upon a lower. In China the people, their speech, their manners, their customs, the country itself, are an inseparable barrier to the civilization of Europe and America. But so far as religion is concerned, the case is doubly hopeless, for just as a large bucket cannot be placed within a smaller one, so, too, that part of the Chinese religion known as Confucianism can never be absorbed and obliterated by Christianity.

We would, therefore, advise the Christian missionaries to withdraw from China and leave the Chinese to the teachings of Confucius. It would be better for the Chinaman and better for the Christians. If the Chris-

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THEOLOGY.

BY KATE KING.

THEY tell us since the days of old,
In language confident and bold,
That mankind have an innate sense
Of a Creator, so intense
That worship, faith, and praise, and prayer,
Come at all times and everywhere.
This fact alone, dogma insists.
Is proof, in full, that God exists.
That is to say, a mental act,
Imagination, proves it fact—
One simple act of Nature shall
Prove what is supernatural.
Bounded and boundless face to face—
A yardstick measures endless space.
Because the mind a hell can see,
Therefore a hell, in fact, must be;
Because the mind can see one heaven,
There must be one and may be seven;
The imagination sees a devil,
Therefore there is a Prince of Evil;
Imagination is no fraud,
It shows us, therefore, there's God,
This always has been and will be
The logic of Theology.

A MISREPRESENTATION.

BY GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE Chicago Inter Ocean's report of the Ingersoll memorial meeting, held by the Chicago Freethinkers, represents Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, who was one of the speakers, as saying:



GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

"Ingersoll believed in liberty so far as the church was concerned, but on political questions he seemingly was color-blind. The older and more venerable a political superstition was the more he would cling to it."

I take my pen in hand to inquire why Mr. Darrow should have seized the opportunity to say concerning Colonel Ingersoll what is distinctly and unequivocally untrue. He asserts that the older and more venerable a political superstition was, the more would Colonel Ingersoll cling to it. It is proper, I think, in these circumstances, to ask what the older and more venerable political

superstitions are. I imagine that among the more archaic of them will be found the notion that kings ruled by divine right, but the Colonel certainly did not cling to that theory. And another quite venerable political superstition is that which supports the so-called nobility in Europe and other monarchical districts; but something Colonel Ingersoll has somewhere said convinces me that his grasp on this particular superstition was not very retentive. Then the doctrine of the union of the church with the state might be quoted as a political superstition old enough to be venerable, yet Colonel Ingersoll never to my knowledge gave it his adhesion. So of slavery, one of the oldest of political institutions, maintained by the superstition that the Almighty could give one man over to the ownership of another. It finds no support in the utterances of Ingersoll. Evidently Mr. Darrow's statement was too sweeping. What he meant was that Colonel Ingersoll belonged to the Republican party, and he does not find the Republican party sufficiently progressive.

Mr. Darrow went from bad to worse. I get this item from Lucifer, whose editor was at the meeting:

"Among other things Mr. Darrow said that if Ingersoll were alive to-day he 'would be found in company with most clergymen calling for blood, blood, blood—the blood of Filipinos and Chinamen,' or words to that effect."

It is a pretty wild flight of imagination to fancy Colonel Ingersoll taking the side of the missionaries in the invasion of China, and I think that Mr. Darrow is too intelligent to believe his own words. I have read within the past few months all that Colonel Ingersoll wrote for publication. For the purpose of constructing an index to his Complete Works, I have scanned with care the seven thousand pages of his lectures, speeches, arguments, interviews, and so forth; they contain nothing to support, and much to contradict, Mr. Darrow's contention that if alive the writer would demand the blood of the Chinese.

Now as to the Filipinos. It is a coincidence that upon the last subject regarding which he has been misrepresented, Colonel Ingersoll set himself right in the last interview published and in the last of the letters that he wrote. On page 617 of the eighth volume of his Complete Works (I quote from the "foundry" proofs) is an interview reproduced from the Philadelphia North American on the subject of Expansion, and at the foot of the page is the melancholy note: "This was Colonel Ingersoll's last interview." The Colonel there says:

"I am an expansionist. The country has the land hunger and expansion is popular. I want all we can honestly get. But I do not want the Philippines unless the Filipinos want us, and I feel exactly the same about the Cubans.

"We paid twenty millions of dollars to Spain for the Philippine Islands, and we know that Spain had no title to them. The question with me is not one of trade or convenience; it is a question of right or wrong. I think the best patriot is the man who wants his country to do right. . . . We must act nobly toward the Filipinos whether we get the islands or not."

The interview is dated June 22, 1899, whence it appears that within less than one month of his death Colonel Ingersoll recorded his opinion that the United States had no right to the Philippine Islands by virtue of purchase from Spain; that he did not want then Filipinos unless the Filipinos wanted us, and that it was better to lose the islands than to get them wrongfully. Does Mr. Darrow think that anything has occurred in the history of our relations with the Filipinos during the past year which

should lead a man of Colonel Ingersoll's soundness of judgment to change his mind?

I am told that in a letter written so near the time of his death as not to reach its destination until after that event he repeated the sentiments I have quoted. He did not believe that Spain had the power to convey the Philippine Islanders to the United States, or that forcible annexation was just. He believed that the government of the United States was the best in the world, and generosity prompted in him a desire to extend it over as much of the world as possible, but he could see the similarity between extending republicanism by force and spreading the gospel by the same method, and he said he did not believe in it.

That there is superstition in old-line politics is so true that I myself would venture to affirm its presence; but away to the other extreme there is a fanaticism just as intense, and apparently not any more scrupulous.—Truth Seeker.

The following letter, written by Col. Ingersoll, July 20th, to the *Chester (Ill.) Clarion*, and published in that paper, fully corroborates what Mr. Macdonald says:

July 20, '99.—Editor *Clarion*: My Dear Sir—I inclose a clipping from your paper. Of course you copied it from some exchange. The words attributed to me I never uttered or wrote. "I have one sentiment for soldiers—cheers for the living and tears for the dead." This is mine—but all the rest is by someone else. It is true that I think the treatment of the Filipinos wrong—foolish. It is also true that I do not want the Filipinos if they do not want us. I believe in expansion—if it is honest. I want Cuba if the Cubans want us. At the same time I think that our forces should be immediately withdrawn from Cuba and the people of that island allowed to govern themselves. We waged the war against Spain for liberty—for right—and we must wear the laurel unstained. Yours always,
R. G. Ingersoll.

LETTER FROM PROF. J. A. GREENHILL.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:

MY object in writing what follows is to call the attention of your readers, especially those of a scientific turn of mind, to the fact that in an article published in the "Intelligencer," of Lancaster, Pa., H. G. Rush, of



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

New Danville, claims that the doctrine of elliptical orbits of the planets is an error. That, instead of being elliptical, the form of the orbit is circular, and offers \$1,000 to any scientist who will successfully combat his logic. His doctrine of circular orbits may appear to some to be a matter of small importance. But if true, it is a matter of great importance, in that it teaches truth instead of error, if it can be sustained; and of the two, truth is preferable, so that, in any event, Mr. Rush's theory deserves honest consideration.

From the above mentioned article we also learn that in consequence of promulgating his theory of circular orbits, Mr. Rush has received considerable personal abuse, ridicule, and attempted refutation, and so forth, from the acknowledged scientists of to-day.

That seems a little doubtful. Scientists may ridicule a theory, but would hardly stoop to personalities. Personal abuse is not the logic used in establishing scientific facts. Personalities and scientific facts have no necessary relation to each other. The scientist could not gain anything by suppressing knowledge, nor by persecuting the investigator. Science has no oligarchy to pamper by encouraging ignorance, and robbing the ignorant masses. Heretofore persecution has always been used upon scientists by the enemies of progress; never by its friends. And there does not appear to be any reason why the scientist of to-day should resort to tactics that were used by his enemies in times past. Many investigators in the past gave what was to them of far greater value than one thousand dollars is to Mr. Rush, in the support of the truth of their convictions, viz., their lives. But the truth of a theory, or doctrine, does not rest upon murder, but upon the evidence produced by the investigator while alive, and possessed of a sound mind.

It is to be hoped Mr. Rush will overcome any hallucination of which he may have become possessed in that direction.

I oppose the theory that the earth's orbit in space is elliptical, which theory has been recognized and taught as a fact for many years. The one

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REAL CAUSE OF THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

BY TOAN CHEN.

IT is said that the Americans spend annually \$200,000,000 in propitiating their gods and devils. I do not hesitate to say that the Chinese are able to do the same thing just as effectively for a much larger population for less than half this sum. If any doubt we Chinamen ask a competitive trial.

If your missionaries can show us any devices which would be more efficacious in keeping off devils, or cheaper or more expedient in propitiating the deities by prayers than those that exist among our important people to-day, then and not till then will it be time for you to send missionaries to China. All our superstitious practices are among the Taoists and Buddhists. The learned literary and official classes are all Confucians, and Confucius taught us to respect our ancestors and leave the gods alone. Confucius teaches us to have nothing to do with any one who pretends to have intercourse with the supernatural. We do not believe in any angels and demons, which are so common in all other systems, and it has often been said of us that because we do not believe in these supernatural beings our system is not religion at all. When first Jesuit missionaries went to China they did not attempt to meddle with the institutions of the country. They taught mathematics, astronomy and philosophical subjects. They were well received and made themselves popular with the Emperor, but as soon as they commenced to attack the institutions of the country they were ordered to quit.

What we require in China is scientific men—men educated in some of the concrete sciences that we do not understand to the same extent you understand them. We do not object to your doctors and we admire their skill; we do not object to your engines and neither do we object to any of your scientific men. The whole cause of the present trouble in China is because we have an ignorant and superstitious class of people, and the Buddhists, who have a religion almost identical with the Christian religion, and who are jealous of others who are bringing what they consider a competing faith. They feel exactly the same as the people would in this country if the Buddhists were to come here and attempt to supplant Catholics and Protestants. But what exasperates us more than anything is the immunity which the so-called converts have from the action of law in their own country. Suppose a Chinese priest should come here and it was shown that every burglar and pickpocket by becoming a Buddhist would become exempt from arrest; suppose the introduction of the new faith here should give the criminal classes a license to ply their trade with complete immunity from the action of the laws, would you submit to such a state of affairs? Why, then, should we Chinese be an exception to the rule?

It will be quite impossible to have peace in China so long as foreign missionaries are allowed to interfere with the institutions of the country.

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come from? How any adult person of sane mind, and possessing average intelligence, can believe this medley of nonsense, and mumble it over every Sunday in the Episcopal church, is one of the things I fail to understand.

Washington, D. C.



LIBERAL UNIVERSITY AT SILVERTON, OREGON.

Since the above cut was taken there has been much improvement, and still the work goes merrily on. The picture does not give a very good idea of what the building will be when completed, therefore this explanation. The top of the tower is to be raised about four feet, a balustrade built around it, and the roof changed so as to give it a much better appearance. Back of the tower is a large part of the building which does not show in the cut. It is as wide as the "east wing" and contains hall, office, library and primary room.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTIANITY.

REV. E. F. ROE'S article, entitled "The Development of Christian Theology," published in this number of the Magazine, we hope will get a careful reading. It seems the writer intended it to be a reply to S. E. Chamberlain's article that appeared in the September Magazine, entitled "The Decadence of Christian Theology." We consider Mr. Chamberlain's article a very able argument in favor of the Decadence of Christian theology, or, more properly, the decadence of Christianity, but we must say that the paper we publish from the pen of the Reverend Roe is a much stronger one, coming, as it does, from a Methodist clergyman in good standing in his denomination. It is an object lesson that ought to be read in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's article as conclusive proof of what Mr. Chamberlain states.

We have been taught to believe that orthodox Christianity was founded on the Bible, and that the Bible was the inspired Word of God, and that all who disputed that statement are heretics, or, in other words, infidels. But if what our friend Roe states be true, we have been laboring for many years under a great mistake, for Mr. Roe's Christianity agrees very nearly with what we have considered Free Thought doctrine. Heretofore we have heard it claimed, from all orthodox sources, that Christianity was given to the world by God as a perfect religion, but that it has since degenerated through the depravity of mankind, but the Rev. Roe claims that it was given to the world by God as an imperfect institution, and has been greatly improved by human instrumentalities. He says:

"It should be remembered that Christianity was not given to the world in a mature form, but as a 'small seed,' which was to become a 'great tree' thereafter; in the process of its development from the original germ, radical changes should be expected."

Here we have another infidel idea, that Christianity originated from a "germ" and not from a God. It would have been a great blessing to the world if that little germ could have been killed before it sprouted, for it has caused more crime, misery and bloodshed than any other "germ" that ever existed. It is doing its perfect work in China at the present time.

It will be news to all of our readers, excepting friend Roe, to learn that:

"Christianity is not opposed to Free Thought, but is indebted to

it for its continued existence, and for its ever-increasing hold upon the highest intelligence of mankind."

Then I would ask the Rev. Mr. Roe, why has the church always and everywhere been the enemy of Freethinkers and Free Thought? Why did it burn Bruno and Servetus at the stake? If Christianity is the friend of Free Thought, why did it compel Galilei, the most learned astronomer of the age in which he lived, when 70 years of age, to abjure, by oath, on his knees, the grand discoveries he had made? We advise our friend to read Hon. Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," "Gibbon's History of Christianity," and Prof. John W. Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science." If our friend claims that the character of Christianity has changed since those works were written we would ask him, Why was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and why are all other men in this country, however great their abilities, debarred from holding a political office, who are avowed Freethinkers? Does that look as if the church was friendly to Free Thought?

Mr. Roe says:

"There are more of them (Freethinkers) in the pulpits and pews of the churches than there are outside of them."

We are glad to learn this fact, if it be a fact, but these men are compelled, in most places, to be hypocrites to retain their pulpits, they are not at liberty to say what they really believe, and we are sure our friend Roe will, mentally, admit this, but it would not do for him to admit it openly. We will suppose, for instance, that our Methodist friend should come to the conclusion that he would announce to his congregation, on some Sunday morning, his honest convictions and should rise in his pulpit and say:

"Brothers and sisters, I have decided to tell you, in a few words, my honest religious opinions. As to God, I am inclined to think there may be one of some sort, not personal, but I do not know. As to the Bible, I believe most of it was written by men, I am not sure but all of it was. As to Christianity, I think it originated in a 'germ,' very imperfect at first, but has been constantly growing better because it contains more Free Thought, and it seems that the more Free Thought we get into our Christianity the better it becomes. I can illustrate it by an anecdote. A farmer was advising his neighbor how to keep his stock at the least cost. He said, 'Mix sawdust with your meal.' Afterwards he met this farmer and asked him how his prescription worked. He replied: 'I have tried it and find that the more meal and less sawdust you use the better it is for the stock.' And to tell you the solemn truth, dear hearers, I have come to the conclusion that the more Free Thought and the less Christianity we have in our religion the better it will be for Humanity."

We think we have stated correctly, in a few words, Brother Roe's

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man. The policeman said to her: "If I arrest him you will have to go to the police office and testify against him." Maud replied: "All right," and went with the officer and prisoner, and in the court stated, under oath, what she had seen, and the prisoner was fined ten dollars. He paid the fine and left the court with the admonition of the judge that the next time he was brought there for that crime he would not get off so easy, and the judge highly complimented Miss Ingersoll for what she had done. Maud has many of the noble characteristics of her father, and therefore is held in high esteem by all who know her.

CHARLES C. MOORE ACQUITTED.

CHARLES C. MOORE, the editor of the Blue Grass Blade, we are glad to learn, has been acquitted. His attorneys moved the court to quash the indictment and the motion was granted by Judge Evans, the presiding justice. So Mr. Moore was permitted to go at liberty without the expense, trouble and perplexity of a trial. The judge, it is reported, declared that Mr. Moore was not guilty of publishing obscene literature, by publishing the "Virgin Mary" article, and as that was what he was indicted for, he must be discharged. But the Blade states that the judge said the article was blasphemous. We think that must be a mistake, as that question was not before the court for decision, and we understand there is no such crime known by the law in Kentucky as "blasphemy."

We were sure that Mr. Moore committed no crime in publishing the Kidder article, and we could never understand why any one should much fear a conviction. But, as Mr. Moore was duly indicted, it was, of course, well for him to provide for the worst. No doubt if the indictment had been sustained, and the case could have reached a jury made up mostly of Christians, a conviction would have followed, law or no law.

Editor Moore may be a better judge of what a Free Thought editor should publish than we are, and should be governed by his own judgment on that question, but as for us, we could never be induced to publish such an article as the "Virgin Mary" story, for we should judge it would hurt the Free Thought cause much more than the Christian cause. And we must say in our opinion it was in very bad taste to republish it in the Blade immediately after Moore's acquittal. But, then, tastes differ. We hold that the Free Thought cause is the grandest cause that has ever been advocated by the friends of Humanity, and its banners should never be allowed to trail in the dust and mire of that which is unclean and inde-

cent. That story is both unclean and indecent, and should never have been published in a Free Thought journal. That is merely our humble opinion.

CALL FOR ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE A. S. U. & F. F.

THE twenty-fourth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23, 24, 25, 1900.

It is expected that this gathering of American Freethinkers will be one of the largest and most important meetings yet held. One of the most successful of the earlier meetings of the Society was held in Cincinnati twenty-one years ago. To-day this city has a large and flourishing society of Freethinkers, who asked for this Congress a year in advance and promised to do all in their power to make it a success. The city is centrally located for Liberals east of the Rocky Mountains, special rates will be given by all the leading railroads, and it is believed that the attendance from outside will be unusually large. Able speakers will discuss the various questions pertaining to our work and every effort will be made to interest and entertain all who attend.

The present year has not been an uneventful one for our society. The advocates of a state religion have industriously prosecuted their work, and in some instances have been successful. On the other hand, we have won some decisive victories. In Toledo and other places the efforts of religionists to enforce the Puritanical Sunday laws have been successfully opposed. In Chicago a committee appointed by the Board of Education to consider the question of retaining the Chicago Bible in the public schools voted unanimously against its retention. In Kansas the Supreme Court has practically affirmed the decision of a lower court that religious exercises in the public schools are unlawful.

In California, which has occupied an advanced position regarding church taxation, the various religious denominations are clamoring for the exemption of their property. The coming election is to decide whether the people of this State will refuse to accede to the demands of the church or surrender to it.

Oklahoma, whose material development and large population of intelligent people entitled it to admission as a State years ago, will probably be admitted into the Union at an early day. Freethinkers, not only in this territory, but everywhere, should be interested in its adoption of a Liberal constitution. To secure the influence of Catholic prelates in the pending Presidential campaign, it is understood that the managers of both of the leading political parties have made important pledges regarding church denominations in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The redemption of these pledges by the successful party must not be allowed without a protest.

To pay the expenses of speakers, hall rent for nine sessions, advertising, cost of publishing Report of Congress, etc., will require at least \$1,000. Liberals in the past have generally responded generously to appeals for funds to defray the expenses of our Congresses, and it is believed they will to this. Contributions should be sent at once to Otto Wettstein, Treasurer, Rochelle, Ill.; E. C. Reichwald, Secretary, 141 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill.; or to the Editor of the Free Thought Magazine.

J. E. Remsburg, President.

E. C. Reichwald, Secretary.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL AND THE IDEA OF EVIL.
By Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Pub. Co. Pp. 496. Price \$6.00.

Dr. Carus certainly, in this book, "gives the devil his due." This work is magnificently illustrated from ancient and modern demonology, as recorded on monuments and in literature. It claims to offer a complete history and analysis of the idea of evil, with philosophical, ethical and religious comments. The author reviews the broad field of the conceptions of evil among the various nations of the earth. Beginning with prehistoric Devil-worship and the adoration of demon gods and monster divinities, he surveys the beliefs of the Summerô-Accadians, the Persians, the Jews, the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the early Christians, and the Teutonic nations. He then passes to the demonology of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, and modern times, discussing the Inquisition, witchcraft, and the history of the Devil in verse and fable. The philosophical treatment of the subject is comparatively brief, but the salient points are clearly indicated in every connection. The pictures will aid considerably the reader's comprehension.

"Public Opinion" says of this work: Dr. Carus' book is such a one as we should naturally expect from an author so well versed in the history and philosophy of religion. With his philosophy, his interpretation of the significance of the persistent idea of evil, and its evolution, there will, of course, be dispute. He is at odds at nearly every point with Spencerian ideas; at least he and all other deists believe themselves to be. But we can not see how one can accept in general terms the Spencerian theory of the evolution of the idea of God and reject the same philosopher's consistent theory of the evolution of the idea of Satan (or evil), in view of the constant parallelism between the two, which are indeed merely the positive and negative of moral influences. Fortunately for us, it is not necessary that we should enter into the details of philosophic disputes or weigh the merits of the several contestants' arguments farther than to grant that Dr. Carus here and in his many works on related subjects always makes the most of his case.

The most striking facts of the historical chapters relating to the devils of the earliest peoples of whom we know anything are the relations of the first devils to those that followed, and the fact well established by these researches that the transition from Devil worship to God worship marks the starting point of civilization. It is perfectly consistent with this that we should find later that the passing of witchcraft, and, generally speaking, of the idea of the potential, active interference of the Devil in worldly affairs, marked another long step forward. As to the proof produced that legends of the Bible are much older than they purport to be, Dr. Carus is of the opinion that this enhances their interest by showing that they were "a summary of long history, of anxious history and speculation, which would have remained forgotten had we not discovered the Assyrian tablets bearing witness to the aspirations that preceded the composition of the Old Testament."

Taking God as "the objective reality of existence regarded as the ultimate authority for conduct"—the standard for goodness—Satan becomes merely subjective, the standard of badness, and the personification of evil. As such he seems to Dr. Carus to be an indispensable and perfectly natural part of the personification of good. Satan is thus the voice of God speaking to the guilty, he is the instrument of the curse of sin. We "read a lesson out of the very existence of evil . . . and thus it becomes apparent that the existence of Satan is part and parcel of the divine dispensation." This is indeed a Satan of philosophic creation, and one scarcely recognizable among the many portraits here presented to us. But it is after all only the Satan that men have been picturing to themselves through all the centuries.

The history of the devil and the idea of evil go hand in hand; they can not be separated, but it is plain that it is the idea of evil that most engages the author's thought. He thus writes for readers of two classes, those who will be (at least at first) interested merely in the historical portions of the work, and those to whom the philosophic aspects of the subject most strongly appeal.

The illustrations with the notes enable us to trace the symbolism of demonology from Seth of Egypt, the Nirgalli of Mesopotamia, and the goat demons of Assyria, to the devils of Durer and Dore.

TOLSTOI A MAN OF PEACE. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago. Pp. 140. Price, \$1.00.

Rev. George Chainey, after reading this book, wrote to the author :

"Your Tolstoi held me captive. From the opening I could not put it down until I had finished. It has the charm of romance and the strength of truth. It introduces a noble soul in a noble manner.

"You have treated personality in the boundless spirit of universality. More than good luck must have attended you in your visit, for all your experiences seem to have been wonderful in their adaptation to the revelation of the character of this greatly simple and simple great men. I have read many others on Tolstoi, but your account might well be substituted for them all.

"You have made your easily flowing narrative alive with the Divine human and spiritually natural life of this Man of the North. I expect you have done so because you, a true woman, went to see and converse with a true man, not from curiosity but in the straightforward pursuance of your life's chosen task of seeking the good of 'each in all and of all in each.' "

GOSPEL FABRICATIONS. By W. S. Bell. Pp. 44. Price 15 cents.

Our old friend Bell has here brought out a very valuable pamphlet that he calls "A glance at the characters of the men who helped to form the four gospels." We know of no book that has been written that gives so much valuable information in so small a space on the subject discussed. It is a perfect digest of the subject, giving important extracts from many authors who have written on this subject. Every Freethinker should have a copy. For sale at this office.

ALL SORTS.

—S. E. Chamberlin of Wilmington, Vt., sends us the following:

"The Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, Moody's old coworker, bewails the decline of belief in the good old doctrines of the fathers in this wise: 'Many orthodox ministers are infidels. Many church members are just as eager as any in the rush to get rich. Many do not be-

lieve in the whole Bible.' He is about right. The advanced clergy and laity now reject myths, fables and falsehoods wherever they find them. 'With infidelity,' he says, 'goes gross immorality.' Suppose he and his coworkers should turn to preaching morality and less vicarious atonement; it might reduce the number of embasslers of pub-

lic funds, a large majority of whom are Christians. The experiment is worthy of trial. The Rev. says: 'Much of our literature is bad, but decent people will read vile books because they are the rage.' It would seem that a man who can read the 'Word of God' as recorded in I. Kings, xxi., 21, and II. Kings xviii., 27, with tranquillity should not be disgusted with the literature of the present age."

—The time was when Christianity stood for something, when there was no dispute about the faith held by Christians. The dogmas of orthodoxy were preached as Christian truths. Hell was once a burning fact, heaven an alluring reality. The devil was no myth, but an actual devil whose business of ruining souls was carried on night and day. God's wrath was a common theme of the pulpit and vicarious atonement a better way to salvation than all the roads of good deeds ever built by toiling hands and bleeding hearts. The Garden of Eden bloomed in the fields of faith as palpably as the peak of Monadnock kisses the sky, and Adam and Eve were the sculptured models of God's image carved by the divine chisel, and the whole Bible was God's word of truth to man. When we refer to these things now, we are informed that we are "behind the times;" that hell and heaven are "states of existence," not places; that the devil is only "a word to express evil"; that the Garden of Eden story is an Eastern fable; that man is "saved by character," not by faith; that it is "an insult to God to say that he gets angry;" and that "no intelligent Christian regards the Bible as all equally inspired and true," etc. With all these dogmas dead, we would like to know what there is left of Christianity.—Boston Investigator.

—"Pat," said the priest to one of his erring parishioners, "Pat, I was sorry to see you coming out of the public house yesterday."

"Sorry is it, yer riverence! Shure, ye would't be afther having me stop there thin."

"No, no, Pat; I am sorry you should go in, but I was thankful to see you come out."

"Ah, now, yer riverence, and how could I be coming out if I didn't be going in first?"

His reverence gives it up for the time.
—Secular Thought.

—A little lass, just four years old,
Whose pet dog lately died,
Was talking of him to a friend,
With sorrow mixed with pride.

"My dear old Shot's in heaven now,"
Half sobbed the little maid;
"But when he first got there, I guess,
The angels were afraid!"

"I think I see them running off
When Shot came trotting up
Their fine gold stairs, for he was cross
With strangers from a pup!"
—J. C. H., in Secular Thought.

—"Ah, Count, is it you?" said the millionaire, as he rose and extended his hand.
"I hope I see you well?"

"You behold me in ze grande health. Let us now to business. I loaf your daughter."

"Yes; you love my Kathalene."

"And I would marry her."

"I expect you would. How much rhino have you got, Count?"

"Rhino! Ze rhino?"

"Money, greenbacks, cash. How much can you settle on my daughter?"

"But zhat is mercenaire. I do not speak of money wiz my loaf. I loaf her all my life, but I settle no money."

"Then we may consider you out of it and my coachman in. He can settle \$1,000 on the girl and will continue to drive for me at half wages. 'Scuse me, Count, but this is my busy day."

"Then my title and my loaf was scorned?"

"You've hit it."

"And a coachman—"

"Knocks down the persimmon and gets the prize. Ta, ta! Boy will show you

out, and the electric car in the next street will do for you with neatness and dispatch."—Washington Post.

If the above was a true story we might think there was a little true democracy in the country.

—Kate Schaeffer, Kenosha, Wis., missionary, thought to have been killed by Boxers, reported alive.

It would seem that these missionaries have supernatural powers—that they can come to life after having been murdered, their bodies cut into mince meat and boiled in oil and fed to the dogs. This is true, if the reports from Shanghai are to be relied upon.

—Who dare say we have not "boxers" in this Christian country? The mob, probably, was instigated by orthodox Christians, who love their enemies; we do not believe there was an infidel among them. This is the account that we clip from the Chicago Tribune:

Mansfield, Ohio, Sept. 23.—(Special).—Two Dowie elders, Silas Moor of Lima and Ephraim Bassinger of Bluffton, were stripped of their clothing and painted with tar by a mob of 6,500 Mansfield citizens this morning. The two elders were roughly handled by the mob, and Elder Moot, who showed a disposition to resist, was beaten and kicked into submission.

After the tar had been applied the two elders were marched through the streets and greeted with cries of "Two little boys in black," "Hang them!" "Will you know enough to stay away from Mansfield now?"

They presented a sorry spectacle with great quantities of tar dripping from their hair and beards. The two marched arm in arm at the head of the procession, the target for missiles of all descriptions.

Moot's clothing hung in tatters. The right leg of his trousers was entirely gone and exposed the black tarred flesh. Both wore stiff hats, smashed almost down over their ears. Bassinger's clothes were not torn and he wore a mackintosh.

The two elders arrived in the city at 6:35 o'clock Sunday morning and were recognized as soon as they alighted from the train. They endeavored to hire a

cab, but were refused. The two started up into the city, but were soon intercepted by a crowd of 200 people. Moot showed fight and was kicked, pummeled, and his right eye and nose were badly disfigured. Bassinger was also roughly handled.

The two were taken to the Richland Buggy Company, a mile distant, and ordered to take off their clothes. Bassinger obeyed, but Moot refused and almost had his clothes torn from him in shreds.

The two were placed in a vat and covered from head to foot with tar poured over them with buckets and applied with brushes. They were then allowed to resume their clothing, and were paraded through the streets until a squad of policemen rescued them.

How would it do to withdraw our army from China to look after these Christian boxers here at home?

—The Rev. Eugene Zwinger was not in his pulpit of the German Lutheran Church in Hempstead, L. I., this morning, nor was Deacon Peter Grossman in his pew. The deacon had called upon the pastor to request his resignation, and had been met with a swinging knockout blow to which was attributed his remaining at home. As for the pastor, the constable who had gone to serve a warrant for assault obtained by the deacon reported that he was not to be found at his home. The most authentic information the congregation could obtain was that Pastor Zwinger had last been seen at Garden City, ten miles distant. The belief was freely expressed that he would never return.—Chicago Tribune.

—An exchange says: "A newly married woman in town kneads bread with her gloves on," and adds: "The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs it with his pants on, and unless the delinquent readers of this old rag of freedom pay up before long he will need bread without a darn think on!"

That editor's "needs" are fully realized by some Free Thought editors just now.

—International justice—we hear much of that now. A few hundred Christians locked up in Pekin, menaced by Boxers, startle the world, and its armies invade foreign territory, regardless of life or expense. In Russia and Roumania alike, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children endure continually what is a living death, but not a hand is raised in their behalf. No invasion of territory, none to risk his life, not any expense, were needed, but a firm demand of the powers that treaty rights be respected, will bring Roumania to her senses.

And the time will come when governments will have to raise their voices in protest! Not the claims of humanity alone will compel them, but imperative economic reasons. If those who are forced from Roumania crowd into other lands, pour into the cities and disturb the labor market and conditions of trade, the necessities of industry, unable to bear so large an influx of foreigners, will compel the powers to rise and demand that Roumania recognize as her children those born and nurtured on her own soil, and accord to them the rights of which she has cunningly deprived them.—The American Hebrew.

—That old functionary at Rome, who calls himself the Vicar of God, is in great tribulation. He says, among other things, in a letter to Cardinal Redpighi, Vicar of Rome:

In the face of these facts we feel, first of all, the need of publicly declaring, as we have done on other occasions, how painful is the condition of the head of the Catholic Church (who is) constrained to behold the free and progressive advance of heresy in this Holy City, whence should be spread throughout the whole world the light of truth and of example, and which should be the honored seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. As though the torrent of unwholesome teaching and depravity, which daily and with impunity comes from books, professors' chairs, theaters and journals, were not enough, to

all these causes of perversion there has been added the insidious activity of heretical men, who in conflict among themselves find accord only in traducing the supreme Pontifical authority, the Catholic clergy, and the dogmas of our holy religion, the meaning of which, and still more the august beauty, they are unable to understand.

Then there is that Bruno Statute, standing in plain view in the godly (now the ungodly) city that gives the old Pope an ague chill every time he is obliged to pass it. It is deplorable. Poor old fossil!

—Down near Alton yesterday, in the law-abiding State of Illinois, Rev. Owen W. Rose headed a posse of fifty men in a search for two negroes, with the avowed intention of lynching them if caught. The negroes had robbed, and possibly fatally injured, a relative of the clergyman. The Christ-like spirit which he showed in his vigorous efforts to capture and convert the offenders entitles him to some recognition, to say the least. It will possibly occur to the intelligent reader of the account that the reverend gentleman's usefulness as a dispenser of that "peace which passeth all understanding" may be materially lessened in the immediate neighborhood of the occurrence. China or the Philippines seem to offer a more suitable field for his particular kind of strenuous Christianity.—Chicago Journal.

Yes, that was very good in Brother Rose. He no doubt intended, when he caught the negroes, to first convert them, then hang them on a tree, and thus send them, by the shortest route, to heaven. Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

—A lady living on Remsen avenue owns a parrot. A new pastor has recently been established over the lady's church, and a few days ago he went to make his first pastoral call. The front door was open, but the Venetian blind door was closed, and Poll was in the cage just behind it. As the pastor reached the door, Poll said:

"Go away, please."

"But I wish to see the lady of the house."

"Go away, please. We haven't a cold bite in the house."

"You are mistaken. I am not a tramp. I wish to see the lady of the house on business."

"Go 'way!" screamed Poll, wrathfully. "Go 'way or I'll call the police. Police! police!"

This was too much for the minister, and he abandoned his call.—New York World.

—Husband—For whom are you knitting those stockings?

Wife—For a missionary society.

Husband—Please give them my address. Perhaps they will send me a pair. You know I am a heathen.

—The man who can sit behind docked horses when the atmosphere is charged with heat and flies, and feel no pity for the poor brutes, would have been at home with the rack or thumb-screw.

Is horse docking one of the "blessings of our institutions" that we propose to bless remote parts of the earth with? Is that one of the evidences of civilization that we are shooting into people on the other side of the earth?

Oh, ye devout one in church, who hath left cruelly checked and brutally docked horses outside, dost thou think that sanctuary or sermon will save thee?—Our Dumb Animals.

—Here is a Georgia boy's composition on the trouble in China: "China is a land of Heathens that would rather worship a wooden god that grins at you than go to church an' pay pew rent. My Pa wus a missionary in China. When the boxers commenced to box they knocked him out in the first round, an' he lost three fingers an' a brand new hymnbook with a bookmark in it. Then he comed home. He has still got 2 legs an' 2 arms left; though the mission board told him that he lost his head. He says home missions takes the cake."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Leon Mead in "The Conservator" relates the following conversation between Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, "which ran something as follows":

Whitman—I'm real glad you dropped in, Miller, old fellow. Why, you're looking as fresh as a ruby. Getting fat, too. The waters of the Pierian spring agree with you.

Miller—You old rogue, Whitman, I'd give the planet Jupiter, if I owned it, in exchange for your physique, your white mane and god-like brow. Well, how are you, anyway?

Whitman—You find me in linen fresh this morning, yet wet as water. I'm in a good, old-fashioned perspiration—a luxury I was afraid I'd not get in Boston. Do you know, a man who never sweats is generally a hard-fisted, miserable kind of a fellow. I never had any sympathy with a dry-skinned man. He will turn coward if you give him the slightest provocation. By the way, I went out to Concord yesterday to see Emerson.

Miller—Indeed; how is the darling old man?

Whitman—Pretty feeble. Yes, I stayed to luncheon with him and we had a mighty sociable time. He took me for a walk through his garden and grounds. Occasionally a fitful gleam of his former self would creep into his eyes, when some reference was made to his old friends who have passed away. His memory is quite treacherous. He began several stories that he had to leave unfinished—he was sure to forget the salient point.

Miller—That is very sad. By the way, the other day I put in a couple of hours with Longfellow.

Whitman—I want to know.

Miller—We had a square you-tell-me-and-I'll-tell-you talk about American poets and we agree tremendously. Your name was mentioned.

Whitman—Was it?

Miller—And we raked you over the coals for quite a time.

Whitman—Well, now, Miller, candidly, what does Longfellow think of me? Honest Indian?

Miller—He told me he considered you a genius.

Whitman—No!

Miller—Yes, and moreover he said that

you are not only a bright particular star, but a fixed planet of the first magnitude. He said you are a broader poet than the whole lot. He likes you, Walt.

Whitman—Now, you don't know how that pleases me, Joaquin. I always had an idea that Longfellow didn't care a rap for me. God bless him! (At this point tears were visible in the speaker's eyes.) Do you think he meant it all?

Miller—Most assuredly he did. He referred to your Song of Myself as a deep, esoteric gem. He expressed the regret that you are not more generally understood and appreciated.

Whitman—I have tried all my life to write for the masses.

Miller—Old boy, you and I are over the heads of the rabble. We stand on an eminence of our own making, and look down when we wish to see the world. In a word, we know we are great, and if other people don't know it, it is their own fault.

—An associate press from Utah states that:

"The free silver sentiment, so strong in Utah even two years ago, has died," said a Mormon yesterday. "You may make a mental note of this. The leaders of the church have had a revelation from God Almighty, and in the revelation it was disclosed that it is best for the welfare of the church that the church support the Republican party this year."

That looks encouraging for Bryan, for we have noticed the party that claims it has the help of "Almighty God" generally gets defeated. It is safer to rely on Hanna or Jones.

—"My dear," said the sensational clergyman, "I want you to write to the city editors and ask them to send representatives to the church on Sunday to report my sermon."

"Very well," replied his wife, who was also his secretary, "what do you propose to preach about?"

"I will strongly urge the abolition of all Sunday labor."—Philadelphia Press.

—The Bible was never in higher favor than to-day. Attacks upon its prestige

have necessarily multiplied with the universality, freedom and cheapening of the printing press. Since the age of Voltaire nothing new has been invented of great weight against the Bible. All later skeptics and scoffers have merely repeated the gibes, the arguments and the sophistries of predecessors in the same field. Ingersoll added picturesque ribaldry tinged with the slang of his day. This kind of criticism, no matter at what or whom directed, makes the loudest report for the moment and is the speediest to pass into oblivion.

No other book since its compilation has suffered and survived so prodigious and multifarious assaults as the Bible. The trenchancy of wit, the malignancy of analysis, the persistence of profane investigation projected at pretensions falsely imputed to its contents constitute one of the most imposing phenomena of every era since the foundation of the cult of which it is the paramount expression.

We clip the above from an editorial article in the Chicago Chronicle of Sept. 23. The writer is probably a hypocrite, who does not believe what he states, but is merely making a bid for Christian support. He ought to know that fifty years ago, very few people doubted that every word in the Bible was the word of God, and that now no intelligent man, even if he be a minister, believes that all of the Bible is God's word, and most persons contend that most of it is the word of man. Is that the reason that it "was never in higher favor than to-day?"

—Dr. David Clark of Springfield, Mass., one of the best friends of this magazine, sends us two years' subscription in advance and writes: "I think this will carry me through until I return from Europe. Can I do anything for you in France, Egypt, Italy or any other of the foreign countries?"

Special Dispatch to the World-Herald. Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 10.—Florence Pearl Voris, the pretty little 20-year-old daughter of Rev. G. A. Voris of Memphis, Saunders County, Neb., just recovered from the effects of a dose of belladonna, administered with murderous in-

tent, left Lincoln for her home with her mother this afternoon. Rev. Albert Bettles lingers to-night between life and death, the result of a larger dose of the same drug, taken with suicidal intent. Should he recover, as seems probable, it will be only to face the charge of attempting to murder the winsome country lassie, whom he persuaded to leave home and follow him. The girl's father is in Lincoln, intent on prosecuting should Bettles recover.

If Infidels were guilty of such crimes how the pious "Evangelists" would howl about the demoralizing effect of skepticism!

Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, in the September North American Review, says: "We declare, with entire conviction, that war, in any just and holy cause, is not only defensible, but is a positive duty. If all men were just, if all men loved each other, war would, indeed, be unnecessary; but, as law courts, and policemen, and prisons are necessary, even in the polity of a Christian nation, so, while the world continues to be what it is, the suppression of all appeals to the decision of war would involve the certain and absolute triumph of robbery, oppression, greed and injustice. The occasional necessity for the resort to war, in order to settle serious national differences, is recognized throughout the whole of Holy Scripture. There are whole books of the Old Testament which ring with the clash of conflict. In the Prophet Isaiah, we read that "the Lord of Hosts mustereth the hosts of the battle"; and the Israelites, though they knew themselves to be the chosen people of God and under His special protection, yet felt themselves bound to gather together the armies with which He went forth to war. Nor is it otherwise in the New Testament. When soldiers, on their way to a campaign, came to John the Baptist, he did not give them the most distant hint that their very employment was unlawful, nor did he bid them return to their

homes, but only commanded them to be just and upright. Our Lord never forbade war, from which He sometimes took His metaphors. He said: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." War is but the collective form of the age long, unceasing conflict of the human race against the usurpations of tyrannous evil. It is a fraction of that Armageddon struggle, described in the Apocalypse, in which the Son of God rides forth at the head of all His saints to subdue the machinations of the devil and his angels. Every just and necessary war is but an episode in, and a continuation of, that divine crusade." —Public Opinion.

—Bourke Cockran in his great speech in the Chicago Coliseum Sept. 29, had this to say on the Divine Rights that despots claim:

Now, no government is willing to admit that it rests its claim to authority upon the naked power of the sword, so we always find that despots intervene a claim of divine right; not being able to plead human consent, they intervene divine authority, and usually an absolute monarch is associated in some way with the offices of divinity. The Czar of Russia is the head of the Greek Church. The Sultan of Turkey is the chief prophet of an Oriental creed and the Emperor of China is the supreme head of a patriarchal family.

This necessity of intervening an assumption of divine power springs from the indisposition of any person to admit that he is taking the people by the throat and planting his heel upon their breast. This is the actual definition of despotism.

Now, Mr. McKinley is following the wake of all other despots. When he talks about despotism and Providence and divine interposition he is really setting up a claim of divine right, just as any other despotist has done it. But you perceive that divine right when it is openly avowed is much better than when it is secretly cherished, because when it is openly avowed it imposes some kind of restraint and limitation. The divine power, for instance, that creates a monarchy imposes

a certain responsibility upon it, and responsibilities are limitations.

—The history of the church is the history of the Christian religion, and it is one of the blackest, bloodiest pages in the history of human transactions. It has stood in the way of every reform, blocked the road of progress, and frowned upon every new discovery. For a thousand years it strangled science and nearly blotted out the last vestige of educational institutions. It tried to thwart the plans of Columbus; it ridiculed the idea of the circumnavigation of the earth; it denounced the telescope; it opposed the art of printing; it proclaimed a flat earth and pronounced curses upon the Copernican system; it imprisoned Galileo and burned Bruno; it has inflicted the most cruel punishments and waged the most bloody wars and been engaged in some of the most barbaric massacres that have ever disgraced the world. I am not to be blamed for these charges; they are the charges which history prefers against the church.—John Peck, in *Truth Seeker*.

—Special to the *Chicago American*.

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 5.—Lawyer M. F. Dryden, forty years old, formerly a minister, was shot dead at 2 o'clock this morning by his father-in-law, Thomas Workman.

Dryden had been drinking and was ill from the effects. His father-in-law went for medicine and on returning found Dryden choking his wife. He shot Dryden through the heart. Workman is seventy-two years old. He is a bricklayer and is favorably known.

Dryden was formerly pastor of North Street Methodist Episcopal Church, this city. He had abused his wife for years.

There ought to be some law to prevent the publication of such slanders against a man who has had a "change of heart" and preached the gospel for many years. If the truth was known, it would doubtless show that this wife deserved to be choked and abused for years. She probably refused to leave

her house work and join in family prayers, and it may be she thought that she better stay at home and look after her small children than go to church and hear her godly husband preach.

—A wail from the Vatican. The poor old pope is worried at the great falling away from the church in Italy. Thousands of Catholics are joining Protestant churches or turning Freethinkers. The king has been charged with being an Agnostic, an out-and-out Freethinker. The Methodists sing hymns at night and keep him (the pope) awake, and he looks out of the Vatican windows and on top of Bruno's monument he sees Bruno's ghost. Spirits of heretics haunt him by day and night. There is misery for him as long as he lives. Science has killed his best friend, the devil. Priests' occupation in a few more years, like Othello's, will be gone. Scientists will be the only priests. Reason, wisdom and humanity will reign. There will be no gibbets, thumbscrews, dungeons, or prisons for thinkers, and it won't be necessary for heretics to make the sign of the cross to save themselves from being murdered by popish mobs. Blessings and holy water will be at a discount. Contagion, disease, poverty and whisky—called holy oil when distilled by lazy monks—will disappear like mists before the sun, and in its place will be life, health and happiness, and man will have no terrors of revengeful gods or devils. Nature will punish only those who violate her laws.—W. W. Morris, in *Truth Seeker*.

—The sermon was on the downward path of a sinner, and the clergyman used the illustration of a ship drifting on the rocks. A jack tar who had strolled in became deeply interested. "The waves dash over her!" exclaimed the minister. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless! She is

drifting ashore! There is no hope! What can save her now?" "Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" yelled the excited seaman.

—Minister—I am sorry I didn't see you at church yesterday, Tummus.

Tummus—Weel, ye sec, it wis siccan a wat day it wisna fit to turn oot a dog in. But I sent the wife, sir.—Tit-Bits.

—Special to the Chicago Record.

New York, Sept. 30.—Forewarned that he would die in the pulpit if he continued preaching, the Rev. Dr. Gilbert H. Gregory passed away in the presence of his congregation at the morning service to-day in St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, Marble Hill, Manhattan Island.

The service had progressed to the singing of a hymn which precedes the sermon. Dr. Gregory rose and read three verses of the hymn. While the music of the anthem filled the church Dr. Gregory was noticed to seat himself, and then fall over one of the arms of the chair. Members of the congregation went to his assistance and doctors were called in, but the minister was beyond human aid.

If this had happened to an "Infidel" lecturer it would have been a clear case of "retribution," but as it was a Christian clergyman it was a case of "heart failure."

—The next number of this magazine will complete the XVIII. volume, and many subscriptions will expire with that number. We hope those of our friends who have heretofore procured clubs will go immediately to work to get up clubs for Volume XIX., and others who have never obtained club subscriptions will do so this year. At the low price of 75 cents we ought to have a good club in every town.

—Friends, when you are getting up a club for this magazine, do not fail to call on your spiritual neighbors.

They are fully with us in this world and many of them already take the magazine.

—Is not this number of the magazine worth a year's subscription?

—The Rev. L. A. L. Hanna of Shelton says the Chicago University and also the Baptist University at Chicago are hotbeds of heresy. Their instructors lead the pupils from the solid foundation of the old theology to the shifting quicksand of the new so-called scientific religion.

"Young men," he continued, "go to those institutions with a true, unwavering faith in the Almighty. Before long, however, they are shaken by the doubts of their tutors, who turn on the Bible the searchlight of science, and while not absolutely rejecting portions of it as untrue, they so hedge certain passages with doubts and scientific data that their teachings lose their weight, and their pupils become atheists at heart if they do not show their agnosticism outwardly."

The earnest speaker went on to say that the teachings of some of the doctors of divinity in the Baptist seminaries had become so plainly agnostic that it had been necessary to relieve them of their positions.

"The weeding out, however, is not yet completed," he concluded. "The seminaries still hold men who endanger the future of the Christian cause."

The above we clip from the Chicago American. This is an alarming state of things, and as Brother Hanna says, "endangers the future of the Christian cause," and he might have added of the minister's salary.

—We were pleased to receive the following letter from Hon. Cassius M. Clay, the well-known philanthropist and statesman:

"Whitehall, Ky., Oct. 23, 1900.

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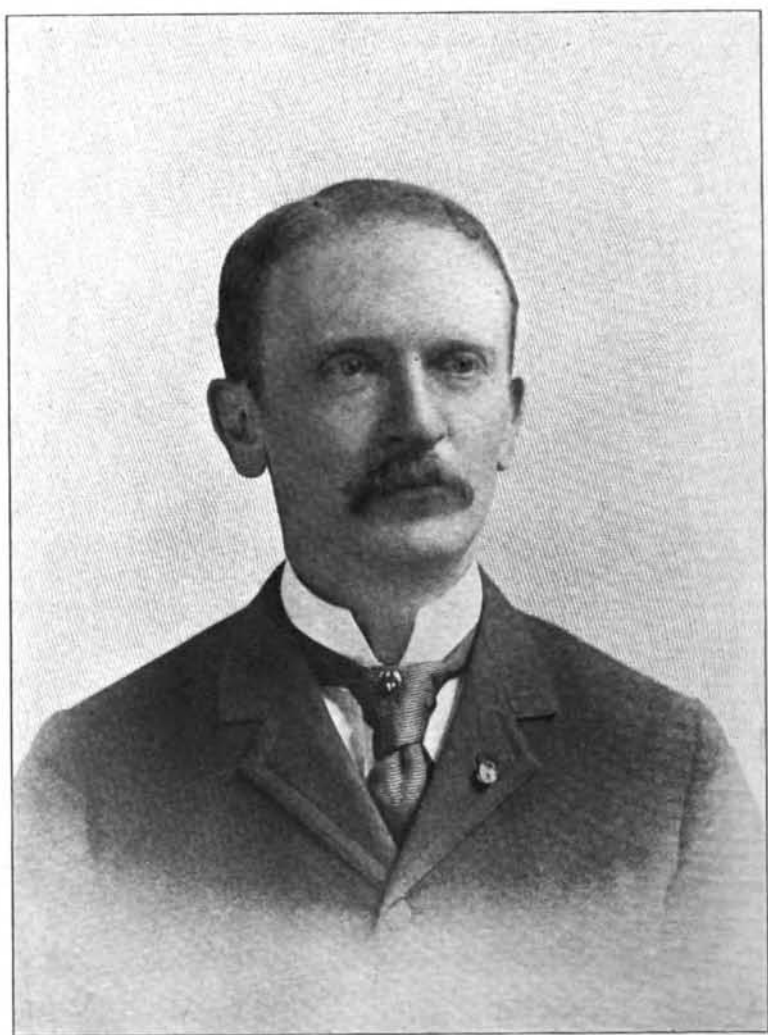
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FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1900.

THE EARTH NOT BORN OF THE SUN—IT HEATS ITSELF.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

CHAPTER I.

Criticism of Current Cosmic Theories—Age of the Earth as Shown by Geology—The Nebular Hypothesis Explained—Theory as to Sunlight and Heat.

MY purpose in preparing these pages is to stimulate inquiry on the subjects treated of; to show the fallacy of some scientific theories concerning the origin and history of the earth and of the solar system; that the suns and planets are eternal entities and not the concentrated product of intensely heated atoms, originally circulating in the realms of space; that the universe is not cooling off; to refute the current idea that the sun projects light and heat as such to the earth; to indicate that electro-magnetic force produces such light and heat and is the power behind all phenomena, and to show that the internal heat of the earth is caused by the gravital pressure of its crust. To some candid considerations bearing upon these points, I invite the attention of the thoughtful reader.

The origin of the earth is a problem which has excited the curiosity of men for many centuries. It has always stimulated thought, but can never be fully answered. With the cosmic theories and myths entertained by the ancients, we are pretty familiar: Every nation and tribe seems to have had one. They were projected in good faith by men deemed wise in their day, and, as such, are entitled to respectful consideration. All are now known to be false—most of them even laughable.

It has for ages been a brilliant speculation of cosmic philosophers that the universe is controlled by one ultimate principle of force. Referring to the probable demonstration of such a force, Prof. Agassiz once said:

"When the unitary science comes into the world, it will be something so entirely aside from our fixed habit of thought that it will find its first appreciation, probably, among men of large general culture, rather than among specialists in science."

Having given many years of study and reflection to the subjects here involved, and emboldened by the suggestion of so eminent a scientist, that

others than specialists may consider and perhaps solve intricate problems, I shall here criticise and endeavor to discredit certain cosmic notions of the wise men, and to establish in their place something, at any rate, more plausible. I aver, at the outset, my own judgment, that the earth had no origin, but is an eternal sphere, an integral part of the universe, in general substance precisely the same as it always was and always will be. The reasons which impress me with these conclusions I will endeavor to make plain.

The Conservation of Energy.—There is no conclusion of modern science more firmly established than that denominated the “conservation of energy.” It implies that the universe is both the product and the embodiment of intelligent force; that immanent energy and immutable law actuate and control the whole and every part, and that, though continually undergoing transformation, nothing in nature is lost. Invisible force is converted into visible matter. Visible matter is, in turn, converted into visible force. “All are parts of one stupendous whole,” without limit in time or space. The universe never had a beginning and will never have an end. To most people these propositions are not familiar. Let us see if we can make them so.

Age of the Earth as Indicated by Geology.—Geology is one of the most reliable of the sciences. More than one hundred years ago an illustrious pioneer in this field proclaimed:

“In the materials from which geological evidence is to be computed, there can be found no trace of a beginning, no prospect of an end.”

Commenting upon this, Sir Archibald Dykie, one of the most eminent of English geologists, remarks:

“It is still true that in the data with which we are accustomed to deal, as comprising geological evidence, there can be found no trace of a beginning. The oldest rocks which have been discovered on any part of the globe have probably been derived from rocks older than themselves. Geology in itself has not reached, and is little likely ever to reach, a trace of the first solid crust of our globe.”

The rocks composing the crust of the earth, whether sedimentary or metamorphic, disclose abundant evidence of animal and vegetable life, existing at the time of their formation. All such rocks were originally formed by sedimentary deposit, upon the surface of the earth, and have gradually subsided toward the interior. When reaching a sufficient depth they have been metamorphosed by the heat, engendered by the overlying mass of those later deposited. As an evidence of this fact, I saw in what are known as the “Glacier Gardens,” near Lucerne, Switzerland, a strik-

ing illustration. The natural rock in that neighborhood is limestone. In moving away the slight overlying soil there, for the purpose of digging a cellar, on reaching the limestone, several nearly circular holes were found in it, with diameters of from four to ten feet, or thereabouts, and about ten to fifteen feet in depth. These holes were filled with the ordinary soil. Upon digging down and removing it, at the bottom of each hole was found a granite boulder. These range in size from one to three or four feet in length. There is no granite other than boulders, to be found nearer to that point than seventy miles, the nearest being that in natural mass at the summit of Mt. St. Gothard. Geologists, who examined into the matter, naturally and properly concluded that those boulders must have been forced from that mountain summit by glacial action and transported to the point of discovery, where, coming in contact with the limestone, their movement was stopped, and by the force of whirling currents of water underlying the glacier, the holes in which they were ultimately found were excavated. There is nothing strange about this. Analogous phenomena are frequently visible in rapid-flowing mountain streams, where boulders and pebbles of metamorphic rock are often found, imbedded in the softer stratified rock beneath. But here is the curiosity. Upon breaking open one of these boulders, about two by four feet in size, with a cold chisel, there was found imbedded within, plainly and distinctly visible at this day, the fossil impression of a large palm leaf, almost as perfect in form as if the leaf itself had been preserved. How did that leaf get there? It was deposited in the sediment of some shallow water, in a tropical country. It was soon covered by other sediment, sufficient to prevent its decay. Other sedimentary deposits continued for countless ages accumulating above it. These, with the underlying deposits of previous ages, and those gradually accumulating above as well, gradually subsided for many, many miles, until that point was reached in the earth where the rocks become potentially molten. The fossil palm leaf made its impression even there. What is now Switzerland was certainly a tropical country, when that leaf was deposited. A change came. By cataclysmal or gradual disturbance, the metamorphic rock underlying that country and all the overlying sedimentary rocks, many miles in thickness, were forced upward and now constitute the Alps of Switzerland, capped with perpetual snow. Other ages passed away. The sedimentary rocks upheaved with, but overlying the granite, were worn away by wind, weather and other abrading forces, until the granite was exposed at the summit of Mt. St. Gothard. The climate had changed. Glaciers ruled and reigned. The little bit of granite,



whose history we are tracing, was broken from its surroundings, imbedded in the contiguous ice and moved along by glacial action, until clutched by the limestone at Lucerne, into whose depths it subsided, as before described. What length of time is indicated by the fossil career of that palm leaf? Some think it must have started even before the war! Evidence of former life in metamorphic rocks, which once occupied a place in the internal isogeotherm of the earth, are abundant under examination by the microscope.

Thus, the time required for depositing the stratified rocks known to geologists, is very great. Darwin placed it at two hundred million years. By more recent authorities it is estimated at six hundred and eighty million years. There is really no accurate basis for these estimates. It is only certain that millions inconceivable were the years covered by that portion of the earth's evolution implied by sedimentary rocks, still existing as such. This period, immense as it seems, is but a trifling circumstance in the history of our globe, as will later be made plain. There is no evidence of time or circumstance, when such deposits and such subsidencies and upheavals were not occurring. Why, then, do we find the scientists of the present century, with general concurrence, insisting that there was a distinct beginning to this planet? Is it for this reason:

The Nebular Hypothesis.—Early in the century the distinguished French astronomer, Laplace, projected a cosmic speculation, known ever since as the "Nebular Hypothesis." Gazing into the starry heavens through the imperfect telescopes then in use, he became satisfied that the sun is an incandescent ball of fire, eight hundred and sixty-five thousand miles in diameter, rotating in space, ninety-three million miles away; that all the planets, asteroids and satellites then known in the field of the sun were rotating in the same general direction as the sun, and that vast nebular masses existed in the heavens, which seemed to be planets or stars in process of formation. It was the universal thought of his time that the sun, seeming to be an intensely hot and brilliant body, transmits a portion of its heat and light, as such, to the earth and to the other occupants of the solar system. He knew also that the earth was intensely hot inside and cold on the outside, and that all space is intensely cold. Reasoning from these premises and philosophizing upon them, he stated as the conclusion of his researches, that, in the remote past, the sun must have been so much larger than at present as to reach out and embrace the elements of the entire solar system. At that time the planet Neptune, which is about three billion miles from the sun, had not been discovered.

THE EARTH NOT BORN OF THE

It is now asserted that two other planets of the solar system, precisely located, actually exist, at still greater distances from the sun. According to the hypothesis of Laplace, both Neptune and Uranus must be included in the scheme. All the hosts of heavenly bodies now occupy any portion of the vast diameter of our system, miles or more, had then no separate existence, but were ingredients of the great orb itself.

This vast globe of incandescent matter, the sun, was revolved in space, but surrounded by a vaster and more powerful realm of condensed matter, which the heat gradually escaped. The cooling periphery, by and by, was cast off by centrifugal force, gradually concentrated into the earlier planets. The sun kept on its course, gradually cooling at its surface, and from time to time cast off other planets, molten at the time, which afterwards assumed the form of oblate spheroids, and cooled down around their respective gravitational centers, until, at length, what is now the earth was thus cast off from the sun and ultimately assumed substantially its present form. Subsequently, Venus and Mercury were thus ejected and became independent planets. In the meantime the molten earth cast off its satellite, the moon. A host of other things occurred from time to time, which I need not particularize. Involved in this same theory was the idea that the boundless universe was also, originally, in a state of still more intensely heated attenuation; that out of such material the sun and all the stars and planets were evolved by cooling and concentration, though many of them, the astronomers tell us, are so far distant that it requires some millions of years for their light to reach us, and even these, they say, are only on the threshold of the heavens.

A necessary sequence of this hypothesis is, also, that the suns and all the planets are losing their heat into space continually, so that in time there will be none remaining. All will become absolutely dark and cold and incapable of sustaining life in any form. One writer says this fearful period, with us, will not be reached in four million years, but certainly will be less than ten million.

Time Required for the Exhaustion of Heat.—Now I submit to the candid reader this proposition. Let him consider and answer it for himself. The stratified crust of the earth, subject to the careful examination of geologists, has occupied in its formation, as will be hereafter shown, from one hundred million to six hundred and eighty million years in its

formation. During all that time volcanoes have been perpetually disgorging upon its surface its internal contents, accompanied with continuous volumes of heat entirely inconceivable. Earthquakes and hot springs also have all along been engaged in the production of a like discharge, from the center to the circumference. The earth is only eight thousand miles in diameter. With such continuous outflow of heat, how long would be required for the escape of the entire internal heat of the earth, to the surrounding atmosphere? The nebular theory indicates from one hundred million to six hundred and eighty million years. And yet, only a few thousand feet below, it is just as hot as ever! Does such a theory even approach the truth?

A Nebulous Universe Doubted.—When, more than forty years ago, this hypothesis was explained to me as actual truth, I was obliged to doubt it. My mind is not endowed with the capacity for believing strange things, except they are clearly proven. It did not then seem to me, and does not now, that the intelligent and eternal power of nature, by whatsoever name called, or with whatsoever characteristics endowed, had projected a universe as an attenuated hot mist, to finally wind up in cold storage. The scheme, however plausible, always seemed to me ridiculous.

General Acceptance of the Nebular Theory.—This nebular hypothesis, however, found immediate support with many eminent astronomers, and soon found general acceptance with geologists also. The science of geology was then in its infancy. It was thought natural for a globe, assumed to have been originally in a state of liquid incandescence, to cool off and form a crust on its exterior, retaining its molten interior. The earth was known to be hot inside and to cast forth from volcanoes vast masses of molten and incandescent matter. It was therefore agreed that the earth must have a molten interior, just as it should have on the theory of Laplace as to its origin. Therefore, also, that the nebular theory was correct beyond question. Each theory was thus summoned to prove the other. Nothing in then concurrent knowledge was inconsistent with either. Everything known conformed to both. For a long time these proofs were considered indubitable. Both are now known to be false.

Solar Light and Heat Imagined by Scientists —Let us examine some of the wondrous tales which have been told by scientific men in virtue of this singular hypothesis. It is assumed in all of them that the sun is a gaseous body of intensest heat and radiance, wasting itself into space from day to day.

Prof. C. F. Young, one of our most eminent astronomers, says:

THE EARTH NOT BORN OF THE SUN

"If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth, two and one-quarter miles in diameter, spanning the inaccessible ninety-three million miles, and if then the sun should concentrate power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour nor in but in a second. One swing of the pendulum and it would melt. Seven more, and it would melt off his own surface in a minute, with nearly fifty feet. To produce this amount of heat by combustion require the hourly burning of a layer of anthracite coal more than six feet thick over the entire surface of the sun; nine-tenths of a ton per on each square foot of surface—at least nine times as much as the sumption of the most powerful blast furnace known to art."

"The temperature of the sun was estimated by Secchi at eight million degrees Fahrenheit; by others, as low as three thousand; Rosetti places it at eighteen thousand degrees, which is considered near correct."

Prof. Langley, another eminent astronomer, says:

"The heat of the sun is enormous, beyond conception, for there is enough to warm two thousand million worlds like ours. Every minute there is enough of the sun's heat falling to the earth to raise to boiling thirty-seven thousand million tons of water, but the heat which thus falls on the earth is not one thousandth of one per cent of what the sun sends elsewhere, and all the coal beds of Pennsylvania, for instance, though they can supply the country for hundreds of years, would not keep up this heat during the one thousandth part of a second."

One of these days, when the heat of the earth is exhausted and that of the sun waning, our planet and all the others, in turn, will tumble back into the sun. They will meet with a warm reception for a time, but later the sun will freeze up also. Among the numerous scientific predictions on this point, I will quote the doleful prophecy of Prof. Miller, only:

"When the earth crashes into the sun it will supply him with heat for nearly a century, while Jupiter's large mass will extend the period nearly thirty thousand years. * * * Looking into the ages of a future eternity, we can see nothing but a cold and burnt-out mass remaining of that glorious orb which went out in the morning of time, 'joyful as a bridegroom to his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to a race.'"

Current literature has been padded with dolorous and shivery predictions of this character, ever since I can remember, and many are the glowing and gloomy pictures to which we have all listened with breathless interest, asserting a torrid beginning and frigid ending of all things. The subject has been one of interest to me. Study and reflection long since convinced me that all such talk is purely speculative and the theories imaginary. No two strictly scientific writers on this or any other abstruse

subject ever reach uniform conclusions. Their skyward views are exceedingly nebulous. Their conclusions, however elegantly uttered, must be received as hypothetical only.

Explanation as to Higher Altitudes.—If the sun is so terribly hot at home and projects its heat to the earth, it is not plain to untrained minds why the tall mountains, even those at the equator, are covered with perpetual snow and ice; that aeronauts have no difficulty in ascending by balloons to a temperature of zero, and that there is a known decrease in temperature and light for every one hundred feet of altitude. We are, indeed, told that the difference is caused by the greater rarity of the atmosphere there. This supposed explanation of the diminished heat and light of great altitudes, instead of showing that our heat and light proceed from the sun as such, shows conclusively that they do not. Our atmosphere is known to grow dryer and more rare according to altitude, until its limit is reached, supposed to be thirty or forty miles. Beyond the limit there is no atmosphere. If atmosphere is requisite for the development of heat and light, as stated, and as is undoubtedly true, then surely there can be no heat or light beyond the limits of that atmosphere. All must be dark and cold there. Heat and light cannot travel millions of miles *incognito*, as cold and darkness. Such a thought is the height of folly. But it is manifest that something does travel from the sun to the earth, which produces heat and light when coming in contact with our atmosphere, less at high altitudes and greater at lower. What is this imponderable and invisible force? Surely not cold heat and dark light, as claimed. Currents of electro-magnetic energy do the whole business, as I will later explain. It is urged that the rays of the sun are hot, because, by concentrating them through a double convex lens, a match can be lighted, gunpowder exploded, etc., at a focus. Such phenomena are quite familiar and may be produced even by using a piece of ice in proper form for such a lens, with the surrounding temperature far below zero. But it is not heat, proceeding as such from the sun, that passes through the lens. It is rather rays engendered in our atmosphere by electro-magnetic currents proceeding in cold and darkness from the sun and here transformed into heat and light. Surely heat, as such, cannot pass through a cake of ice. Electricity can.

How Far Can Heat Radiate?—But suppose we concede for a moment that the sun is as hot as the nebular hypothesis and most of the astronomers claim it to be. They say its heat is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion, every hour, of sixteen feet of anthracite

coal over the entire surface of the sun. Surely that would make a hot fire. Think a moment. How far away from the sun would the heat of such a fire extend? Suppose the earth to have such a fire prevailing over its entire surface. How far above would a balloon have to ascend to be beyond the influence of that heat? One mile? Ten miles? One hundred miles? Ninety-three million miles? The strongest artificial heat is about four thousand degrees Fahrenheit. How far would we have to stand from a fire of that temperature, on a clear zero night, to be beyond its influence? Not many rods. The best opinion of the temperature of the sun, it is said, makes it four and a half times hotter, or eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit. How many miles would such a heat be perceptible? Ninety-three million miles, we are told. Who believes it? Nobody nowadays ought to. Because our atmosphere is lighted and heated by influences mainly proceeding from the sun, it is assumed that it must be sufficiently hot and light to project rays of heat and light over the immense distance which separates us. No wonder that Secchi thought that eighteen million degrees of heat would be necessary. Light extends to a considerable distance from its source, heat only a short distance.

(To be continued.)

DISTINGUISHED DODGERS.

BY MRS. MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

BEFORE me lies "A Defense of Agnosticism," by our widely celebrated, deeply loved, most sincerely respected and truly revered worker for universal liberty of thought and expression, George Jacob Holyoake.

The above-mentioned article is in part a reply to my "Weeds and Agnostics," which appeared in the Free Thought Magazine for August. Mr. Holyoake's "Defense of Agnostics" deals me some pretty sharp raps; still, like a dutiful and reverent worshipper in the Temple of Truth, I bear in mind who my critic is, and if there is any tone of disrespect or thoughtlessness in this reply, which for reasons hereinafter seen I entitle "Distinguished Dodgers," I am unconscious of disrespect, my inner feeling being the opposite, since I never can forget that George Jacob Holyoake endured imprisonment even for my sake, not that he was conscious of my existence, but that the ills he endured were for the sake of every one in the cause of Liberalism as against persecution.

But now let us directly to the topic in hand. As I again reread "Weeds and Agnostics," and carefully, alongside of it, inspect Mr. Hol-

yoake's "Defense of Agnostics," I see I have been guilty of causing misapprehension and have—seemingly—made a rather base insinuation. This apparent position of mine is largely due to the fact that my distinguished critic has detached from the body of my article paragraphs and ideas which when detached give a different shade of meaning than they do when considered with the whole. This is the case in one instance, especially, when my distinguished and earnest critic splits a paragraph, quoting the last half but omitting the first half.

After having pointed out what he calls strange statements, the gentleman further says: "There is a still more singular passage by the writer in question. She says: 'I must assert that such men as Darwin and Huxley and Wallace and Spencer are not agnostics, though modesty caused Mr. Huxley to invent the name and apply it to himself.'"

At this point, mark you, Mr. Holyoake turns sharply on me and declares that I made it appear that the above-mentioned great men all "lie." Mr. Holyoake used the word lie, but nowhere in my whole article of "Weeds and Agnostics" does that word occur, and now, in defense of my own logic, I must insist on the entire paragraph being repeated. My words expressly are: "The name God being used to represent not only idealism in the mental and moral life of mankind but also the First Cause of all physical life, an essence still at work in the universe, I must insist that Darwin and Huxley and Wallace and Spencer and their ilk are not agnostic, though modesty caused Mr. Huxley to invent the name and apply it to himself."

Now there the paragraph stands in its entirety, and there let it stand. Its best defense is the very work of those men and their co-workers.

I declare if Mr. Holyoake has the assurance to dispute this point again, I'll "convene the court" and call Ernest Haeckel, Thaddeus B. Wakeman and some others to the witness stand, where (as I see it) they must prove me "not guilty" as to logic, or they will prove themselves "liars," to use Mr. Holyoake's word. I raise my right hand and solemnly swear it is my honest conviction that these men are not agnostic concerning the great combine, or Combine: Universe-Cause-God, and I further solemnly swear it is my honest conviction that of those three terms, "God" is the dependent, though (as above stated), "used to represent" the other two by a large portion of mankind (God or its equivalent in each language). Ah! there is another living witness of importance—Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer, please take the stand. Let's have this thing settled now, once for all. However, while waiting for these scholars to make

DISTINGUISHED DODGERS

up their minds whether to appear in my behalf or not, I shall earn as some may say, barefacedly, continue submitting my own evidence and convictions.

It is perfectly clear to my mind that when Mr. Darwin and like agnostics announced to a superstitionized world that the human race began with a perfectly constructed pair of human beings in an *Eden* garden of Eden, but at a time and place where no garden was possible, they were proving themselves not agnostic. Our beloved Mr. Holy asserts in one instance that agnosticism is a neutral state, and again, "By the same token," as the Emerald Islanders say, those men who are not agnostic who with one great motion swept aside the Bible account of creation and pronounced it as their judgment that animal life on earth did not begin with perfect specimens, either of brutes, birds or men, but began as a pulsing slime, a moving but (if I may be pardoned for inventing the word) uninstincted scum; particles evincing attraction and repulsion; in other words, the now scientifically-historical Amoeba, back to which is traced, link by link, through a long morphological chain, the origin of an expression of energy whose underlying forces were exceedingly simple and astonishingly far removed from any conditions that would necessarily imply the Big-Spirit-King-on-a-Throne idea, or, indeed, a Spirit-Being "hovering the face of the deep."

It was the dogmatic demand of Holy Scripture that men should suspend their judgment, and I say those men, notably Mr. Darwin, in refusing to suspend judgment, actually did find out a phase of ultimate cause. Yes, directed human attention back millions of years, to what one may be pardoned for calling a feeble expression of energy of some heat-ray; either a luminous ray or otherwise, probably otherwise.

I regret that in my article I spelled first cause with capitals, and, indeed, regret that I made use of the word "first," but instead simply "cause," and underlying forces and energy.

I hold with those thinkers who claim there never was a beginning and never will be an end, but only periods of re-casting of atoms or re-correlations of "some things" seemingly precipitated through, from or by ether. I notice scientists sometimes spell ether with a capital, probably for the same reason that they spell Sun with a capital.

There is much hair-splitting concerning the all-absorbing topic, ether or Ether, but there is no reason why thinkers should not come to

conclusions and announce them, even though they may afterwards prove erroneous.

The announced conclusions of one thinker may prove to be the point on which another thinker rests a "lever" and lifts a world.

Whether chemical elements can or cannot be transmuted into each other after they are seemingly formed remains, probably, a still open question. It will never do in this article to branch off onto such fine-point questions. What I want to insist on here is the fact that those workers who have plunged into what was once held as forbidden fields of inquiry and have brought to light new facts and thinkable ideas, theses, and announced the same instead of "holding judgment in a neutral state of suspense," may be placed among find-outers (to use a term where "discoverers" would hardly express the meaning).

I do not hold such men agnostic. Come to think of it, I believe Mr. Darwin handled with discrimination the idea implied by agnosticism.

The hull of the ship of Civilization is fairly warty with the superstition barnacles; the "thus far and no farther" barnacle; the "thus saith the Lord" barnacle, and how many more ruinous ones.

Mr. Darwin did the greatest work for the sanity of humanity that has ever been done. Though he directed his attention seemingly in one general line, he actually induced vital changes, modifications, reformation of methods in lines toward which he was seemingly not looking.

Look at the work he caused to be done by what may be called contagious inference and application. Humanitarianism was effected. The road of Robert Ingersoll was made less rugged, less thorny, because of what was called Darwinian Evolution. This is true, though Mr. Ingersoll did not for some years really apprehend the scope and inevitable outcome of the work of Mr. Darwin and his co-laborers.

Imagine what superstition would still be here had the first evolutionists refused to give the world their convictions. What if they had joined the despairing chorus of Prof. Du Bois Reymond and the school he led, the school that cried "It is no use to try; it is vain to think."

But here comes another assertion by not only some religionists but some scientists, viz., "God and the world are one." (Please interview Ernst Haeckel.)

I believe it and I infer that the much or little any one finds out concerning the world, the same much or little he or she finds out concerning "God," and creative essence, and whoso finds out anything concerning a subject or object cannot say "Toward this I am agnostic."

Mr. Holyoake says: "Among the uninformed and unthinking there is an impression that the term agnostic is used as a screen behind which lurks atheism afraid to show its face." Since Mr. Holyoake in so many words called me "unthinking," I take it that he charges me with believing that behind the term agnostic are lurking atheists afraid to show their faces.

This is too important a matter to be passed over, especially when coupled with the statement that I have virtually called agnostics liars. I am heartily glad Mr. Holyoake has thrown this shading on the subject, for we advance by being compelled to consider more than one aspect of a subject. By experience (not theorizing) I have come to have a high opinion of the people who are listed "atheists." I have not found them to be "lurking" kind of people, neither cowardly people, and this brings me to a question that I think worth considering, viz.: "Is every man a coward who screens himself? Is every man a liar who does not utter his whole honest conviction? After years of experience can we find no other motive than fear of self-injury for the individual who hides or stands behind some screen?"

Experience goes farther than theorizing, and pursuant of experience permit me to state that I have sojourned in many parts of the world, and have come in contact with many people of varying temperaments and methods of thought. I have met not less than three marked thinkers and many less conspicuous ones, who have admitted that the older they grew the more fixed became their convictions that there could not in any logical probability exist anywhere that which religious people designate as a Supreme Being, yet these men confessed that the longer they lived the more inclined they were to keep their convictions to themselves because they had found by experience that the name atheist, like a false alarm of "fire," had a tendency to produce a panic among people who had been thinking in restricted limits. Of the latter there are very many, yet they may have gone through college and may be looking inquiringly toward the field of science led by a semi-scientific religionist. There is, at least, something noncombustible about science. The idea associated with scientific methods is that of slowness, deliberation. The truth of this was fully appreciated by the brainy people above alluded to, and those very men permit themselves, to-day, to be referred to as agnostics, yet I do not feel that I should be justified in applying to them the terms "hypocrite" and "liar," because the said terms are so closely associated with intent to deceive for mean personal advantage, therefore I call such men dodgers, or, if you

please, "Distinguished Dodgers." The fact is, I have run across so many of these dodgers, who are moved by motives of kindness and discrimination, that I might truthfully apply to them the paradoxical words, "Honest Liars."

The name "Atheist" came into vogue long ago, and was made bad use of during the periods when superstition was especially panicky and hysterically dogmatic. Today the terms "Ethical" and "Agnostic" are received with no pre-association of active enmity. In my opinion the position of the atheist includes the positions of the Ethical Culturist and Agnostic—the non-idolatrous, the humanitarian position.

In regard to Atheism comes a point in Mr. Holyoake's "Defense of Agnostics" on which I must comment. My distinguished co-worker says that Atheism has no logical ground on which to stand. Now, as I look at it, any and all isms have logical ground on which to stand as isms which I take it signify the attitudes of people toward certain alleged facts or hypotheses.

Atheism does not imply either the ability or necessity of proving by exact science the non-existence of a Being-Deity as an All-Cause. Atheism simply describes the mental logical position of the individual minds who feel convinced within themselves (after reasoning on grounds of analogy and other grounds) that there is not a beginning, or, if there is, it is not to be described as a "God," a "Deity."

Mr. Holyoake complains of the dogmatism of the Atheist and of the Theist. Well, that is a common complaint, and I believe it is conceded that dogmatism is engaged in as a means of self-defense—a physical instinct.

Mr. Holyoake says the Agnostic waits for proof. The word "proof," however, is not as small as it looks, and I think I may wisely leave the suggested ground for another paper and another time enough to say that sincere logical conviction and matter-of-fact easily demonstrated proof do not always nor necessarily enter by just the same door.

Wasn't it Sir John Lubbock who found a tribe or tribes who could not in any way reason out that twice ten make twenty, unless they actually saw twenty objects, either goats or other things, led out in two rows or ten in each row, and counted them separately? Yes, there are people who are not capable of comprehending the multiplication table beyond the twenties.

Pardon me if I smile and say that beyond comprehending twenty there are tribes who are "Agnostic." Indeed, when we come down to cer-

tain "fine points," considerable smiling might be indulged in with better results than would come of irritation.

Just as I end this sentence, the morning's mail brings me a postal from Palo Alto, California. The writer of the card had been reading my "Weeds and Agnostics," and gives me a rap like this: "Do you remember the humorous lecture of Billy Rice? the lecture called 'The Whichness of the What?' In that lecture Billy said: 'You know nothing of this great subject, neither do I, therefore I will proceed to explain.'" Thus cunning arrows of wit and sarcasm more or less good-humored come whizzing along. Let 'em come; anything is better than going to sleep.

Glancing again at Mr. Holyoake's article, I see midway along a very sharply put question, in fact, two questions, touching the Free Thought Magazine of Chicago, and the Agnostic Annual of London.

"Are these magazines manifestoes of 'dodgers'?" inquires Mr. Holyoake. The question is certainly point blank, and I must answer in regard to the Free Thought Magazine, that it is not pledged to Agnosticism, which Mr. Holyoake defines as a 'neutral condition of suspended judgment.' This magazine self-evidently believes in uttering judgment. If you doubt it, then please "cross-examine" separately each monthly issue for the past year.

The fact of my own frequent appearance in the Free Thought Magazine proves that there is not much dodging about it. As to the Agnostic Annual of London, it must explain itself, and if it publishes Mr. Holyoake's article I trust it will be fair enough to publish mine answering it. I trust it will not "dodge" my reply as herein set down. Mr. Holyoake, I suspect, gave my former article a brief glance, else he would not have concluded that I considered the terms "dodger" and "liar" synonymous. I certainly insinuated that Mr. Holyoake and his like were "dodgers," but does it stand to reason that I would seek information of a man whom I believed to be a liar?

I expressly wished success to Dr. Gregory's Agnostic Church of Chicago. Does it stand to reason I would wish success to a church I believed to be a church of liars?

Does it stand to reason?

In which "balance" does logic belong?

That liars may lurk behind the term Agnostic is quite possible—liars and hypocrites in the common sense of those terms; that liars and hypocrites actually do so is probable, but I did not touch the subject from that

side, except sparingly, when I remarked that the term Agnostic, like the name God, might fall into misuse and abuse.

In my "Weeds and Agnostics" I insinuated the very complimentary idea that Mr. Holyoake and Dr. Gregory were in themselves sources of information, as was seen in my suggestion to "corner them and make them tell." I believe there is nothing we are more often taken aback on than an attempt to pay a compliment to some celebrated personage.

Well, I am happy to tell that there were certain bright readers of "Weeds and Agnostics" who saw the matter in the light in which I saw it. There are others, too, who, after reading the said article, have written me and expressed regret that I did not continue farther, and after stating the likelihood of "Agnostic" falling into misuse, continue to enlarge on that phase of the subject, the danger side of it, for there is a danger side, as more know than myself.

The danger side of Agnosticism is that of encouraging and inculcating a desire to remain in "a neutral state of suspended judgment" to such a degree as to contract the "leprosy" of apathy or lethargy. Do we not hear it complained of on all sides?

Mr. Holyoake complains of me as "unthinking," but he will not complain of Felix Adler as unthinking. It was in a public address of Mr. Adler that I heard what caused me to begin thinking of apathy toward these great themes being a kind of "leprosy." Individuals who have more "gray-matter" in their brains than I have, agree with my position when I say that the spread of apathy is in direct ratio to the assumption of Agnosticism.

On my study table lie Jewish, Christian, Ethical and Infidel publications. In none of them is the protest against apathy so sharp as in the Liberal journals. The complaint, "Why are our supporters growing indifferent? Can any one explain the lethargy so apparent now among Free Thought people?"

One answer is Agnosticism is come to be a fad. It is considered vulgar to have pronounced opinions. How many times I have heard the words "The ultra liberal journals are all right, the editors are fine men, brave men, but the truth is, we prefer to be Agnostic." When questioned closely they admit their views have not changed; no, they are just as ultra doubters of the Bible versions of creation as the editors of the journals they now refuse to take.

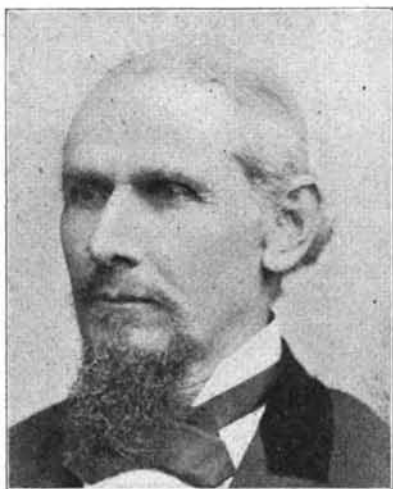
I believe I have ground to say that Agnosticism is going to develop a system of suppression. First in the breast of the individual taking that

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JOCHANAN BEN SACCAI.*

BY PARISH B. LADD.

JOCHANAN BEN SACCAI, the hero of this thesis, was born at, or near, Jerusalem, about twelve years B. C., consequently was about forty-five years of age when the Savior of the Christian world was apprehended, arraigned, tried, convicted and crucified. No other event in the



PARISH B. LADD.

annals of history has attracted so much attention, produced so much comment, provoked so much discussion, or has been the source of so much crime, so many wars, so much persecution and so much misery. No one, certainly, could have lived at that time in the province of Judea, yes, in the Roman empire, without having become cognizant of these events, if one-fourth of what is recorded of them in the New Testament be true. This knowledge, or want of such knowledge, must be thrown into the scales to determine the truth or untruth of the Bible records on this question.

More of this by and by. If, in this, we should vary our style of writing,

which may be characterized as judicial, the reader must not think we are dealing in fiction.

Judea has just been added as a province of the Roman empire. Pompey has left a garrison to keep order in Jerusalem. Two factions have sprung into prominence; the Pharisees and Sadducees are rivals for power. The Pharisees are poor, hungry and pious; the Sadducees belong to the opulent class; they hold all, or nearly all, of the real and personal property; they are conservative and cautious, they want peace and prosperity. The Essens, after absorbing the Therapeuts, have joined hands with the Pharisees. We here have arrayed against each other the two factions. The Pharisees are not only poor and hungry, but ignorant and supersti-

*The siege and destruction of Jerusalem. A contemporary of the god of the Christians, who never heard of the divine son of the virgin Mary.

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This Messiah, the king of the New Jerusalem, is to restore peace and prosperity to all of the tribes of Israel, who will then be gathered together in the holy city of Jerusalem.

Vaspasion has been sent to subdue the turbulent Jews, he has conquered all of the peoples of the smaller towns and cities, and now, with his Roman legions he lies just outside the walls of the holy city; being old and feeble, he waits for his son Titus, who arrives in due time, is put in command of most of this army, and is sent to lay siege to the city of Iahveh. Let us here leave Titus and call up the events which end in our hero's departure from the city. With the Roman armies advancing on the city, the Synhedrion adjourns sine die, Rabbi Jochanan Ben Saccai now joins the great body of the Sadducees and all urge and plead, in vain, that it will be but madness to attempt to resist the Roman arms, already thundering at the very gates of Jerusalem; they plead for their families, their homes and their possessions, as well as for the salvation of all of their people; they urge the Pharisees to join them and surrender the city, before it is too late. Titus offers to spare the city and its people on condition of their surrender, but on refusal he tells them that he will lay their city in ruin and treat all as slaves who resist his power. Ben Saccai now comes forward backed by all of the members of the Synhedrion and makes a last and final effort to save the city and his people from the inevitable fate which must attend their refusal to surrender; but all, all in vain. The Pharisees now vainglorious in their conceit and madness, boast of their prowess, their strength and ability to overthrow the Roman army, as they aforetime did the forces of Persia. Madness reigns supreme; the fatal moment has been reached, when this spark of frenzied fanaticism is thrown into the magazine, which is to forever blot out the Hebrews as a nation and send them as wandering Jews over the face of the earth, without a country and destined ever thereafter to be a sect, a despised religious congregation, wandering vagabonds among all nations. Oh, could these pharisaical, stubborn fanatics but see the inevitable, the folly of attempting to resist the powerful legions of Rome, how different might their fate have been. But all trust is put in Iahveh; did he not deliver them safely out of the power of the Pharaoh; did he not carry the torch in their exit; did he not part the waters of the Red Sea to allow his children a safe passage, while the rushing tide rolled over the Pharaoh and his hosts? And did not Iahveh support his children on the desert of Paron for forty years and finally conduct them across the Jordan into the holy land, where they built this very city, this Jerusalem that will, with Iahveh's help, last for all time?

Such is their reasoning, against which all the arguments of the Sadducees are of no avail.

Eleazar Ben Simon, the leader of the zealots, holds the city with the aid of 20,000 Idumeans, whom he has secretly brought within its walls. Jochanan Ben Saccai, having been the leader of the Sadducees, the chief justice of the Synhedrion, the special one on whose head the storm is about to burst, now consults with his friends as to the best means of escape from the doomed city; it is but the work of a few hours; the gates of the city are closed, a guard has been placed at each and all of the gates, with orders to allow no one to leave the city. Ben Saccai and his friends procure a coffin, he is placed therein and beside him is put a piece of stale meat; cracks are left in the coffin, that its inmate may not suffer for fresh air. It is now the year 68 of the common era. "About midnight, a solemn procession is wending its way through the narrow streets of Jerusalem. Two torch bearers in front, two in the rear, four strong men carrying a coffin; two men, apparently the chief mourners, walking at each side, made up the mournful parade. All orders are given in a whisper by one of the mourners. Why? That the peaceful rest of the departed be not disturbed.

Such caution seems necessary, as the corpse is already in an advanced state of decomposition, judging from the odor coming from the coffin. Although it is at the dead hour of night, the city is in an uproar, riots and even battles have just been closed for the day; the Sadducees have been defeated; the Synhedrion has been forever dissolved; Eleazar Ben Simon, the leader of the fanatics, holds the city at his bidding; "armed bands are patrolling the streets, and woe to him who, by sign, word, or deed, shall betray that he is in sympathy with the defeated faction." On meeting such bands the leader of the funeral procession whispers the pass-word and the torch-bearers are allowed to proceed. At last the gate is reached, where the pallbearers place the coffin on the ground; here the pass-word is given asking that the gate be opened; the officer in charge hesitates, he notifies the funeral party that he has strict orders to let no one pass; to which Ben Batiach, one of the mourners, tells the officer that the corpse of the chief justice of the Synhedrion is in the coffin and in an advanced state of decomposition; the officer demands that the coffin be opened that he may identify the corpse, to which the mourners beg that the dead be not disturbed; but the officer insists on his demand; a second officer approaches; the same request is made to him, but, like the first officer, he answers that strict orders forbid him to open the gate to anyone. A funeral is an exception, says Ben Batiach, and I vouch for the man. I was

present when he died, and if you doubt my word, trust to your own organ of smell; the officer sniffs the fumes of the putrid meat and is satisfied, but fears to disobey the orders of his superiors. Silence reigns; it is a case of life or death to the chief justice and his mourning friends; the critical moment has come; what is to be done? Jahveh must be invoked, the god of Israel is all-powerful, he has led his people out of Egypt and given them the holy land; will he not now come to their aid and answer the silent prayers of this pious band of mourners. A flash of lightning plays around the coffin, followed by a peal of thunder; the officers are terrified, one of the columns of the gate has been rent asunder. It is no longer the orders of the superior officers which are to be obeyed. Jahveh has spoken; his will no man can disobey. The god of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and of Moses has spoken; he has called down on the heads of recreant Israel his wrath; he has spoken in tones of thunder, and he has hurled the lightning which has played around the dead body of Ben Saccai. Let Jahveh's will be done. The gate is thrown open; the pallbearers and their friends raise the heavy coffin on their shoulders, and by the light of their torches slowly and silently pass the gate, which is at once closed. The officers take new alarm, fearing the vengeance of their superiors; they mount the wall and gaze in the distance, their eyes following the light of the torches to a little ravine, where the lights are extinguished; here in the darkness the mourners open the coffin, when Rabbi Jochanan Ben Saccai rises from the dead and offers up silent prayers to the god of Israel for his safe deliverance from the fury of a blind mob of fanatics. The footsteps of mules are now heard in the distance; every moment is an age; the animals are placed at the disposal of Ben Saccai and his friends, who hurry on in the darkness, and are soon within the lines and under the protection of the Roman army. Titus comes out to meet them, for he has long known that these men labored with their more ignorant brethren for the surrender of the city.

Another day has dawned; the Romans lay siege to Jerusalem; the third and second walls are carried; Antonio is occupied, and leveled to facilitate the approach to the temple, which falls by the action of fire rather than by force of the besiegers; the fanatical Jews flee to the upper city; the lower town, from the temple to the Siloah, is burned by the Romans; the upper city is taken by regular approaches with mounds and battering-rams. The slaughter goes on; men, women and children give up their lives for the folly of the fanatics, and to appease the wrath of the Roman sol-

diers. The once proud city now lies in ashes; most of its inhabitants, who have not been killed, are carried off and sold into slavery.

Now let us return to Rabbi Jochanan Ben Saccai, and follow him for a time.

Ben Saccai retires to a little town called Jamnia, where he and his friends for a time mourn over the holy city. Books at this time are few; Ben Saccai devotes his time to the instruction of the young Hebrews; he has a scribe to note down most of his important sayings. As he never forgets his connection with the Synhedrion, his themes are largely devoted to descriptions of his life-work as a member of that august body. Happy for us, these sayings of Ben Saccai have come down to our time. However disappointing it may be to the Christian world, not as much as an allusion can be found in all of the sayings of that learned rabbi to such a man as Jesus Christ, his apostles, or the new religion. Let it be remembered that the New Testament writers claim that their hero was tried by the Synhedrion and found guilty by that august body, then sent to Pilate for sentence; that Pilate reviewed the findings of the Synhedrion, thus acquitting the man, and then sent the case to the emperor, Herod, for his opinion, and that he confirmed the decision of the procurator, Pontius Pilate, which was, under the Roman law, an end to the matter. If the man Christ was a Roman citizen, and if Pilate had condemned him, he had an appeal to the Emperor, but not otherwise. The Synhedrion, finding the man guilty, having no power to sentence him, the case, under the Roman law, properly went to the procurator for sentence, whose decision, if in favor of the accused, was final, and the man was free, but if Pilate had confirmed the decision of the Synhedrion, then, and only then, would an appeal lay to Rome. The biblical statement is at war with the facts and with the Roman law. This, taken in connection with the fact that Ben Saccai, one of the very judges at that time, who would have tried and condemned the accused, never as much as ever heard of such a man, is conclusive evidence that no such man was ever tried before that tribunal.

Civil history, written when the events were transpiring, has brought down to our time the names of twenty prominent claimants to the messiahship. Simon the first, who lived shortly after the events ascribed to Christ, proclaimed himself the prophetic messiah, the king of the Jews, and as such he was received by the large body of ignorant Hebrews. He set up a government in Judea, coined money in his own name, and was gaining great reputation for alleged miracles performed by him when the Emperor Hadrian sent an army against him, shut him up in a small

town called Bither, where his blind followers were routed and he was put to death. Nineteen others of note followed him, whose biographies, in detail, have come down to our time in civil history. The historians of that time never failed to pick up all such cases and give full accounts of them. In the face of all this, how is it that not a civil historian ever heard of the Christian claimant? The answer is obvious; no such a man ever lived to furnish material for such history. The myth which was finally set up was coined from the fertile imaginations of the priesthood of the second century, and placed at the head of their system to entrap the proletaire. That the scheme proved a success goes without saying, for the church has had a monopoly of the great, unthinking multitude from the day it launched its mythical craft on the ocean of ignorance to the present time; that this craft will continue there to float, until intelligence supplants a world of ignorance, no one can doubt. When that time comes the history of the fall of Jerusalem, with the escape of the hero, Jochanan Ben Saccai, from the raging torrent of Jewish superstition will be read by a rejuvenated world as a reminder that priestcraft, ignorance and persecution slumber in eternity.

A LIBERAL CLERGYMAN.

—W. W. Walker, of Carbondale, Ill., sends us the following interesting private letter, which we take the liberty to publish:

Route 4, Carbondale, Ill., Nov. 9.

Dear Friend Green—The Rev. L. J. Grantham of Makanda, Ill., has just informed me that he has not received the November number of the Magazine, and he says he values it highly and does not wish to miss it, so please forward that number to him. Mr. Grantham two years ago was sent by the M. E. conference to Makanda to minister to the churches there, and being a brainy, brave, honest investigator, who was not afraid to read Theodore Parker and Ingersoll, your Magazine and the Truth Seeker, and believing that to investigate only one side of a question is not to investigate it at all,

as a matter of course his teaching was along the lines of the Higher Criticism. This displeased the presiding elder, and he arbitrarily forbade him to preach in any M. E. pulpit. He then bade farewell to the Methodist Church and organized a Congregational Church, which now numbers over one hundred members. He now rejoices that he is free to preach the truth as he sees it, and if it conflicts with creeds, Bibles and popular hoary beliefs, so much the worse for them. He is quite progressive, and is exerting a great liberalizing and elevating influence in the community. The members of his congregation, so far as I have conversed with them, are heartily with him. He weighs the Bible, its statements, teachings and heroes in scales of exact justice and truth, and if they are too light he says so and discards everything false and evil.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ADAM.

BY CHARLES G. BROWN.

I N delineating the character of this somewhat noted individual, I shall be compelled to rely wholly upon history and tradition, not having had the advantage of a personal acquaintance. The only reliable (?) account that we have says nothing of his childhood and early boyhood days, but



CHARLES G. BROWN.

introduces him in the full strength and vigor of manhood. His early school advantages could not have been great, though, by careful observation, he had acquired a considerable stock of general information. His occupation was gardening, and up to this time he had lived a celibate and somewhat hermit life. Though Adam's eccentricities were very marked, he maintained a quiet, peaceful, and, I think I may truthfully say, peaceable life. Those who knew him at this time have nothing derogatory to say concerning him.

Adam had been very happy. But he was of a thoughtful disposition, and would lie for hours at a time upon his back in the grass, inhaling the fragrance of his garden, and looking up through the rich overhanging masses of peach blossoms into the depths of the blue sky, wondering if he would not be happier if he had a wife. He did not like to sew on shirt buttons or do housework. One day during the latter part of this same rosy, posy, leafy month of June, Adam set out with his little "push-wagon" (Schubkawen) in search of a helpmeet. A little ballad, translated from the Hebrew collection, known as the "Book of Jasher," throws light upon this incident in Adam's life. It runs :

"Happy was the feller when he lived by himself,
All the bread and cheese he got, he laid upon the shelf;
But the rats and the mice they made such strife,
He was forced to go to Nodtown to get him a wife.

The lanes were so broad, and the streets were so narrow,
He was forced to bring his wife home on a wheelbarrow."

It is interesting to trace our steam locomotive back to its modern beginning—the little wheelbarrow constructed by Adam. His search was entirely successful; and his wedding tour, aside from the little incident of the breaking down of his wheelbarrow, uneventful.

After a brief honeymoon Adam and his wife Eve went to house-keeping. He was delighted with this change in his manner of living, for it gave him more time to devote to his favorite study, Natural History. Being, as before indicated, a very careful and critical observer, he gave names to all the animals of the garden and neighborhood, which were suggested to him by some peculiarity in their individual traits.

When he took out a pail of swill to a certain class of domestic animals, he noticed how each animal would try to get the whole of it, jumping into the trough with all four feet in his eagerness. He called these "hogs."

When he threw a stone at another animal, to scare him out of his garden, Adam observed how he would fall over, and lie as if dead, even when he had not been hit at all. This animal he named "opossum." He also observed how another little striped animal would go for his corn as soon as planted, and he called him "go-for" (gopher). And the gopher has never changed his nature. I once heard a Dakota farmer solemnly affirm that he planted corn all one day and at night found that he was only three hills ahead of the gophers.

One day in the early fall, as Eve was out in the garden, she chanced to look over the fence into her neighbor's enclosure, and there she saw some mellow-looking apples, nicer than any that they had in their garden, and she got a crooked stick and hooked one through a hole in the fence. (Note the origin of the word hook for pilfer.) It was an August Sweeting; and what a large, ripe, mellow, juicy apple it was! She showed it to Adam, and he went and got his hat full. They were delicious. But after they had eaten them they felt that they had done wrong; still they were not satisfied. Adam laid his head in Eve's lap, and looked up into her blue eyes and the blue sky, and longed for some more of those same apples. The breezes, stirring the leaves of the trees, seemed to whisper, "August Sweetings." He felt an uncontrollable desire coming over him. It was his first great struggle. He gave way. He went and filled his hat the second time. Presently he noticed it beginning to grow dark. Great

cumulous clouds were piling themselves up, and shutting out the light of the sun. Little fiery arrows flitted hither and thither in the face of the on-rushing ominous storm-cloud. Peals of thunder rolled along the sky, and now and then great lurid flashes of lightning would shoot half way around the horizon, bursting into a thousand descending, fiery shafts. They thought the heavens were angry with them. In their dread and anguish of spirit they resolved that, if they were spared, they would leave the garden forever, and seek a home in the wilderness away from temptation. . . . The sky cleared at last, and they kept their promise. This was the turning point in Adam's life.

They wandered far, far to the west, and built themselves a sod house in the unbroken wilderness. Adam became an industrious and hard-working man. He could have been seen, thereafter, working early and late, his suspenders hanging about his hips, with great drops of sweat rolling from his bronzed face, in his unflagging efforts to subdue the thorns and thistles upon his little farm. He was fairly successful in this, lived to a good old age, and became the father of a large family.

What do we gather from this sketch were Adam's prominent traits of character? An inherent love for intercourse with Nature. A sensitively delicate and conscientious discrimination between right and wrong. Native ability; a rugged physical constitution; unflagging industry. He was a great naturalist, a quiet neighbor, a loving husband, and a kind father. His one fault may be accounted for by his small veneration and large acquisitiveness, coupled with a good appetite, the natural accompaniment of a vigorous constitution and much exercise in the open air. I think at this perspective of time, we can excuse his one fault, admire his many virtues, and honor his rugged manhood.

SPIRITUALISM.—NO. 1.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

TOLERATION is one of the crowning glories of civilization. Intolerance naturally if not necessarily pertains to sectarists, their creeds and their confessions of faith. Bigotry has no head and cannot logically reason, has no heart and cannot tenderly feel. Her lip-service prayers are



J. M. PEEBLES.

but curses, and her social communion is moral death. The seeker after truth cannot be a bigot. Where the power of truth is felt no altars smoke, no offerings bleed, and no innocent lives expire for opinion's sake. Truth enriches, exalts and dignifies human nature, and I am proud to say that agnostics and materialists, as well as Spiritualists and Theosophists, are seekers after the truth. They may not agree as to the results of their investigations, but they deeply sympathize in the promotion of liberalism, the diffusion of science, the education and reformation of the races, and the speedy inauguration of that long-

hoped-for altruism—peace on earth and good will toward men.

They further agree in rejecting such churchianic traditions and dogmas as a "war in Heaven," "the fall of man in Eden," "total depravity," "a personal devil," "a human-shaped Old Testament Jehovah," "the plenary inspiration of the Bible," "the vicarious atonement," and future "endless hell torments." These all are ancient Babylonian theories manipulated and venerated by the Judeo-Alexandrian school of philosophy, revestured by the Nicean Council of bishops, and christened Christianity—rather Churchianity, the Roman Catholic church being the mother-begetter and mother-brooder of the creeds that have cursed the ages. The above creedal teachings are all the doctrines of a demoniac sectarism, invented and propagated by a bigoted priesthood to enslave the intellect, subserve a Calvinistic ecclesiasticism, and crush the noblest, broadest aspirations of the human soul. Whenever using the word God in these articles, remem-

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Theists. The latter said to me while I was in his Concord library, "The universe is to my ideal, a grand spiritual manifestation."

"Pity for those," said Victor Hugo, "who have not a heart in their breast, and in this heart a God." When the meditative Brahmin said Brahman; when the Persian philosopher said Ormuzd; the Egyptian priest said Osiris; the Monotheistic Jew-prophet said Our God is One; when Aristotle spoke of the Perfect Intelligence, Mahomet of Allah, Maimonides of the Divine Kosmos, Emerson of the Over-Soul; Cook, the Harvard professor, of Matter, Energy and Intelligence, and the Nazarene Jesus, of Spirit, they evidently meant to convey about the same thought, namely, that the great incomprehensible uncaused Cause, Spirit, embodying ether, energy, consciousness, life, intelligence, will, wisdom, and purpose, governs this measureless universe by unchanging laws.

Laws are not creative; they make nothing. They are modes and methods of operation. The swing of the pendulum creates neither the clock nor the pendulum. And yet these laws are so uniform in action that an astronomer standing with Thales 500 B. C. could calculate an eclipse of the moon and find it took place precisely at the time expected; and so could he go forward and calculate for 5,000 years in advance, with the same accuracy; and all because law and order, energy and intelligence and purpose run like golden threads through this and doubtless through all conceivable realms of existence.

If a human being were blown to atoms by a dynamite explosion, only a crude miracle-believer could believe that these atoms, molecules, cells, blood corpuscles, veins, arteries, ligaments, tendons, capillaries, eyes adapted to seeing, ears to hearing, could go to work without any intelligence or purpose and put themselves together into a thinking, rational man again. "All force," wrote Alfred Russell Wallace, "when reduced to the last analysis, is not merely dependent upon, but is undoubtedly the will of one Supreme Intelligence," that is, one Infinite Spirit.

The spiritual is the real and the abiding. It is not true that man has a spirit; but rather than the spirit is the man. This real conscious, invisible man is temporarily clothed in mortal garments, which fleshy garments are as serviceable to him for a season as is chaff to the growing, ripening wheat, or husks to the corn; when the chilly autumn frosts come the husky coverings of the corn, yellow, turn sere and die—die into the great vortex of matter to reappear in other forms; but the corn remains unhurt. And death, so-called, does not hurt. It is not the penalty of sin. In ripe old age it is a blessing, and natural as life, it is but the flower-en-

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psychism, hypnotism, and other of the finer borderland forces that so unmistakably point to an intercommunion between mortals and immortals.

Where is there a more painstaking and profound scientist than Sir Wm. Crookes, and yet, after years of critical investigation and crucial tests in his own house, he avowed himself a Spiritualist. Honored with being a guest at his residence in London, I know whereof I speak.

Alfred R. Wallace, who was chairman a part of the time at the International Congress of Spiritualists convening in London, June, 1898, previously penned and published this: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

Dr. W. F. Barrett, Professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal Academy, Dublin, says in a Psychic Research report: "It is well known to those who have made the phenomena of Spiritualism the subject of prolonged and careful inquiry in the spirit of exact and unimpassioned research, that beneath the imposture * * * there remain certain indubitable and startling facts which science can neither explain nor deny."

The distinguished English scientist, Oliver Lodge, Dr. Richard Hodgson of Cambridge, Prof. J. H. Hyslop of the Columbia University, New York, Prof. William James of the Harvard University, and other mental scientists and physicists add their testimony as witnesses to the facts known as spirit phenomena. History is aflame with them under varied names.

Do I hear voices saying, "We have not seen these phenomena, we have not witnessed them?" Very well; what you have not seen amounts to precious little. No solid opinion, no philosophy can be built upon negation. One emphasizing the statement that he has seen none of these psychic phenomena reminds me of Francisco Sizzi. These were his words: "Moreover the satellites of Jupiter are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can exercise no influence over the earth, and therefore do not exist." This was doubt and denial gone mad.

Investigations, knowledge, affirmation, these are the demands of our time. Superstition, hoary with age, is on the decline. Calvinism is dead and awaits burial; and faith, faith in Bibles and a future existence, no longer satisfies creed-cramped churchmen. They desire, they hunger for knowledge.

Let me illustrate. Fully fifty-seven years ago I was called upon when a preacher, to attend the funeral of a beautiful and only child of four sum-

bers. The parents were my parishioners. The burden of my sermon was faith—faith in a future existence. I could not think that so much promise, so much precious intellect and love had been literally snuffed out, or faded into the dismal ditch of eternal nothingness. When the casket lid, heavy with wreaths of rosebuds, was lifted the parents and relatives stepped forward, and the father stooping down and putting a kiss upon the icy lips of his loved and lost, burst in tears and wept as though his heart would break, exclaiming, "I can't give you up, my Willie—I can't, I can't!" But the mother stood pale as the child-corpse, and silent as a marble statue. There is a sorrow too deep for tears, a suffering too crushing for expression. She turned to me trembling with deepest emotion and said, "Oh, my pastor, you've spoken to us beautifully about faith, faith in Christ and faith in immortality, but my poor, aching, bleeding mother's heart wants something more than faith. Tell me, oh, tell me, what you know about a future life! Where is my child—does he live—does he love me still—shall I know him beyond the grave—will he know me? Tell me what you know." And I stood before that congregation dumb as Egypt's sphinx. I was literally a know-nothing! And yet I knew just as much about a future existence as any preacher of that era knew; or as any orthodox preacher knows to-day. They all walk by faith and totteringly stumble while they walk.

As a physician witnessing scores of death-bed scenes in this and in the pagan countries of the Orient, I know of no people so afraid to die and go to wear their golden crowns as Christians, and all because they are know-nothings—know-nothings concerning the future. Ignorance and fear hath torment. And then, their creeds and beliefs are so conflicting in connection with their self-confessed imperfections, that not certain whether their souls will go up or down into hades, terror-stricken they shrink from the approach of death's dark angel.

Should some mourning mother ask me now, "Where is my child?" I should say, "This bud of your home has been transplanted to bloom and mature in the gardens of the gods, and will be often brought to you in dreams and visions from the brighter spirit-world, which is invisible to us simply because its etherealized realities are matters of higher vibrations. The human eye cannot see beyond a limit of a vibration of eight hundred trillions per second, and the human ear is likewise limited. So that not only are stars unseen by day, but all life, in a higher state of vibration than this, is invisible and inaudible. This spiritual world has been open to seers and sensitives in all ages, and open because of their refined spirituality.

Swedenborg for twenty-seven years conversed with spirits and angels. Clairvoyants and clairaudients under certain conditions see and converse with those dwellers that tread the evergreen shores of immortality. To such the future life is knowledge, and Spiritualism gives knowledge for faith.

MY CHRISTIANITY.

BY EPH. M. EPSTEIN, M. D., A. M.

THERE is no egotistic desire in the above title; I mean simply the Christianity I believe in, and to which I am amenable.

My Christianity is not on the defense, but is on the attack, because, there being only one true religion, and Christianity being that one, ergo all other religions, or no religions, are false, and so far my Christianity attacks them.



DR. EPSTEIN.

My Christianity is suited to all mankind, and therefore it appeals to all mankind to adopt it and live by it.

My Christianity is not christendom, for christendom never did nor does live up to the truths of Christianity, and while at certain times and places christendom may, or may not, be more or less in error, Christianity as a system is always and everywhere true.

My Christianity is documentarily historic.

My Christianity is a revelation from God, and teaches the existence of One creating and preserving Deity.

My Christianity teaches that human beings are, both voluntarily and hereditarily, in rebellion against that Deity, because the first human ancestors were misled by an opponent of the creating Deity, which opponent existed previous to their creation, and whom they obeyed, and their posterity are obeying now, hence they are in bondage to that opponent, and subject to penalty for that rebellion as long as they remain in it. Hence the misery of human life.

My Christianity teaches the existence of One Redeeming Deity, who alone could and did become human, and whose relation to the one creating

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

IMMORTALITY.

BY MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.



MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

SOME say that life's the brief
dream of a day;
Believe it not, for though we may not
live
In any semblance to our forms of
"clay,"
We to the future times ourselves now
give
In consecration for that future's
sake,—
That less of evil may obtain when we
No more are here. The fetters we now
shake
From off our children's limbs; we
make them free,
This of itself is immortality,
Ah, certain this still we may hope for
more;

Hope is not bound by fetters but may rise;
Hope, strong of limb, may pace on every shore
And wide of wing sweep outward through the skies.

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drifting cloud shadows that add intricacy to the pattern. The boy, Johnny Burroughs, was very like the other youngsters of the region in his interests, his ways and his work. Yet, as compared with them, he had undoubtedly a livelier imagination and things made a keener impression on his mind. In some cases his sensitiveness was more disturbing than gratifying. When his grandfather told ghost stories to the children gathered around the blaze of the kitchen fireplace, John's hair would almost stand on end and he was afraid of every shadow.

He was decidedly averse to being out after dark, and there was a gloomy place under the barn that scared him even in the daytime. He used to send his dog under there to drive out the hobgoblins when he was about to work in the barn, and then he would work like a beaver to finish before the dog got tired of his part of the performance. Burroughs was well started in his teens before he outgrew his fears. To his surprise, the quakings then suddenly ceased, and he could even pass the little burying-ground, in the small hours of the morning, without a tremor.

John went to school in the little red schoolhouse across the valley, and as he grew older he aspired to attend an academy. He had to make the opportunity for himself and only succeeded in doing so at the age of seventeen, when he raised the needful money by six months of teaching. So, in the fall of 1854, he entered the Heading Literary Institute at Ashland, which he left the following spring for the seminary at Cooperstown. While at the latter place he began to write compositions, but in the themes there was nothing suggestive of his future field.

Goodness Essential to Greatness was one of his subjects, and other topics treated were equally profound and on similar lines.

With the coming of summer his student days were forever over and he went back to the home farm and worked in the hay fields till autumn. Then he borrowed money to take him to Illinois. Near Freeport he secured a school at forty dollars a month, which was wealth to him. Yet he gave up his position at the end of six months. "I came back," he says, "because of the girl I left behind me; and it was pretty hard to stay even as long as I did."

He got a school near home and held it for several years. At the age of twenty he married on a total capital of fifty dollars—a sum which was reduced about ten dollars by his wedding expenses. During the first year his wife continued to live with her family, while Burroughs taught at a town sixteen miles distant. Each Friday he closed school early and walked the long road, nearly all the way in the forest, to stay over Sunday with his wife. On Monday he would start back at three o'clock in the morning.

Until he was twenty-five years old his interest in Nature and his aptitude for keen observation lay dormant. It was awakened by reading a volume of Audobon, which chanced to fall into his hands while he was teaching, in 1862, near West Point.

Meanwhile the Civil War was going on, and it aroused in Burroughs

a strong desire to enlist. He visited Washington, but what he saw there of army life rather damped his military ardor. It seemed to him that the men were driven about and herded like cattle, so, when a peaceful position in the Treasury Department was offered him, he accepted it, and for nine years was a Government clerk.

At the Treasury he guarded a vault and kept a record of the money that went in or out. The duties were not arduous, and in his long intervals his mind wandered far afield and dwelt on the charm of flitting wings and bird melodies. And, sitting before the Treasury vault, at a high desk and facing an iron wall, he began to write. There was no need for notes. His remembrance was all-sufficient, and the result was the essays which make *Wakerobin*, his first book.

By 1873 Burroughs had had enough of the routine of a Government clerkship, and he resigned to become the receiver of a bank in Middletown, New York. Later, he accepted a position as bank examiner in the eastern part of the State. But his longing to return to the soil was growing apace, and presently he bought a little farm on the western shores of the Hudson and called it Riverby. He built a house and started orchards and vineyards, but not until 1886 did he feel that he could give up his Government position and dwell on his own land with the assurance of a safe support.

The house which he built for a home has never been a wholly satisfactory working-place. He must get away from conventionalities, and he early put up on the border of his vineyards a little bark-covered study, to which it has been his habit to retire for his indoor thinking and writing. He still uses this study more or less, and often in the evening sits in an easy-chair, under an apple tree just outside of the door, and listens to the voices of Nature while he looks off across the Hudson. But the spot that of late most engages his affection is a reclaimed woodland swamp, back among some rocky hills, a mile or two from the river. A few years ago the swamp was a wild tangle of brush and stumps, fallen trees and murky pools. Now it has been cleared and drained, and the dark forest mould produces wonderful crops of celery, sweet corn, potatoes and other vegetables.

On a shoulder of rock near the swamp borders Burroughs has built a rustic house, sheathed outside with slabs and smacking in all its arrangements of the woodlands and of the days of pioneering. It has a great fireplace, where the flames crackle cheerfully on chilly evenings, and in which most of the cooking is done. In really hot weather, however, an oil stove serves instead. There is a delightfully cold spring on the other side of the hollow, and immediately back of the house is a natural cavern which makes an ideal storage place for perishable foods.

The descent to the cavern is made by a rude ladder, and to see Burroughs coming and going between it and the house has a most suggestive touch of the wild and romantic.

He is often at Slabsides, sometimes for weeks or months at a time,

though he always makes daily visits to the valley to look after work in his vineyards and to visit the postoffice at the railway station. He is a leisurely man, to whom haste and the nervous pursuits of wealth or fame are totally foreign.

He likes the comfort of old clothes and old shoes, he likes to loiter in the secluded lanes and byways, and when he gets a hint of anything specially interesting or new going on among the birds and little creatures of the fields, he likes to stop and investigate. He has a keen ear and a quick eye, and much which to most of us would be unperceived or meaningless he reads like an open book.

He has the power of imparting his enthusiasms, and what he writes is full of outdoor fragrance, racy, piquant and individual. There may be other authors who are just as accurate observers, but none of them has Burroughs' fresh and original way of putting things. His snap and vivacity are wholly unartificial. They are a part of the man—a man full of imagination and sensitiveness, a philosopher, a humorist, a hater of shams and pretension. Such is John Burroughs, a good farmer and delightful Nature essayist, whom to read is to esteem, and whom to know is to love.—Clifton Johnson, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY IDA BALLOU.



IDA BALLOU.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the greater deeds belong;
And so, again,
If you have gift and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun;
Be yours with larger grace to live,
Be yours with larger heart to give,
Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand,
With barren life and hand.

IN her noted work entitled "Germany," I read this little story told by Madame De Stael.

"We have seen at a fete that princess (Princess Pauline of Schwartzenberg), who, although the mother of eight children, still united the charm of perfect beauty to all the dignity of maternal character. She opened the ball; and the melodious sound of music gave a signal for the moments consecrated to joy. Flowers adorned her lovely head,

and the dress and the dance must have recalled to her the first days of her youth; nevertheless she appears to fear the very pleasure to which so

much success might have attracted her. Alas! in what a manner was this vague presentiment realized! On a sudden the numberless torches which replace the splendor of the day are about to be changed to devouring flames and the most dreadful suffering will take the place of the gorgeous splendors of the fete. What a contrast! And who can grow weary reflecting on it? No, never have the grandeur and misery of man so closely approached each other; and our fickle thoughts so easily diverted from the dark threatenings of futurity have been struck in the same hour with all the brilliant and terrible images which destiny, in general, scatters at a distance from each other over the sands of time.

"No accident, however, had reached her, who would not have died but for her own choice. She was in safety; she might have renewed the thread of that life of virtue which she had been leading for fifteen years, but one of her daughters was still in danger, and the most delicate and timid of beings precipitates herself into the midst of flames which would have made warriors recoil. Every mother would have felt what she did! But who thinks she has sufficient strength to imitate her? Who can reckon so much upon the soul as not to fear those shudderings which nature bids us feel at the sight of a violent death? A woman braved them; and although the fatal blow then struck her, her last act was maternal; it was at this sublime instant she appeared before God; and it was impossible to recognize what remained of her upon earth except by the impression of a medal given her by her children, which also marked the place where this angel perished. Ah, all that is horrible in this picture is softened by the rays of a celestial glory. This generous Paulina will hereafter be the saint of mothers; and if their looks do not dare to rise to heaven they will rest them upon her sweet figure and will ask her to implore the blessing of God upon their children.

"If we had gone so far as to dry up this source of religion on earth, what would we say to those who see the purest of victims fall? What would we say to those who loved this victim?"

Almost any one will say when occasion offers, "Oh, yes, we must always do our best. We must do what is right." And this is the meaning of *Noblesse Oblige*.

But I hold that we do our best at all times—we always do what is right. I can anticipate your incredulous doubts. You think we have plenty of evidence of evil, and I admit it. Nevertheless we do what we think best—and are always trying to be good. It is only that our intellect is so blinded at times. That is all.

Isn't it astonishing that such a bright woman as Madam De Stael failed to perceive this? As one reads her pathetic little story (cited merely to try to prove the existence of a personal deity, it was, and, alas! still is, so popular to worship), one gets the idea that the Madam's heroine was a single superb existence of the power of and divinity of mother-love. When we can easily see the action reflected in the lowest, most meanly lives about us—even among the wild beasts of the jungle. How beautifully Victor

Hugo showed us this in *Notre Dame*, and other works! Such writers as he, and others, illustrate the grandeur of Nature, and prove to us the universality of natural impulses—beautiful or otherwise.

And so we get back to my former statement—we all do good as nearly as we know how.

Noblesse Oblige! Is it just as beautiful to the lowly artist as to the large brain of a genius? Just as beautiful in self-sacrifice for the toil-worn, rough, hardened visage as the dimpled prettiness of fortune's pet? As true an aspiration for a mind imprisoned in ignorance as one soaring free and unhampered in the sunlit realms of thought? The one assurance of a nation's greatness?

All this and more.

In all restlessness and discontent, all wretchedness and misery, all proud efforts to become popular and happy, we can readily discern the influence of Noblesse Oblige upon our hearts.

We all want to do our best. Humiliation stings worse when we are brought to see that we have failed when we wanted to do well. Failure causes more suicides than any other heartache, and it is because we have failed to be true to our better desires—we have dishonored the sacred motto of Noblesse Oblige.

Oh, we are all of us artists, all splendid souls ever striving onward and upward, constantly growing better, helping each other directly or indirectly, prompt to aid, quick to sympathize.

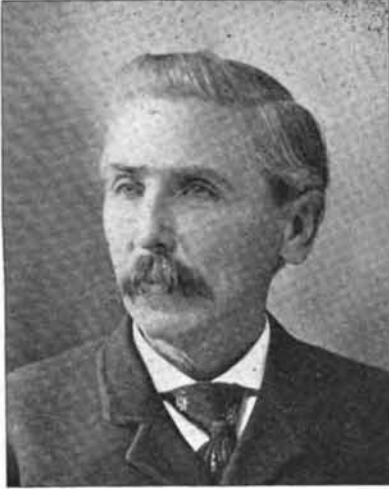
"From harmony to harmony
The universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

Let us encourage this all we can. You who by superior power are higher than I, lend a hand. By your assistance help me to climb up to where you are. I will try to help those farther below me; we will all help each other, carrying forward the good work. We can have no room for scorn, for petty impulses or notions of caste, no room for ghosts, gods or devils. No one, but all in general, to bear up our motto of Noblesse Oblige.

CERTAINTIES AND DISBELIEF.

BY R. H. MITCHELL

AMONG the mysteries of the Christian faith the most profoundly elusive is the doctrine of the Eternal Life. In this are interwoven the tenets of God's existence, of the Spiritual world, and the supernatural regeneration of mankind.



R. H. MITCHELL.

St. Paul, in words professedly infallible, proclaimed that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ." This gift is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, union with Christ, revelation of the Spirit World, and knowledge of the being of God himself. And this gift is likewise salvation. These wonderful results of faith in Jesus cannot be demonstrated to the natural intelligence; the unbeliever cannot apprehend the process or perceive the gift. Neither can he reconcile the apparent discrepancies of the Holy Word. It is admitted that the unbeliever may be honestly ignorant; it is a defect of his nature; because of which he has no consciousness of the reality of these mysteries. Being infidel, spiritually dead or idiotic, he can know nothing and understand nothing about them.

The learned Christian expositors and pseudo-scientists of our day uphold the ancient creed of supernaturalism. Science, the common possession of mankind, must conform to the revelation of the elected few.

The attitude of the Christian church towards those who doubt or deny its doctrines, it is important for us to consider. Confident in its miraculous faith, refusing self-examination, it imposes no restraint upon its judgment of those less fortunate in credulity and more questioning of superstition. The natural is opposed to the spiritual, and natural good, however admirable, logically leads down to death. We are taught that only the man in spiritual union with Christ can have real knowledge, real truth, real enlightenment. This mystic relation with Christ is claimed to be the absolute guarantee of a world of life as unlike ours as death is unlike our life. This frank avowal of a limitless superiority, of a radical, vital sort, to all others of the human race; that they are citizens of another world, oblivious of this; that both science and revelation support their claim and profession, has to a disbeliever no other form than a clear challenge to absurdity. This morbid and delusive imagining is too unsubstantial for philosophic examination.

It is a fact most regrettable, this denial of equal capacity of the non-

Christian to apprehend whatever of spiritual existence may be real. It is the old story of conceited Pharisaism most ignorant of itself. Of course the Freethinker accepts the validity of no such verdict. Its sadness is impressed in the reflection that with conscious perception of universal good, his whole being alive to all that is beautiful and sublime, great and glorious, the man who is not a Christian is, in attributes that make human worship, in holiest aspiration, disowned. He is thought destitute of endowments that constitute the rightly organized human being. His intellectual conceptions must agree with the Christian's, or be regarded as a dead or dying soul.

"They know not God," is the Christian verdict. Yet they know the Good and the Ideal; to them a life, a being, the all. The "God" which they reject is to them a misnomer, a profanation. If "love of God is love of Good," wherein are they wanting in attributes that discern God—the knowledge that believers and worshippers profess?

Now, which is the more likely to be mistaken, the Agnostic, whose endowments are admittedly of an order not inferior in all other respects, or the Christian who, with equal capacity to feel and aspire, refuses to test these phenomena by analysis or examination? but admits only the one impulsive thought of God and all that follows.

The Agnostic maintains that if science and philosophy do not establish the reality of God and the Spirit Life, we do not know. There is no other way of knowledge, no revelation to mankind by any other means. His mind does not admit the proof of existences the Christian receives by faith. It is in evidence that the Christian reasons in a circle, not being able to transcribe the record of his emotions into the language of scientific verity; to distinguish the several aspects of truth so that their interpretations intrude not upon each other; and clearness of intellectual perception be not destroyed.

If the idea of God and a Spiritual world were in harmony with what is known of nature and life, then indeed might we accept it as an innocent or hopeful theory, doing no violence to our thought, to science, to our sensibilities; something to believe if so disposed. But we cannot consider it as a matter of scientific demonstration incumbent on us to receive as known.

In the Christian claim of supernatural light there is the implication that the mind of a Clifford, a Raman, or a Haeckel, is inferior in the highest order of perception to any sincere believer, however ignorantly he may drift about God and Christ and Heaven.

One can readily perceive and admit the dormancy and limitation of faculties under the stress of debasing life. And no man is a copy of another. For the beautiful and sublime, the harmonious and the true, are appropriated only by those whose faculties are adequate to apprehend them. But this doctrine of Christianity does not come within the sphere of such differences. It is a process of reasoning of which the fantastic outcome is, "We believe and know because we believe. If you will believe you also will know." The Agnostic or Atheist perceives that what-

ever of emotional or imaginative revelation the believer has is of a character common alike to believer and unbeliever. The belief is not a proof of superiority of spiritual life, nor the disbelief an evidence of lack of spiritual perception and communion with the highest. If the higher faculties seem dormant in the minds of many, in others their whole atmosphere of emotion and love and reflection is one of "communion in spirit," lofty and profound. In this fact shall we say, "It is the Christ? It is the influence of the Holy Spirit, and is peculiar to the Christian? Surely, the answer is unwarranted. What of natural endowment, heredity, training, education, and circumstance? There is the immense domain of the unknown in humanity; and little need to go outside to such mythic region to account for life's phenomena.

How beggarly the thought of any man to claim a revelation of the Christian mysteries because he has an experience he cannot else account for. He is incapable of appreciating the fact that in all the world such experiences are normal to the race. But he denies their reality and validity to every man not touched by knowledge of the "Christ." He adopts the ignorant explanation of an uncritical age. Surpassingly developed are the faculties in certain individuals to perceive and appreciate such elevation of consciousness that only the silence can express. "The unheard reaches the unseen." But how ample the assumption that only they who know the Christ and have received the divine gift of eternal life have such endowment, to whom the revelation is God!

For such communion finds no expression in ordinary intellectual forms. By the poetic test is its reality assured. While, on the other hand, the spirit entities of the Christian faith are given by its teachers a definite meaning, however disguised in name, and quite within the sphere of philosophic comprehension. Thus we find the intolerant dogmas which support the religious organizations to be unsanctioned by truth. And the plea for their acceptance in behalf of human morality is equally opposed to the nature and history, the hopes and happiness of life.

Freeport, Maine.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION'S SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The new volume of *The Youth's Companion* for 1901 will mark the paper's seventy-fifth year of continuous publication. The constant aim of *The Companion* is to carry into the home reading that shall be helpful as well as entertaining. Strong in the assurance that every reader gained is a friend won, the publishers offer to send *The Companion* free for the remaining weeks of 1900 to those who subscribe now for the new volume for 1901. Diplomats, Explorers, Sailors, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Story Writers and

Self-Made Men and Women in Many Vocations, besides the most popular writers of fiction, will write for *The Companion* not only next year, but during the remaining weeks of this year.

The new subscriber will also receive *The Companion's* new "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901, lithographed in 12 colors.

Illustrated Announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free to any address, with sample copies of the paper. *The Youth's Companion*, Boston,

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

COL. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of this Magazine, has for a score of years been clerk of the court of claims in Washington, is the second son of the great president of Williams College, Mark Hopkins, and Mary his wife; and was born at Williamstown, February 20, 1842. He was graduated at Williams in 1862, and immediately went into camp at Pittsfield, having received a captain's commission from Gov. Andrew at the early age of twenty. The young man justified this selection, for he quickly proved himself a thorough soldier. He entered Camp Briggs at Pittsfield as captain of Company E, Thirty-seventh Regiment, and was commissioned major August 27, 1862. His service was continuous, though not always in the field; but from the time he returned to the regiment in Sheridan's campaign and took command of Company C, shortly before the battle of the Opequan, he was in active service to the end. In this battle the Thirty-seventh was distinguished for its daring and effective service. In the assault of the Confederates upon Fort Steadman, in the Petersburg campaign in 1865, the command of the Thirty-seventh devolved upon Capt. Hopkins, the senior captain, and the only one in the regiment who had received his commission at Camp Briggs in Pittsfield. He led the regiment in the attack on Petersburg on April 2, the final charge, and he at the head of the Thirty-seventh entered the city on the 3d, to preserve order, the only troops of the Sixth Corps called on for that duty. At the sharp engagement of Sailor's Creek, on the 6th of April, Capt. Hopkins also led, and he received the brevet of major for the storming of the works before Petersburg, and the further brevet of lieutenant colonel in recognition of his services at Sailor's Creek. After the war Col. Hopkins spent a year with Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, the noble philanthropist who solved the problem of negro education, as an officer of the government under the reconstruction acts, when Gen. Armstrong was engaged in caring for the freedmen.

Armstrong was Col. Hopkins' roommate in college. Afterward Archibald Hopkins studied law in the office of David Dudley Field and at the Columbia College law school, where he was graduated. He began the

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

practive of law in New York; then spent a year in foreign travel, and
 ing a throat trouble which disabled him from speaking in court,
 cepted the position of the clerk of the court of claims at Washing-
 1873, and has ever since held that position, and made the national
 his home. There in 1878 he married Charlotte Everett Wise, daughter
 Capt. H. A. Wise, of the navy, and granddaughter of Edward Ever-
 Col. Hopkins is a member of the executive committee of the Associa-
 Charities of Washington, and the Metropolitan Club; a member of the
 National Geographic Society; the Columbian Historical Society, and the
 American Social Science Association; and he has belonged to the govern-
 ing boards of the Loyal Legion, the Sons of the Revolution, and the So-
 ciety of Colonial Wars.

Col. Hopkins, though the son of one of the most distinguished or-
 thodox ministers in America, is thoroughly emancipated from Christian
 superstition, and has recently published a very able work entitled, "The
 Apostles' Creed." In the July number, in noticing that book, we said:
 The author of this book is the son of Rev. Mark Hopkins, the noted
 President of Williams College. Our readers will remember that the
 leading article in the April (1896) number of this Magazine the author of
 the above entitled book had a very able article that occupied nineteen
 pages of the Magazine, entitled: "Are All the Teachings of the New Tes-
 tament Infallible and For All Time?" Soon after that article appeared
 in the Magazine Col. Ingersoll came to Chicago to lecture. We handed
 him the copy of the Magazine containing the article. He took the num-
 ber and remarked: "I read the article in this number by Hopkins with
 great interest. Mr. Hopkins is a personal friend of mine, and a very able
 man. He is the son of a noted orthodox clergyman who was the Presi-
 dent of Williams College. Mr. Green," said the Colonel, "you are lucky
 in procuring such a man as a contributor to your Magazine." We quote
 the above statement from memory. The Colonel also remarked, in rela-
 tion to the great change of views between the father and son.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHEN we see what absurd names custom has perpetuated under a male dynasty, it is time for the mothers of the race to inaugurate a new system in naming the sons and daughters of the future generations, handing down beautiful, dignified, euphonious names.

The fathers have, heretofore, like medical students in cemeteries, moused around tombstones for the names of dead ancestors, and have given us such cognomens as Bull, Hogg, Crabb, Cobb, Hoar, Catt, Cruikshanks, Croker, Fish, Bugg, Rugg, Budd, etc., and Christian names to match, such as Job, Esau, and Ichabod.

Think of girls graduating from college being registered on the calendar as Dollie, Mollie, Pollie, Kittie, Rosie, and Pinkie!

Then, think of dignified women abrogating their own family names, and adopting those of two husbands, writing themselves down as "Mrs. John Roe-Doe!" Again, think of two beautiful girls, in muslin dresses and blue satin sashes, announced by an usher at a London reception, in stentorian tones, as "the Misses Bull," or "the Misses Cruikshanks!"

I have been announced on such occasions, and to a large audience at the St. James Hall, as "Mrs. Elizabeth Cad-dy Stanton." My early blunder was in perpetuating my father's instead of my mother's name. How much more dignified Mrs. Elizabeth Livingston Stanton would have sounded!

All vulgar, flat, silly names should be abjured, and it rests with women to do this work. We must refuse to marry men with objectionable cognomens, as they can be legally changed by a simple act of the Legislature, and thus save their wives and daughters from being ridiculed and mortified all their days as Hoggs, Crabbs, and Bulls!

If men, proud of some old ancestor, would dig round the roots of their ancestral trees, they might end in a snag, as I did, in tracing the origin of "Cady." I found my ancestors quiet, conservative people, never protesting against gross injustice or absurd customs. As I went on, step by step, I found the "y" changed into "e," until at last, in the reign of Henry VIII., Jack Cade loomed up and was hung for criticising the king's blunders in government and his latitudinarian ideas on the questions of marriage and divorce. Evidently, Jack's fate terrorized all his descendants until I appeared on the planet, possessing no doubt a few drops of his rebellious blood, which has kept me protesting all my life against the complications of the present civilization.

Lucy Stone, in keeping her name all her life, set a good example for

married women, in preserving an individual dignity and a proper self-respect.

Moncure D. Conway's daughter, who married a Mr. Sawyer, had her wedding cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Conway-Sawyer," thus recognizing the names of both members of the matrimonial firm, a good example for all young married people.

Speaking of Moncure D. Conway, he has just returned from Paris, and dined with me a few evenings since. He is deeply interested in the International Congress of Peace being held just now in Paris. I found him much depressed in view of the South African and Philippine wars, waged by the two leading nations of the world, when all their difficulties might have been so easily adjusted by arbitration. E. C. S.

BOOK REVIEW.

THEODORE PARKER, PREACHER AND REFORMER. By John White Chadwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. With portrait. Pp. 422. Price, \$2.00.

This is the third life of Parker that has been written since his death. The former ones were written by John Weiss and O. B. Frothingham. The object that Mr. Chadwick had in view in writing this life of Parker he thus states:

"I have hoped to make a reality for a generation of readers born since he died, to many of whom he is little known, or mis-known, which is worse."

And we think Mr. Chadwick has admirably performed the task he undertook. There is probably no man now living that could have done it better. Parker was the great heretic of his day, hated more intensely, we believe, by the strictly orthodox Christians, than ever Voltaire, Paine or Ingersoll ever was, for the reason that he contended that he was preaching true Christianity. At an orthodox prayer meeting there were prayers offered up to God to kill him or put a hook in his mouth, so he could not speak, and when he was taken sick and went to Europe to try and improve his health, he wrote in a letter to his Boston congregation: "They (the orthodox Christians) see in my present illness the answer to their prayers," or words to that effect.

Parker held to many theological ideas that would not stand the test of the present advanced thought, but if he had lived until now he would have been up with the times, for he believed with Lowell that
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth,

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past blood-rusty key.

Theodore Parker was a Deist. He believed in a God, but it was not the orthodox God. According to orthodoxy the human race is a motherless race—they have a father but no mother. If this orthodox theory is true, it is no wonder that humanity has not been a success. Parker remedied this defect in inventing a God whom he addressed as the "Father and mother of us all." This was a great improvement on the old Jehovah. Parker, we think, did not claim to prove the existence of his God. He claimed to know him by intuition. He contended that the human mind had an intuitive knowledge of God. The real fact was, we suppose, that Parker believed in God because he had been educated into this belief in childhood, and it had become a kind of second nature to him, and he, no doubt, honestly thought it was intuitive knowledge. And Parker's God differed from the orthodox God in being a merciful and a just God. He was not so much a God as he was a loving parent. He contained the tender attributes of a mother as well as the sterner ones of a father. His prayers were generally addressed to God the Father and Mother of us all. His prayers were poems. We have a book of his prayers before us, and as probably but few of our readers ever listened to or read his prayers, we will quote a little from one of them. Here is what he says in one delivered February 22, 1857:

"Father, we thank thee for the exceeding beauty of this wintry day; we bless thee for the ever-welcome countenance of the sun, so sweetly looking down on our Northern land, and bidding Winter flee. We thank thee for the moon which scarfs with loveliness the retreating shoulders of the night, and for all the wondrous majesty of stars wherewith thou has spangled the raiment of darkness, giving beauty to the world when the sun withdraws his light."

"We thank thee for the great land in which we live; we bless thee for its favored situation, and its widespread from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf. We thank thee for the millions of people who have grown up here in the midst of the continent. We bless thee for all the good institutions which are established here; we thank thee for whatsoever of justice is made into law of the State, for all of piety, of loving kindness and tender mercy which are taught in many a various church, and practiced by noble women and earnest men."

In the eyes of the church Parker's greatest heresy was in insisting that God was good. Says Col. Ingersoll, "Strange! that no one has ever been persecuted by the church for believing God bad, while hundreds of

millions have been destroyed for thinking him good." And that was Theodore Parker's great crime. Every Freethinker should honor the name of Theodore Parker for the great work he accomplished in liberating the human mind from the thralldom of orthodox superstition, and for his persistent advocacy, in his pulpit, on the platform and through the press, of anti-slavery doctrines. His religion was nothing more or less than the Religion of Humanity.

THE DOLLAR OR THE MAN. By Homer Davenport, with an introduction by Horace L. Trumbull. Boston. Small, Maynard & Company. Pp. 55. Price, \$1.00.

This is a book of illustrations, or cartoons, drawn by Homer Davenport, which originally appeared in the New York Journal. The publisher says in his preface that "They are here reproduced through the co-operation of William R. Hearst, whose courtesy the artist, the editor and publisher, in common, recognize, and wish in this way to acknowledge. Mr. Davenport says: "This book is dedicated to my boy, Homer Clyde Davenport, in the hope that if he ever becomes a legislator he will bear in mind the interests of the plain people."

Mr. Davenport is probably the ablest cartoonist in America, and his work exhibits great genius in that line, and of course he is a Freethinker, as all men of genius are. He is a cousin of our Silverton friend, Pearl W. Geer, of the Liberal University, and Mr. Davenport has a sister who is a teacher in that University. Her name is Alice Davenport.

THE WEIRD ORIENT. By Henry Iliowizi. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Pp. 360. Price, \$1.50.

This book contains nine mystic tales relating to the Orient. The book is well written and should prove of great interest to those who love tales such as Poe used to write. The author, Henry Iliowizi, is a man of considerable learning, who has spent much of his life among the people from whom he draws his mystical tales.

ALL SORTS.

—Volume XIX. commences with the next number.

—Now is the time to get up clubs for this Magazine.

—The next issue of this Magazine we intend shall be one of the best we ever published.

—Persons desiring back numbers to fill up their volumes for binding can have them for ten cents.

—It may well be said that the old orthodox hell of fire and brimstone dies out with the nineteenth century.

—We intend, if possible, to publish a

still better Magazine for the coming year than we have the present year.

—Reader, this number of the Magazine completes the eighteenth volume. Have you renewed your subscription for Vol. XIX.?

—Be sure and get this volume of the Magazine bound. It will make a book of some 800 pages of most valuable reading matter.

—Reader, we wish you would go to work at once and get up a club for this Magazine of five or over at the low price of 75 cents.

—There are at least twenty religious meetings held in Chicago every Sunday that are not considered orthodox, and most of them are well attended.

—Prof. Daniel T. Ames, the well-known Freethinker of California, will furnish for the January Magazine a very able scientific paper entitled "Revelation Under the Microscope of Evolution."

—Dr. H. Leng, of Columbus, S. C., when sending his subscription for next year, writes: "George Jacob Holyoake's article in the November Magazine is the acme of truth; it is simply grand and the utterance of a truthful, fearless man."

—"The Earth Not Born of the Sun; It Heats Itself," by Daniel K. Tenney, the leading article of this number of the Magazine, is the first of a series of four chapters that will appear in subsequent numbers of the Magazine, and will then be put in pamphlet form.

—Judge Charles B. Waite has just brought out the fifth edition of his "History of the Christian Religion." This edition contains much valuable new matter not found in former editions, and is a most valuable work for all theologian inquirers. It is a large volume, 8x9 inches in size, containing 556 pages, beautifully and substantially

bound, and sells for \$2.25. It is for sale at this office. We will send a copy to any person obtaining for us four new subscribers at \$1 each. It is a theological library of itself.

—"What's your purpose here?" asked the savage.

"We are going to Christianize you," answered the white man, who had just landed.

"Ah! what do you use—Springfield, Lee-Metford or Krag-Jorgensen?"—Washington Star.

—We are in receipt of the annual catalogue of the Liberal University of Silverton, Ore. This catalogue is a work of art, and gives complete information regarding the university. Those of our readers wishing a copy may obtain one by enclosing a stamp to Pearl W. Geer, Secretary L. U. O., Silverton, Ore.

—Giles B. Stebbins has recently died. He was a noble man, a life-long reformer, and a true preacher of the religion of humanity. We have known him for forty years, and always held him in high esteem. The world was made better for his life. He was what we should call a Free Thought Spiritualist.

—We publish in this number of the Magazine a good life sketch of John Burroughs from "The Saturday Evening Post." The writer forgot to state that he is a decided Freethinker, and has just written a very interesting Freethought book entitled "The Light of Day," that should be in every Freethought library.

—William Y. Buck, President of the Bristol (Conn.) Journal Publishing Company, sends us \$2 to pay for the Magazine two years in advance, and writes: "You can depend upon me for a subscriber so long as I live. When my time expires send bill, but don't stop the Magazine. It contains the best articles along the line of Free Thought of any publication within my knowledge."

—New York, Nov. 12.—Nine families were driven from their homes by a fire in Jersey City this morning. Among those to arrive at the fire first was Timothy Curtis. Tim said he was going to rescue his pet kitten "Murphy." The firemen and the police would have stopped him, but he dodged them and dashing in, found the kitten asleep and carried it out in safety.

Surely, Timothy Curtis is a real hero. He deserves a badge of honor from the friends of humanity.

—John W. Abbott, of New Cambria, Kan., a very worthy Freethinker, sends to the Blue Grass Blade the following receipt for the cure of rheumatism:

I will give a very simple remedy for rheumatism, and of all whom it may benefit all I ask is that they get up a club of as many as possible for the Blade.

One teaspoon of cayenne pepper; one tablespoon of salt and one cup of vinegar. Dip a flannel into this, squeeze so it will not drip, bind on affected part, and put dry flannel over it, keeping the under flannel moist.

—Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 17.—Jerome D. Knapp, a prominent real estate dealer of this city, committed suicide this afternoon at his home by taking strychnine. Mr. Knapp was an active church worker and had been taking a conspicuous part in the revivals now being conducted by Rev. Thomas E. Harrison at Roberts Park Church. It is supposed his mind became affected through religious excitement.

Was a person ever known to become insane from attending a Free Thought or scientific meeting? The fact is that the mind has to become shattered a little before a person can become a zealous Christian.

—"Christianity: Its Impeachment and Decadence," is the title to a pamphlet we have just published. It consists of "The Impeachment of Christianity," by Dr. F. E. Abbot, and "Astronomy Ends Christianity," by Prof. T. B. Wakeman, and also the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." The portraits of Dr. Abbot and of Prof. Wakeman are in this pamphlet.

and it sells at the low price of 6 cents a copy, or twelve copies for 60 cents. We have not published a better missionary document for a long time. We hope our friends will order large numbers for circulation.

—Cracow, Austria, Nov. 9.—A priest named Boryski, who bore a grudge against a patient in the city hospital here, yesterday sought revenge by blowing up the building with dynamite.

There were 500 patients and forty doctors and nurses in the hospital at the time. The explosion destroyed the east wing of the building, causing the death of four persons and the injury of fifty.

A mob caught the priest, and after stripping off his robes, lynched him.

This priest being the servant of God was perfectly justified in blowing up that hospital. His God, according to scripture, is guilty of what infallible men call far greater crimes than this.

—Wichita, Kan., Oct. 22.—Frank Allgood, sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for horse stealing, was baptized by immersion yesterday at the Christian Church here. His hands and feet were shackled and he had to be carried to the baptistry.

If what Christians claim be true, that conversion and baptism cleanses a person from all sin, this man ought to have been set at liberty so soon as he left the baptistry. But Christians do not believe what they profess to believe. If he had been set at liberty every Christian found within ten miles of Wichita would at once have double-locked his stable door.

—At a conference in Saratoga, Rev. Dr. —, of Boston, who is opposed to suffrage for women, and takes a rather conservative view of the woman question in general, spoke disparagingly of women as public speakers. Dr. — was not very well heard; and just as he was dwelling on the imperfections of women as speakers, and the importance of their taking elocution lessons before attempting to make public addresses, a lady in the back part of the audience

rose and said, in a voice that was distinctly audible all over the large building. "Will the gentleman please speak a little louder? We cannot hear a word he says." It was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.—*Woman's Journal*.

—President McKinley got a great amount of pious nonsense into his Thanksgiving proclamation. He says: "It has pleased Almighty God to bring our nation in safety and honor through another year." "The work of religion * * * has everywhere been manifest" (especially in China.—Ed.). "The lives of our officials, representatives and many of our people in China have been marvelously preserved." And he might have added: Ten thousand more have been marvelously murdered to save a few meddlesome missionaries. For all of which the President recommends that the people assemble in their respective places of worship and give his Almighty God thanks. Such pious twaddle, coming from the President of a great nation, is disgusting to every reasonable, thoughtful mind, for all know it is nothing but political clap-trap to deceive the people.

—Columbia, S. C., Nov. 8.—Last Sunday Rev. J. A. Hensley, pastor of the Hickory Grove Baptist Church of York, preached against immorality in general and the doings in a business block on Main street in particular. This block is occupied by five of the leading merchants in town, including A. F. Scroggins, druggist. Hensley declared the place disreputable and unfit for decent people to visit.

Last evening Dr. Scroggins, meeting Hensley on the street, asked him if he was included in his charges, when the preacher answered affirmatively. Scroggins demanded a fight. Hensley was willing and they went at it with fists, while a crowd quietly watched. When the druggist got the preacher on the ground and Hensley cried, "Lord, take him off; don't let him kill me," spectators interfered.

The "Lord" is like a policeman—never around when wanted by his followers. It may be he thought the Rev. Hensley

deserved a good thrashing, and so paid no attention to his call for help.

--Topeka, Kan., Nov. 10.—There is a rebellion among the liberal element in Topeka against the ministers and churches to-day. A score of business men declared they were ready to boycott the churches and organize a new church on broad grounds and hold services in Topeka's big auditorium. Last Sunday a dozen ministers took sides in a local liquor war here, and preached against the election of two local Republican candidates. Now such leading Democrats as Eugene Hogan, national committeeman of the gold Democrats, is leading the movement. In a published statement to-day he says:

"In the recent election the Topeka ministerial union attempted to turn some tricks that would make Croker blush."

The people are asked to boycott Topeka churches and organize a big union church that will keep out of politics.

It is evident the preachers want to run things in this world as well as the next.

—We publish the following at the request of Mrs. Garrison, whose reply to Mr. Holyoake appears in this number of this Magazine:

Darwin gave morality a purely natural basis. He found that morality was a part of man's life, not an ornament brought down from heaven. Four things, according to Darwin, make the foundation of morals:

1. Man is a sociable animal. He loves society; he feels sympathy.

2. Man has a power of memory, which makes him reflect on his actions and their consequences; he can look upon himself as a separate self; he can judge himself.

3. He has a capacity for language. Ideas fly from brain to brain by means of words. Men learn to know each other, to criticise each other, to warn, to praise, to preach.

4. Man has the ability to form habits. Habit is the guarantee of character. Habit is the secret of right conduct. Right conduct is not goodness in a momentary rush, a spasm, a jerk, but it is a steady habit of mind which gives a man a moral purpose and makes him up

right and true to the line of duty.—*Agnostic Journal*.

—Germany's attitude in demanding punishment of high Chinese officials guilty of excesses in recent Boxer troubles is supported by the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which has just published a statement by the Rev. H. O. Cady, recently returned missionary from a West China station, summing up the outrages committed by official order upon white men and women.

Mr. Cady's presentation of the case has compelled the journal, which is an official organ of the Methodist Church, to reverse its former position and to acquiesce in the demand of Germany, "severe as it is," according to an editorial in connection with Mr. Cady's article. "These guilty wretches must be convicted and punished so severely that all the world shall know of the righteous wrath of appalled civilization," says the editorial. "The omission of that penalty would be a wrong against Christian civilization for the next century."

"These guilty wretches," says this follower of the "Prince of Peace," must be convicted and punished so severely that all the world shall know of the righteous wrath of appalled civilization. That is the spirit of Christianity.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in a sermon preached on Theodore Parker, says:

So strong was the predilection of Unitarianism to freedom and fair play or at least to good fellowship that the Boston association of ministers were ashamed to do the thing their logic called for. The Thursday Lectureship, a venerable Boston institution, committed suicide, as Mr. Chadwick shows, in order that they might not have to invite Theodore Parker in his turn; and the laity seem to have heaped their revenge upon the secondary men. A very considerable element of James Freeman Clarke's society, measured by influence and by money, withdrew because he would exchange with the dangerous Theodore Parker, and the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches practically

retired John T. Sargent from the ministry for the same offense.

But now the Unitarians are willing to canonize Theodore Parker. Twenty-five years from now the Unitarian Church, and probably the then orthodox church, will be willing to do the same thing by Ingersoll. Already we read in a good orthodox paper:

Col. Ingersoll did not deny God, he only said he did not know. He did not scoff at religion, but he did scoff at the creeds, and above all he lived, so far as his acts were concerned, more after the rules laid down in the New Testament, than half the teachers of the Christian religion.

—Dr. J. M. Peebles contributes an article to the *Free Thought Magazine* for November on Spiritualism in which occurs this beautiful thought:

My sainted mother at 89, while sitting in her chair, slept into the higher life. Leaving her earthly tenement and catching glimpses in this birth-hour, of the spiritual world, and beholding the forms of welcoming friends, her own death-chilled face became wreathed in smiles. It was the soul's victory. In all my public life of fifty-nine years I have never seen the dying weep. The Hindu priest, while baptizing the infant in Ganges' waters, says, "Child, precious little one, you came into the world weeping while all around you smiled. May you so live the true, divine life, that departing, you may smile, while all around you weep." What mortals dolefully denominate death, the risen, robed in immortality, pronounce birth.

Brother Green manifests his idea of free thought by thus inviting a distinguished Spiritualist to write for his magazine.—*Light of Truth*.

Thanks, Brother Hull. My belief is that none of us are entirely free from intolerance. Inherited, it may be, from our ancestors. And that no one is entitled to be called a Freethinker, who is not willing to hear the other side, and no one can learn much who refuses to read the other side.

—The proprietor of a Third avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its

haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—*New York Telegram.*

—Iven Chen, Secretary to the Chinese minister in London, sent a letter to the *London Daily Mail* in reply to Mr. Julian Ralph's article on "All the Trouble in China." The *Mail* did not "like either the tone or the matter" of the Celestial's reply, which contained "many unnecessary sneers at Christianity." Poor dear Christians! How sensitive they are! How they writhe when a little—ever so little—of the sauce which they dish the "heathen" is poured over themselves! Mr. Ralph described the way in which the ignorant Chinese scare away devils, partly by means of empty beer-bottles. Well, said the bland Celestial, supposing this is all true, are there not ignorant, superstitious people everywhere? And is not

an empty beer-bottle "as good for keeping off devils as the largest bells ever erected in any tower?" No wonder the *Mail* is wild.

The bland Celestial goes on to say that China contains nine times as many people as the United States, but they don't spend nine times \$200,000,000 a year in "propitiating their gods and devils." They do it just as effectively for less than half that sum. Good, thou bland Celestial, very good!

Then the bland Celestial goes on to explain that the educated, intelligent people in China follow the teaching of the great secular philosopher, Confucius. "Confucius," he says, "has taught us to respect our ancestors and leave the gods alone. Confucius teaches us to have nothing whatsoever to do with anyone who pretends to have any intercourse with the supernatural." We have amongst us, however, he says, a silly lot of people called Buddhists, who have "a religion almost identical with the Christian religion," and the trouble in China is just what would happen in England if Buddhist missionaries tried to supplant the Catholics and Protestants. "Suppose," he says, "a Chinese priest should come to England, and it should be known that every burglar, pickpocket and thief, by becoming a Buddhist, would become exempt from arrest by the police. Suppose that the introduction of a new faith into England should give the criminal classes license to ply their trade in London with complete immunity from the action of the laws. Would the English people submit to such a state of affairs?" Certainly not. Then why should the Chinese? Finally, the bland Celestial says that China wants our science, and wants to trade with us, but doesn't want our missionaries. What is more, she won't have them. And that is all there is in it.—*London Freethinker.*

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